# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

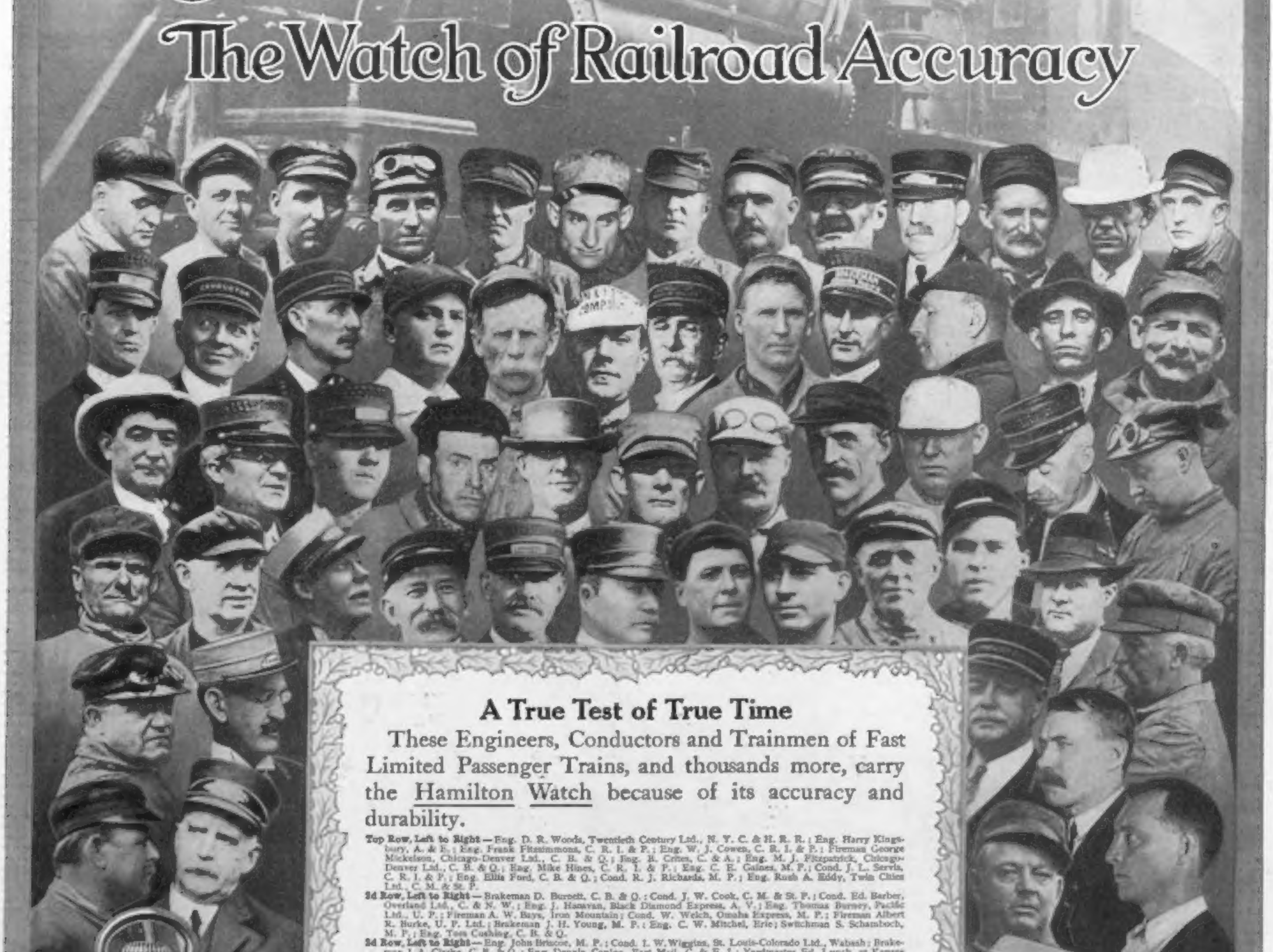
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 6, 1913 — 5c. THE COPY

## The Day of International Peace—By Senator Burton

# Hamilton Watch

## The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



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*If any of these stockings or socks show holes within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free.*

That is the guarantee—signed by the dealer—that you get with every box of Holeproof.

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But Holeproof yarn is made up of three *very fine* strands of exceptionally *long-fibre* cotton. That long fibre gives it strength. The three-ply adds more strength and retains pliability.

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For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

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(485)

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# The Day of International Peace

## By SENATOR THEODORE E. BURTON

IT IS estimated that since the beginning of authentic history the aggregate loss of life in wars, and as their direct result, has amounted to the enormous total of fifteen billion men. This total is more than nine times as large as the population of the world at the present time. Authentic figures place the number of men killed during the twenty years of the Napoleonic Wars at six millions. Of these Lafayette said that three millions were Frenchmen, the very flower of the youth and virility of the nation.

We naturally say that these estimates are based on ancient history, when the world was largely uncivilized and the principal occupation of man was war and murder. We even insist that the Napoleonic wars terminated a hundred years ago and that there are now no such frightful visitations. And yet during the nineteenth century fourteen million men either were killed in battle or died as the result thereof. Our own Civil War contributed approximately 800,000 men to this tragic census. And today, in an era of absolute peace, the civilized nations of the world are spending two billion dollars and a half a year in preparing their armies and navies, so that they may be ready to kill men and spread ruin and devastation throughout the world.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

*Side View of the New Palace of Peace at The Hague*

Yet every intellectual and moral influence is today tending toward peace. A potent factor in the abatement of war is the increasing attention of civilized nations to the pursuits of industry and commerce. Those who are engaged in such pursuits seek to prevent war, just as sanitary science guards against pestilence. With the development of the human reason, with the absorption of men in intellectual pursuits, with the increased influence of moral forces, war seems more and more appalling.

The tendency in long periods toward a decrease of war is shown by the facts of history. In the first place the attacks of barbarians on civilized peoples, which caused such devastation in the olden times, have ceased. There are no longer such incursions as those of the Goths and the Vandals, the Scythians and the Huns. With the invention of gunpowder, science became an effective ally of civilization. The barbarians have come to realize that in attacking a civilized people they are confronted by superior implements of destruction and those advantages which accrue to better discipline and greater resources.

### The End of Centuries of Religious Wars

THUS no uncivilized people will attack a civilized enemy unless spurred by the temerity of ignorance or the recklessness of despair. The uncivilized or barbarian tribe may find refuge in inaccessible fastnesses or be protected by a pestilential climate; but their great invasions, which brought such calamities, in which cities were sacked and nations overturned, can never again occur.

Religious wars—at least between different branches of the Christian Church—so fruitful a source of bloodshed during the middle centuries—have ceased. They may be said to have terminated with the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, at the end of the Thirty Years' War. Of course this does not mean that since then religious differences have not aggravated the bitterness of conflicts; but undeniably nations have ceased to wage war on each other on account of religion. The struggles involving religious issues are now confined to contests with Mohammedan and pagan races, whose warlike spirit is sustained and fostered by fanaticism and fatalism.

Then, too, wars for the aggrandizement of rulers have ceased. If a king or an emperor should not find a barrier to his personal ambitions for conquest in the attitude of his own country he would surely encounter it in the attitude of others. The contests that in the earlier centuries continually changed the map of Europe, and indeed of the world, were largely due to the personal ambitions of sovereigns—such, for example, as Alexander and Cæsar in the earlier years and Louis XIV and Napoleon in the later days. The latest wars of this type were those conducted by Napoleon; but in a very important sense even he was the embodiment or beneficiary of an uprising by the French people. Had it not been for the French Revolution he doubtless would have entered the service of the Turk, as he intended to do in his early years, and thus would not have achieved his great career of conquest.

Conflicts caused by popular uprisings against an existing order and for freer government and more liberal institutions are becoming less frequent. When men are seeking a freer constitution, in spite of unrest and tumult, it is found that the more rational way is by education and the force of public opinion.

### The Period of Development After the Napoleonic Wars

THUS the sources and causes of irritation and war are diminishing year by year. If we look for a date when this tendency took definite form we should point to the year 1815, after the battle of Waterloo. Prior to that date the nations of Europe were engaged in constant turmoil. Since that time, in spite of many wars, peace has predominated. The Holy Alliance, often said to have been formed for unholy purposes, recognized that the constituent nations must have peace.

The result has been that in the ninety-eight years succeeding 1815 the growth of invention and the increase in the comforts and luxuries of life have been greater than in all the centuries preceding. The end of the Napoleonic Wars was followed quickly by the development of steam power and its application to the needs of mankind in the steamboat and the railroads, and later by the marvels of electricity that have so changed the course of our lives. These inventions and improvements have marked a triumphal progress that would have been utterly impossible had wars continued unabated.

Furthermore, there has been a great difference in the haste with which nations plunge into war. No nation can hastily take up the sword without suffering the condemnation of other nations. In more than one European war of the last century one of the combatants has struggled under the serious handicap of the hostile international opinion that the war was unjustifiable.

Annexation of conquered territory has been limited. In the earlier centuries of the Christian Era it was customary for the victorious nation to overrun and annex the country of its defeated opponent and put its people under the yoke or sell them into bondage. No civilized nation is now allowed to do these things. When the defeated nation is prostrate at the feet of its foe international congresses gather—as at Berlin in 1878, or at London early in 1913—or the fruits of the victory are limited by concerted action among the other Powers, as in 1894, after Japan had defeated China.

In the Berlin Congress of 1878 Russia was restricted to demanding a very small amount of territory from Turkey. In 1895, after China had agreed on a treaty giving to Japan territory on the Asiatic mainland, three of the large European nations intervened and refused Japan permission to take it.

Apart from the moral and religious aspect of the movement for international peace, there is an even greater and more practical feature, which is becoming each day more and more important—namely, that under the present weight of armaments the civilized nations of the world are staggering toward bankruptcy. In a single year the nations of the civilized world spend approximately $2,500,000,000 on account of wars past, present and prospective. In 1911 England expended $341,820,000 on her army and navy; France, $270,918,000; Germany, $318,446,000; and Russia, $319,770,000.

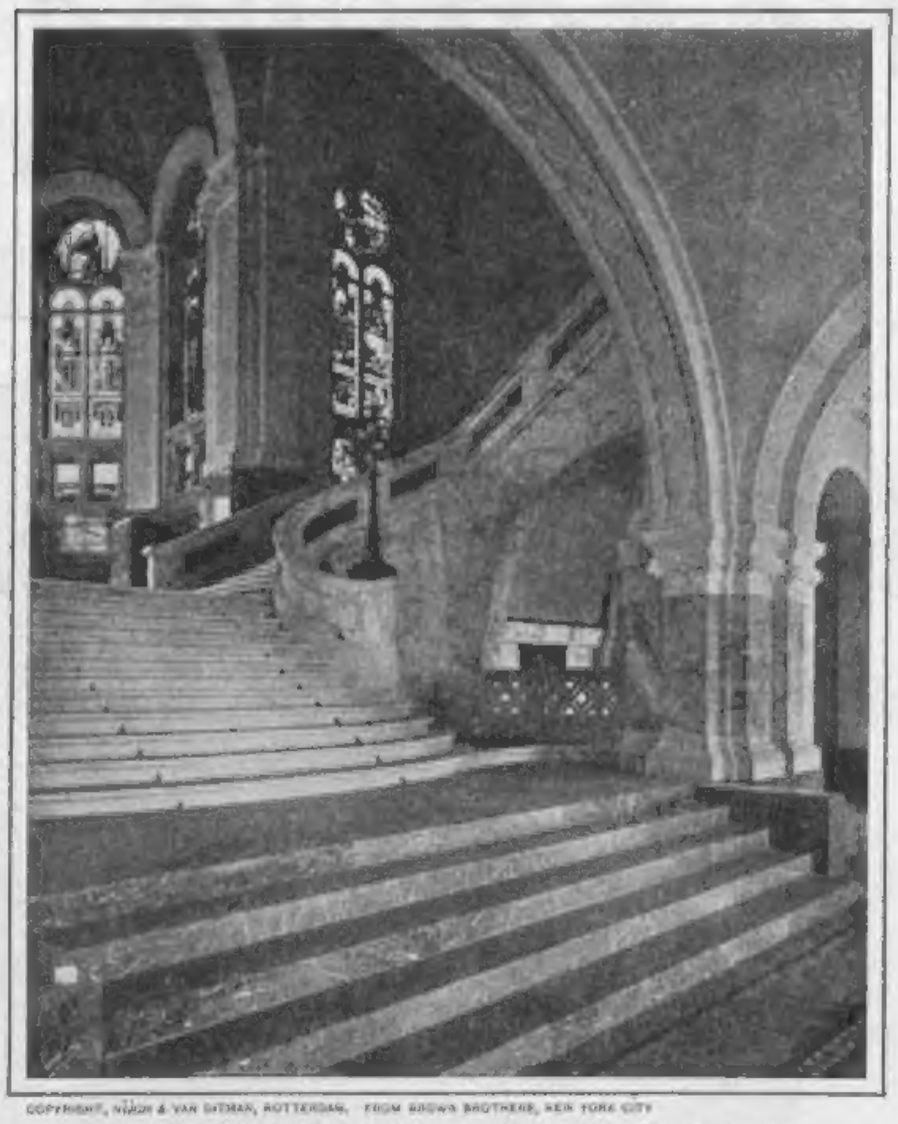
For the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1914, the United States has appropriated in round numbers $535,000,000, in preparation for prospective wars and because of wars that have terminated. This figure includes $94,266,145 for the army; $140,800,643 for the navy; $180,300,000 for pensions; and about $22,000,000 for interest charges on our national debt. The remainder includes the charges for fortifications, the military academy, deficiencies for the military and naval establishments, military posts, National Soldiers' Homes, for arming and equipping our state militia, and so on. This also includes the sixty millions required each year to be set aside as a sinking fund for our national debt, which is purely a war debt inherited from the struggle of 1861–65.

Exclusive of the appropriation for the postal service, which is practically self-supporting, sixty-seven per cent of all of the money appropriated by Congress is today expended on account of war. Our total appropriations for the present fiscal year, minus the post-office budget, amounted to $813,302,517.

In short, sixty-seven cents out of every dollar expended by our National Government goes to feed the present-day mania for wars and armament. The remaining thirty-three cents goes toward the payment of civil accounts. Think of it—that in the United States, a nation founded to secure universal liberty and consecrated to peaceful pursuits, two-thirds of our money goes for warlike purposes and only one-third is disbursed for all other purposes—including internal improvements, the erection of public buildings, the improvement of our rivers and harbors, the conservation of our natural resources, the maintenance and enlargement of our agricultural work, the salaries of our civil employees, the fight against tuberculosis and other diseases, and the countless other national expenditures.

### The Cost of a Single Dreadnought

AS A SINGLE example: the most enthusiastic advocates of an extensive system of river-and-harbor improvements estimate that the cost of these improvements would not exceed five hundred million dollars, and yet annually we are spending considerably more than that for purposes of war from which this nation can never derive any advantage.



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*The Magnificent Great Staircase in the New Peace Palace*

The most discouraging feature of the situation is that, instead of decreasing, our expenditures of this class are constantly increasing with the years. It is interesting to compare our naval appropriation of $140,800,643.53, for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth next, with the figures of former years. In the year 1886, twenty-seven years ago, the total appropriation for the navy was $13,907,000, or a trifle less than one-tenth of the amount for the current year. Even in 1900 our total naval expenses had reached only fifty-five million dollars, or about thirty-eight per cent of what they are today. These figures are all the more impressive when we realize that for the year ending June 30, 1861, at the beginning of the Civil War, the total expenses of the Government were sixty-six million dollars a year, or considerably less than half of what we are expending for the navy alone during the current year.

The total appropriations of this country for the navy during the fifteen years since the war with Spain have amounted to $1,660,000,000. Do the people of the United States realize that this is approximately seven hundred million dollars more than enough to liquidate our entire national debt?

We have grown accustomed to speaking glibly of Dreadnoughts as though they were a mere trifle—an inexpensive bauble or a toy. Yet it costs twelve million dollars to construct a single vessel of this type, and the largest Dreadnought designed will cost fifteen million dollars. This covers merely the hull and does not include the cost of armament and guns, which runs into added millions. It costs one million dollars a year to maintain one of these monsters; and, their life being about twenty years, each ship represents a total outlay of thirty two million dollars. I need only suggest the miles of macadam road the cost of a single battleship would build; the acres of arid land it would irrigate; the number of houses for our working men it would construct. Even a single thirteen-inch cannon costs $55,569, and every shot from such a gun costs $1050.

Yet after thirty-two million dollars has been expended on a battleship it rusts out and goes to the junkheap. Meantime think of the paid idleness on board these ships, from highest to lowest rank, and the pension prospect—and contemplate also the frightful waste of coal gorged by these leviathans of the sea!

The appropriations for the army, like those for the navy, have increased in remarkable progression. In 1897, 1898 and 1899 we appropriated in round numbers twenty-three million dollars a year for our army. For the present fiscal year our army appropriation is, as I have said, $94,266,145, more than four times as much as fourteen years ago.

### President Garfield's Prediction

THE same ratio of increase has characterized our pension budget. In 1872 President Garfield, then a member of the House of Representatives, said: "We may reasonably expect that the expenditures for pensions will hereafter steadily decrease, unless our legislation should be unaccountably extravagant."

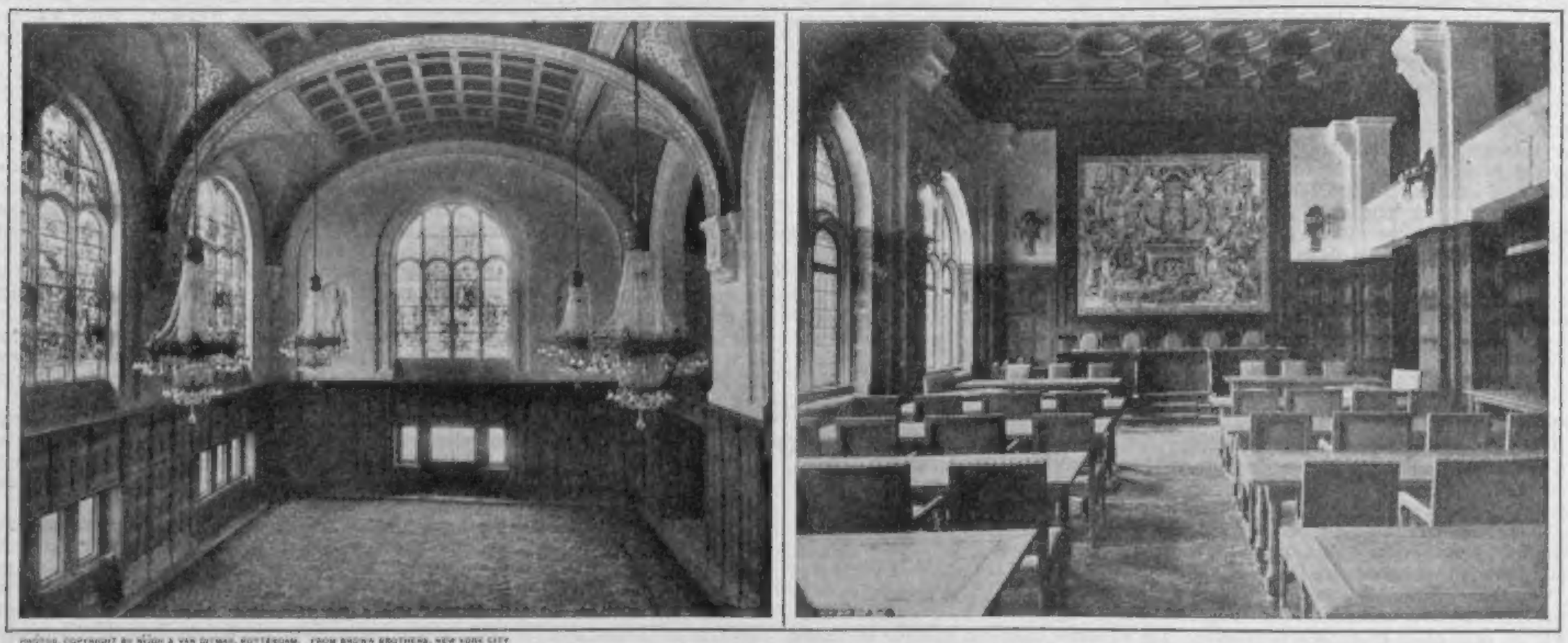
The pension list for 1872 amounted to $30,703,999. In 1913, forty years later, we are devoting $180,300,000 to pensions—six times the amount Garfield predicted as the crest of that type of expenditure. At no time since 1890 has our pension appropriation fallen below a hundred million dollars annually, and since 1908 it has each year been in excess of one hundred and fifty million dollars.

And, while civilized nations are thus spending hundreds of millions of dollars in the mania for arms, in all the metropolitan cities of the world people are starving in the slums, children are dying for lack of pure milk, and illiteracy is rampant. In England alone there were last year, by authentic census reports, 1,086,707 paupers—people entirely unable to take care of themselves, and dependent for every mouthful of food and every stitch of clothing on public or private charity.

Mr. Lloyd George declares that under the old-age pension bill there are in Great Britain twelve million people who, under the terms of the act, are entitled to this public charity to permit them to end their lives decently: to die properly and be buried respectably.

The debt of practically every nation has either originated in or been built up by the processes of war. The national debt of France is today $6,286,435,000, with an annual interest charge of about one hundred and ninety-three million dollars. Russia has a war debt of $4,507,071,000;

(Continued on Page 68)



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*The Great Hall and the Court Room of the New Peace Palace*

# DESERT STUFF

## By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*The Wind Bore the Crashing Report of a Heavy Revolver*

PETE," said the editor of the Sunday supplement to his staff, "can't you bring your feature story for next week a little nearer home? Russian court scandals are all right in their way and the inside dope on the Hohenzollern family is immense, but our readers don't know these grand dukes and princes personally. See if you can't fix up something with a Southern California flavor to it. Give us a touch of that Southland stuff."

"Everybody likes to read about royalty," said the staff sulkily, who liked to write about it. He was a pale, blond youth, addicted to readymade cigarettes, alliteration and watery eyes. "And besides," he complained, "that slush about the Southland makes me sick."

"Sure it does," said the editor soothingly—"you and me both, Pete. It makes all the natives sick, but these Californians from Indiana and Pennsylvania like it. These hardy forty-niners from Cedar Rapids and Emporia eat it alive. We're developing a race of professional Californians, and the Southland is their Dixie. It's a pity they haven't got a song about it so that these adopted Argonauts can stand up in the caféterias and yell when the orchestras play it. But they read our paper and that's the answer."

"I'll see what I can do," said the staff, smiting his corrugated brow.

The mission of the Sunday supplement of a newspaper is not to instruct or to entertain, but to astound those weary souls to whom the Sabbath is a day of rest and mental relaxation. The young men who write the supplement articles are resourceful as well as clever. They have need to be, for they explain the inexplicable, invent the impossible, spin mysteries out of cigarette smoke, outride Rider Haggard and entrap the reader in a mesh of plausible fiction soberly presented as fact.

When invention fails and imagination flags, the Sunday Münchausens have recourse to the stock stories of the trade. These have been written and rewritten until they are as threadbare as a schoolmaster's coat, but like the coat they are always ready for one more public appearance after the high lights and gray shadows have been freshly touched with ink.

In such a predicament the Sunday supplementeer turns to three old friends. He may discover the lost Charlie Ross once more, which is safe enough provided one locates him far beyond the circulation belt of the paper; he may unravel the mysteries surrounding the death of the Mad Prince, or he may summon out of thin air a witness who has seen the wild camels upon the Great American Desert. And since Charlie Ross and the Mad Prince entail a trip through the files, the odds are with the wild camels.

These are without doubt the most reliably unreliable camels of which we have any record. They have driven the sea-serpent of the Atlantic coast into permanent retirement and caused the all-alive mastodon of Alaska to hide his head for shame. No man has ever seen them save with the eye of faith, yet at regular intervals they gallop through the pages of our Sabbath literature, invariably disappearing in a cloud of dust, for these camels are swift as well as wild.

No one knows what fertile brain sired these animals and gave them sanctuary upon the western boundary of Utah; it is enough to say that the wild camels, existing at first in the wilder imagination of some nameless genius of the press and nurtured by scores of imitators, are now very real to those who believe that everything in a newspaper is true.

As a matter of fact there are no wild camels, never have been wild camels and never will be wild camels at large upon the Great American Desert, but a thousand times we have been told how they came there and why they are wild. In all probability we shall continue to receive reports of them, for they are to the Sunday-supplement author what rags and virtue are to the melodramatist and the slapstick is to vaudeville—a sure-fire hit.

Thus Pete, smiting his corrugated brow, struck forth the spark of a brilliant idea. Something local, eh? Something with a touch of the Southland? Oh, very well. He would import the wild camels, bringing them across Nevada into California. He would locate them in the vast, sandy waste—here Pete reached for the atlas—the vast, sandy waste south of Death Valley. He would multiply their numbers, adding camel colts and a gaunt, white leader with a bell tinkling at his shaggy neck.

"I guess that'll be poor!" said Pete to himself as he tossed a sheet of paper into the maw of his typewriter. He clattered into print as follows:

"Yesterday Thomas Smith, better known as Honest Tom, an aged desert prospector who has spent forty years of his life in search of the Peg-leg Mine, returned from a trip to the Panamint country with a marvelous tale which has caused a flare of excitement in every desert camp between"—here Pete took another look at the map—"between Yermo and Ivanpah. Mr. Smith, when seen at the residence of his sister, on Olive Street ——"

And then three thousand words about the wild camels.

*II*

JAMES MONTAGUE, producing director for the Titan Company and author of many famous scenarios, was not a boastful man, but he often remarked that all he needed was a start.

"Plots come easy to me," he explained. "Give me the germ of an idea and I'll coax it along until I get a picture out of it. Start me to thinking along a certain line and the plot unfolds without any trouble. The tough part of it is to get started on something new."

Since the germ of the idea gave him the most trouble Jimmy sought it everywhere. Frequently the monthly magazines furnished inspiration. Montague was no pirate, and he knew too much about the copyright law to lay his company liable for damages, but he was an artist at borrowing something which the author would never miss and transforming it into something which he would never recognize. The daily newspapers also gave many valuable hints and Jimmy read them religiously.

On a Monday morning Montague arrived at the studio, brimming over with enthusiasm. He patted the office boy on the back, smiled at the telephone girl, and shouted a greeting at Buck Parvin, who was sunning himself in the back yard outside the studio.

"That means trouble," remarked Buck to Ben Leslie, the property man. "Any time Jim comes in so brash on a Monday morning, look out. He's thought of something new and all his new stunts are hard. That feller ain't ever real happy unless he's cranking up trouble for us poor actors."

"Poor is the right word," said Leslie sarcastically, "though I don't know as I'd go so far as to say actor. If they make 'em any poorer than you are, Buck, I never saw any. Too darned bad about you overworked Thespians! You lead a dog's life for a fact; nothing to do but lay around in the sun and get fat. Now if you had my job there might be some excuse for hollering. Jim rang me up at midnight last night and rousted me out of bed, and what do you think he wanted?"

Buck shook his head.

"I wouldn't undertake to say what he'd want at any hour of the day or night. Elephants maybe?"

"Pretty near as bad," said Ben. "He wanted to know if I could get him some more camels."

"More camels!" ejaculated Buck. "Why, the jumping Jee-rusalem! There's a lot of camels over at the animal farm now. Sharkey and Ole Blue ——"

"And Betsy and Mame," finished Leslie. "You'd think that would be enough camels for a mess; but no, he wants more. So he drags me out of the hay at midnight to tell me about it. Tom Platt never ought to have had the name of the Easy Boss. Jimmy Montague is it."

"But what does he want with camels?" asked Buck. "The last time I had to do a camel stunt Sharkey stumbled and heaved me forty feet. That old feller can't get out of a walk without stepping on his upper lip. A white man was never intended to ride one of them biscuit-footed outrages, Ben."

"That's me," said Leslie. "I wouldn't keep a camel in my back yard if I had room for a steamboat. I could arrange to stand it if I never got another pleasant look from one as long as I live. Nix on that ship-of-the-desert stuff for mine."

"I'd ship 'em all to the desert if it was up to me," said Buck. "What kind of a song and dance did you give Jim?"

"What do you think? I'm the property man for this outfit, ain't I? Jim Montague says to me: 'I want this and I want that; go get 'em'—and I do. That's what I'm paid for, and Jim hasn't stumped me yet, though he's had me worried a lot of times. This was easy. 'Oh, you want some more camels?' I says, just like that. 'I can get you camels in all sizes and colors, with one hump or two humps, as preferred. Will you have 'em delivered right away?' That's what I told him."

"Yes, but you can't make good," protested Buck.

"That's where the laugh comes in—I can," said Ben. "Ward Brothers' Circus is wintering at Santa Monica. Billy Ward has got camels to burn, eating their heads off and doing nothing. I can get anything Billy owns, from a hippopotamus to a red bandwagon. Him and me are as close as two fingers on one hand. Oh, I can get the camels all right. Which kind of a camel would you prefer to ride, Buck, one hump or two?"

"I wouldn't wish to ride none of 'em," said Buck. "I'd just as soon straddle the walking-beam of a ferryboat—yes, a heap sooner, because you can most generally tell where that's going. I get along with some animals first rate, but I couldn't waste any affection on a camel—not on a bet. That Selim elephant and me hit it off bully; he's almost human. I got a lot of respect for a lion. A lion has got his faults, but he's no hypocrite. He ain't your pal one minute and taking a swipe at you the next. A lion don't like you at no time whatever and you don't expect nothing from him, but a camel now, he's different. A camel has got a bad heart and a breath that would knock you down. I reckon I honeyed round that brute of a Sharkey for pretty near a month, feeding him and rubbing his nose and trying to make myself solid with him. As long as I kept my eye on him he was all right, but the first time I turned my head to spit—whoosh! and here he come. I busted the world's record for the standing jump, and I had to do it or Sharkey would have bit my ear off. Take it from me, Ben, a camel is just as deceitful and lowdown and ornery as he looks—and that's going some."

While this discussion was taking place James Montague, in his private office, was calling the animal farm, the moving-picture menagerie owned by the Titan Company.

"Girlie, get me Tim Kelly at the animal farm," said he.

"Something doing," said the operator behind her hand to the office boy. "Maybe he's thought of a way to use those alligators that Mr. Packard bought. They'd be lovely in a picture, and new stuff too. Hello! Just a minute, Mr. Kelly."

"That you, Tim?" said the director. "This is Jim talking. I tried to get you last night. Come over right away, will you? . . . Yes, a new animal stunt. . . . As soon as you can, then."

Ben Leslie was next summoned from the property room.

"How soon can you get those camels?" asked Montague.

"Any time," said Ben. "How many do you want?"

"All I can get."

"Nothing could be clearer than that," said Leslie calmly. "I'll get you camels till you can't rest. What's the stunt?"

"I'm going to make a real desert picture. We've been fooling along, using a dry riverbed and a sandpile for a desert and getting away with it, when we might just as well give 'em the real thing with the desert itself for a background. I've got a picture in mind that'll have a lot of scenery in it, and when I get through I dare anybody to say that it wasn't made in the Sahara. We can ship a couple of carloads of camels to one of the little desert towns, hop out and make the stuff and be back inside of three days. It won't cost much, but we'll get a desert picture that will have atmosphere and color and—all that stuff. By the way, Ben, where are you going to get those camels? From Ward's circus?"

"Sure thing. Billy Ward has got a whole slew of camels—more camels than anything else. Did you ever see that big white dromedary that leads the bunch in the street parade? That's old Aladdin, and take it from me he's some camel."

"A white camel!" exclaimed Montague. "You don't say so!"

"But I do say so. Maybe they doped him up with peroxide or something, but he's the whitest camel you ever saw."

"That's a queer coincidence," said Montague. "Look at this."

He drew out a copy of the Sunday supplement of a local paper and spread it open upon the desk. The artist, collaborating with Pete, had produced a riot of camels across seven columns, and the flying leader was an immense white brute with a single hump. Above the illustration was a flaring line in large type:

GUIDED BY GHOSTLY LEADER
WILD CAMELS INVADE THE SOUTHLAND

"Holy cat!" ejaculated Leslie. "If that ain't a ringer for old Aladdin I'll eat him!"

"Do you think Billy Ward will let us have him?"

"Of course. He'll come in mighty handy too, because these circus camels have been trained to follow him just like sheep. Wherever Aladdin goes the bunch will go. That'll save you a lot of trouble."

"Lovely!" said Montague. "Think of the effect we can get with a silhouette run, pulled off against the skyline, that old white fellow in front and all the others trailing him! We can use a telescopic lens and catch 'em as far away as a mile. That'll give us a chance to ring in a big stretch of desert for a foreground. Stain the film for a sunset glow and that'll be poor, eh?"

"It ought to make a swell picture," said Ben, "but there's one thing you mustn't overlook. Somebody has got to ride Aladdin, and you'd better pick the right man for the job. Jack La Rue is all right on a horse, but he's pretty rough with livestock, and a camel won't stand to be yanked round the way Jack yanks a horse. Billy Ward was telling me about Aladdin; he's awful touchy, and they have to handle him just so or he gets peeved and won't work. Far be it from me to butt in, Jim, but Billy Ward is going to hold me responsible for those camels and particularly Aladdin. Billy thinks more of that old white rascal than anything in the show, and he'd never forgive me if something happened to him. If you let La Rue do the riding he'll get impatient, the way he always does, and boot Aladdin in the slats a few times, and the first thing you know there'll be camels scattered forty ways and it won't be any picnic to round 'em up again. If it was up to me, Jim, I'd put the best rider in the company on Aladdin."

"How about Buck?" asked Montague.

"That's the man I'd pick," said the treacherous Leslie.

"I'll fix it up," said the director, eager to be at work upon the new scenario. "You go and make arrangements with Billy Ward. We'll pay him anything in reason, but we must have that white camel. If he wants to send his own animal man along he can. Better dig up a few camel saddles while you're about it, and if Ward has got any Arab costumes grab 'em."

"They're as good as grabbed," said Ben. "I'm off."

"What's the dope?" asked Buck, following Leslie into the property room.

"I don't know what the picture is going to be," said Ben, "but if you'll show me your hand I'll tell your fortune."

"Shoot!" grinned Buck, extending his palm.

"Ah! See this line here? That's a journey, Buck. You're going away from here—on a railroad train. Somewhere on the trip you'll meet an animal. . . . It looks like a camel. . . . By golly! It *is* a camel. . . . A white camel with a black heart and one hump. . . . I see you riding that camel, Buck. . . . My, oh, my! Look at all those little crisscross wrinkles! They mean trouble. You won't like that camel and he won't like you. You'll have an accident. You and that white camel are going to get into a jam of some kind ——"

"You see these?" demanded Buck, doubling up his fist and patting his knuckles. "See these four little lumps? They mean trouble, too, and you're going to run your eye into 'em if I find out that you've framed this camel thing on me. You big long-legged scarecrow! I reckon you and Jim put your heads together and fixed up a job."

"Nothing like that," said Leslie. "It's fate for you and that white camel to meet. Furthermore I'll state that I know that camel personally and he's the meanest camel that ever dipped his face into a bale of hay. The man who takes care of him wears shinguards and a baseball mask."

"Is that on the square?" asked Buck anxiously.

"Everything is on the square but the camel, and he never was on the square in his life. You ask any circus man about Aladdin. They all know him. The old sucker has got a reputation for pure cussedness that reaches from one end of the country to the other."

"He's bad, is he?"

"Bad! Why, say, a Bengal tiger is a gentleman and a scholar and a sucking dove beside him! You're always blowing about what a great rough rider you are, and here's where you show me. If you take my tip you'll wear a suit of armor and put shock absorbers in your hip pockets."

*"Look at All Those Little Crisscross Wrinkles! They Mean Trouble"*

"Uh-huh," said Buck slowly. "I get you on the shock absorbers, but why the armor, Ben?"

"Oh, nothing, only this Aladdin bites like a wolf."

There was an ominous silence, during which Buck rolled a cigarette. When he spoke his voice was soft as silk and his manner almost apologetic.

"You been kind enough to tell me what's going to happen to me," said Buck, "so I'll tell you what's going to happen to you. If this camel friend of yours bites me and I find it out you get some shock absorbers fitted to your jawbone because that's where you'll need 'em. As to my riding, I don't know as I blow so terrible much. I claim I can set up in the middle of anything that has to light on the ground once in a while. I'll ride this Aladdin camel, you can bet on that, but if he bites me watch out for yourself. And if you think anything of him at all you better breathe it in his ear that it won't be healthy for him to grab no free lunch off Buck Parvin. As a general thing I aim to be kind to dumb animals, but a feller has got to draw the line somewhere, as Doc Bowen said when he found the skunk in his kitchen. Being camel-bit is the extreme tip of the limit with me, and if your friend Aladdin starts anything coarse I'll whang him over the head with the butt of my gun. Yes, I'll hang a couple on his eyebrow that he won't be able to wipe off in a hurry. And after I've learned him manners I'll run you plumb breathless for wishing him on to me. You *sabe* that, *amigo*?"

*III*

THE Occidental Limited, eastbound from Los Angeles to Chicago, clicked over the rails at an average speed of forty miles an hour, a wheeled palace flying through the heart of the desert. The lone tourist on the observation platform stared at the two shining lines of steel, rippling away toward the horizon straight as the leveled finger of God. On either side of the roadbed there was nothing but sand and sagebrush, sloping gently upward to the distant mountains, grim, saw-toothed ridges of rock, bare and brown and without a sign of verdure.

"What a frightful country!" sighed the tourist.

"Huh!" said the brakeman. "You ought to see her in July."

"I don't believe I'd care to," said the tourist, rising. "Have you read the Sunday paper?"

"Saw it this morning," said the brakeman.

The tourist threw his newspaper overboard and went inside to get a cooling drink. We need not follow him, our business being with the newspaper, settling to rest in the sand beside the track.

Three days later a wrinkled little old man passed that way, urging a pair of heavily laden burros before him.

"Well, well!" he cackled, slapping his knees. "Look here, Jimmy, at what we've found! A newspaper as sure as you're born! Ain't been here long or it would have got sunburned. Yes, sir, it's fresh! Somebody must have throwed it off the train. You reckon they knew we'd be along about this time? We'll have to read all about what's going on outside, won't we, Jimmy? Yes, sir, you sure said an armful then; we'll read her from kiver to kiver. Ain't she a whopper though? Colored pictures too. Don't it beat the Dutch how they think up things to fill the newspapers, Jimmy? Don't it though?"

Still mumbling and talking to himself, the old man thrust the paper in among his cooking utensils and prodded his shaggy little beasts into motion. His course was not a direct one, for he picked up bits of rock here and there and made wide détours to examine every new gully worn by the winter rains, for Uncle Jimmy Belcher was a prospector.

The desert, they say, claims one man out of every three who visit it. There is an indefinable charm in its far horizons and crystal-clear atmosphere, a mysterious lure in its wonderful starlit nights. Little by little the desert absorbs the chosen one and, when it has put its seal upon him, forgets him, for he is safe. He will never be content anywhere else and if he "goes inside" he will be forced to return. He is a desert rat for life.

Uncle Jimmy Belcher was seventy years old, but he looked younger in spite of his wrinkles and sun-dried appearance. His limbs were still spry and every tooth in his head was sound.

"How come I ain't lost no teeth?" said Uncle Jimmy once when questioned upon the subject. "Because I scour 'em with gunpowder twice a week reg'lar as clockwork. That's a trick I learned from the Sioux Injuns when I was soldierin' on the plains with old Crook. You never see an Injun with the toothache, did ye? No, and you won't either. And then I use a plenty of eating tobacker and that preserves the gums."

Uncle Jimmy made an early camp. He unpacked his burros, built a fire of sagebrush and set about preparing his evening meal. As he was squatting over the frying-pan, watching the bacon, the faint yelp of a coyote floated down from the hills, each quavering note as distinct as the trill of a meadow-lark. Uncle Jimmy shook his fist at the gathering darkness.

"Oh, I knowed you was out there somewhere!" he said with the air of one resuming an ancient controversy. "I was expecting you to tune up about now. You ain't fooled me none. You and your grandfathers before you have been a-setting round watching me nights and singing to me, but you ain't got me yet and you never will. I'm going to fool you. I ain't going to die on the desert; I'm going to die in a bed, I am, and be planted six feet deep in a sure-enough graveyard. Then what'll you do, hey? Sing, you son-of-a-gun! I hear ye!"

After supper Uncle Jimmy piled fresh fuel on the fire, spread his blankets and settled himself to read the newspaper. The colored cover of the Sunday supplement attracted his attention and he turned the pages to look at the pictures.

"Hello!" he said. "Jimmy, them are camels, ain't they? Why, sure they're camels! Is it a circus maybe? We'll have to look into this!"

He began to read, spelling out the long words, and a puzzled frown nested between his bushy eyebrows.

"This is coming pretty close home, Jimmy," he muttered. "Yes, sir, pretty close home. 'Thomas Smith, better known as Honest Tom, an aged desert prospector.' Honest Tom—we don't know no such feller as that, do we? There's Shorty Smith and Baldy Smith —— Hold on! Baldy's dead. And ole Zack Smith; we know all them, Jimmy, but Honest Tom —— No, he's surely a new one on us! And it says he's been here forty years! Well, ain't that sing'lar! If we hadn't seen it in the paper we never would have believed it, would we, Jimmy? No, I reckon not. We thought we knew all the old-timers too. Just goes to show what a mighty big place this desert is. Room enough for all. Oh, well, maybe he hung out up round Moharvey."

A few moments later Uncle Jimmy grunted aloud and moved closer to the fire. This is what he read:

How long Mr. Smith slept he does not know. He found himself sitting bolt upright beside the ashes of his camp fire, his revolver in his hand. The sky was filled with drifting clouds. The moon had risen and the faraway mountain peaks were flooded with silver. The desert itself was bathed in a soft mellow light, so strong that a moving object was plainly visible at a distance of one hundred yards ——

"Hah!" said Uncle Jimmy. "Been on the desert forty years and can't see no further than that—by moonlight? We could see a horny toad turn over as far off as that the darkest night that ever shone, couldn't we, Jimmy?" He returned to his reading:

Sitting thus, with every nerve strained and every faculty alert, Smith became aware of a faint tinkling sound as of a bell at a great distance. Turning his head to the east he made out a white object which seemed to be moving in his direction. The white object came nearer and Smith was able to distinguish several dark ones behind it. There was no sound save the faint tinkling of the bell. The prospector's first thought was of strayed cattle, but he soon dismissed that explanation as improbable.

Swinging steadily forward at an even gait, the ghostly leader bore down upon Smith's camp. Towering gaunt and spectral in the half-light, it might have been a creature from another world. There was menace in its silent advance, a threat in the shadowy shapes which trooped behind it.

The moon passed behind a cloud, and when it shone out again in all its brilliancy a gigantic white camel loomed above the ashes of the fire. Smith declares that the brute was so close that he saw the whites of its eyes and the tiny silver bell around its neck.

Another stride and the prospector would have been crushed, but the instinct of self-preservation intervened. Leaping to his feet, Smith emptied his revolver in the air. With a snort and a bellow the white camel veered to the south, disappearing at incredible speed. The other camels followed their leader and Smith narrowly escaped death under the flying hoofs of the frantic creatures. Long after the desert had swallowed them up he heard the tinkling of the bell. . . . Smith says that he did not count the camels, but, judging by the tracks in the sand, he is convinced that there were no less than thirty full-grown animals in the herd.

Uncle Jimmy dropped the paper and drew a long breath.

"Goshamighty!" he said. "Thirty full-growed camels all in a bunch! Running loose and rampaging round nights too! Why, Jimmy, it's getting so that it's dangerous to be safe, ain't it? Don't you reckon we better go hobble them jacks so they won't get stampeded? Yes, sir, let's go do that very thing! Camels on the desert! Seems to me the Gover'mint had some of 'em down in Arizony once. Maybe it's the same bunch, but how in thunder did they get across the Colorado River? Hey? S'pose they do come hiking along, are we a-going to lay still like a hoptoad and let a white camel tromp the eternal gizzard out of us? Not if we see him first, we ain't. That would be a fine finish, wouldn't it? The coyotes would get us for sure, then, wouldn't they, Jimmy? Yes, they would for a fact. Are we going to be run over by a whole damn circus parade and not have nothing to say about it? We're just full of them tricks, ain't we, Jimmy? We'd begin shooting before that, wouldn't we? Why, to be sure! And we didn't shoot none in the air when we was with old man Crook, did we?"

Three hours later the old man was still mumbling by the fire, but he was not reading the paper. He was polishing an ancient service revolver, which he patted lovingly and addressed as "Sitting Bull."

"Now, then, let 'em bring on their white camels!" said he as he slipped the heavy weapon back in its holster. "Let 'em come any hour of the day or night and we're hooked for 'em. Are we going to be run out of this country by a stray menagerie? No, sir; we was here first, wasn't we, Jimmy? We ain't a-going to be stampeded by nothing, not while old Sitting Bull can spit a mouthful of lead!"

He stretched himself upon his blankets and closed his eyes. Once more the unseen coyote lifted his querulous plaint.

"Yes, I s'pose you're in with 'em," murmured Uncle Jimmy sleepily, "but it won't get ye nothing. The camel that tries to ketch us asleep better not wear no bell. You wait round a while and you'll find out how camel meat tastes!"

*IV*

A SPECIAL train of three cars twisted its way up the Cajon Pass, the big ten-wheeler coughing over the steep grade. One of the cars was a Pullman sleeper; the others bore the red and gilt of Ward Brothers' Circus.

In the Pullman the members of the Titan Company amused themselves in various ways. Myrtle Manners, the leading woman, read a novel and munched chocolates. Jack La Rue, the leading man, scowled out of the window at the scenery and said unflattering things about realism when carried to extremes. Charlie Dupree, the camera man, pretended to listen to him, but was really much more interested in a take-up box that needed repairing. In the drawing room, with the door locked against intruders, Jimmy Montague, author, director and sometimes actor, wrestled with his desert scenario, a delicate little figment of the imagination introducing love, jealousy, treachery, hate, and a few other human emotions besides battle, murder, sudden death and camels, but particularly camels. At the other end of the car a lively poker game was in session. Buck Parvin, shin in his hands and an unlighted cigarette depending from his lower lip, watched the shifting chips apathetically.

"Why don't you set in and do yourself some good?" asked Ben Leslie.

"I couldn't pay the first installment on a postage stamp."

"Broke! What did you do with that fifty-dollar bonus?"

Buck yawned and stretched.

"Easy come, easy go, as the soldier boy said when he blowed his month's pay in one night—the whole thirteen bucks."

"Did you see that white camel?" inquired Ben.

"Uh-huh. I give him the once-over when they loaded him into the car. You've been slandering that ole boy. He went aboard like a lamb."

"He always does," said Ben, "but that ain't saying he'll unload like one. Has Jim told you anything about the stunt yet?"

Buck nodded and lighted his cigarette.

*"Fine—for You! I Give You the Idea and You Hog the Picture!"*

"I'm the fair-haired boy in this picture," said he. "I got the part of the villain. So far as I can make out from what Jim tells me, I'm jealous of La Rue. That's why I steal the camels and leave Jack and Myrtle afoot in the desert and forty miles from water. Jim has got a fool notion about using a telescope lens and getting a picture of me beating it, with the entire bunch strung out behind single file. It can't be done. How am I going to herd them camels in a straight line, I ask you?"

"That'll be easy," said Leslie. "Just ride Aladdin and the others will follow."

"Well, I'll ride him all right," said Buck boastfully. "He don't look like no Bengal tiger to me."

"Wait," said Ben quietly. "He hasn't started yet."

"He better not start with me," remarked Buck. "I got my ole smoke-pole along and the first time Mr. Aladdin gets fresh—whang! right on the crust. I'll tame him or cave in his roof!"

Daggett is a sleepy little town on the edge of the desert, where sensations are few and far between. The arrival of the Titan special was a great event to the elderly gentlemen sun-drying themselves in front of the general store, and several of them mustered up sufficient ambition to walk across to the sidetrack where the camels were being prodded down a cattle chute into a corral.

"Is this a circus, mister?" asked one of them.

"Not yet," said Ben Leslie, his eye upon Aladdin, who was being coaxed down the chute by Tim Kelly and three men from the animal farm. "Not yet, but stick around, old timer. The show is liable to start at any time."

A weather-beaten native stood beside the corral, leaning his elbows upon the top rail. He was industriously chewing tobacco and the movements of his jaw were communicated to his patriarchal white beard, which hung down inside the fence, waving gently like a flag of truce.

Aladdin, his feet on solid ground once more, blew a long whistling breath through his nostrils and sidled along the barrier, soft-footed as a cat, the very picture of innocence. As he came abreast of the tobacco chewer his white neck darted out with the speed of a striking snake, there was a flash of yellow teeth, a savage click and the native leaped backward with a scream in which acute pain, astonishment and rage were mingled. Aladdin continued on his way, his eyes half closed as if in meditation. Several wisps of white hair hung from the corner of his mouth.

"Where's the town marshal?" howled the outraged citizen. "That there white cam-u-el bit the whiskers right off my face! I'll sue your show for damages!"

"Ye'll sue nothing," said the alert Tim Kelly. "Kape yer whishkers on the right side of the fence. Ye had no business tor-r-mentin' the poor dumb baste wid the sight of so much alfalfa!"

The laugh which this sally raised was short lived. A terrific hubbub arose in one corner

*"If This Camel Bites Me His Name is Mud"*

of the corral. Aladdin had discovered Sharkey and was resenting the latter's presence with every means at his command. The animal farm attendants leaped into the squealing, bubbling mêlée and at last succeeded in forcing Aladdin into a neutral corner, where he remained quivering with rage. Buck Parvin was a pop-eyed spectator.

"Thunder and guns!" he murmured. "He pulled enough whiskers out of that old guy's face to stuff a sofa pillow!"

"Yes, and he came within an ace of getting his nose," said Ben Leslie pleasantly. "Did you bring that suit of armor?"

"No," said Buck, "I didn't, but I've got something just as good." He patted a suspicious bulge over his right hip. "If you think I'm going to let that white hyena bite me and get away without a receipt for it you're crazy. Acting is one thing, but being cannibalized by a camel is another. I declare myself right now, and it goes too. If that brute bites me I'll get him!"

"You better not hurt that camel," warned Leslie.

"Huh!" grunted Buck. "Put it the other way round. That camel better not hurt me."

V

AN HOUR later a strange procession passed down the single street and out into the desert, headed by James Montague and Jack La Rue, the former in his shirtsleeves and the latter in a flowing white burnoose and sandals. Most of the actors appeared in costume, but Buck Parvin carried his burnoose over his arm and his sandals in his pocket.

Behind the members of the company came the camels, escorted by Tim Kelly and his assistants from the animal farm, also in burnooses. Aladdin stalked in front, a competent hand upon his bridle, and a rickety express wagon brought up the rear, loaded with "props." Ben Leslie was on the seat with the driver. Behind the wagon trooped the entire population of Daggett, silent and curious.

"Look here, Jim, do I work with that white camel?" demanded La Rue.

"You don't have to ride him, if that's what you mean; but he's in some scenes with you."

"Those scenes will have to be cut out," said La Rue with firmness.

"What's the matter now, Jack? More artistic temperament?"

"No, common sense. That white camel is vicious, Jim. You saw what he did to that old man. You haven't any right to ask an actor to take a chance with a savage brute like that. Suppose he disfigures some one for life?"

"But he won't bite you," soothed Montague.

"That camel will bite anybody!" snapped the leading man. "I'll quit the company before I'll work in a scene with him. I don't want to get my chin bit off, Jim."

"But, confound it, we've got to use him!" stormed Montague. "He's the bull-cow of the herd. They'll all follow him!"

"They will, eh?" La Rue stopped and tossed the hood of his burnoose back over his shoulders. "Wait a second, I've got an idea."

"It'll die of lonesomeness," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"See how this strikes you," urged La Rue. "The way the picture is doped out now, Buck is one of our own people and he gets up in the night and steals the camels out of jealousy. That's always good stuff for a heavy, but it doesn't make enough use of the white camel. Why not have Buck a sort of a desert thief? He owns this white camel, see? The brute has a peculiar influence over other camels—they follow him the same as if they're hypnotized. Buck knows about this white camel's power, and ——"

"I've got it!" cried Montague, suddenly inspired. "You've struck a great idea there and you don't know what to do with it. It'll change the whole picture, but it's worth it. I'll play the heavy—Buck can't do it. He can double me in the riding scenes. I'm a Bedouin chief, sort of an outlaw. Poor as Job's turkey, but I've got this white camel. You're a rich trader and we're both in love with Myrtle. I steal the camels from your caravan because I want to get you out of the way—want you to die on the desert. I come riding by at night on my white camel and your camels get up and follow him. Great moonlight effect there—film stained blue—camels kneeling in the foreground—tents behind them—lovely! In the morning you start out with your party to walk to the nearest water—we'll have to dope out some excuse for your not having any. Oh, yes, I can empty the barrels before I steal the camels. We'll make a lot of scenes of you and Myrtle on the desert, after the others have all died one by one. You get weaker and weaker and finally give up in despair. Then we cut to the tents again. I come back on foot to see how much merchandise has been left behind. On the ground I find a shawl—the same one that I give Myrtle in an earlier scene. See the punch developing, Jack? I didn't know that Myrtle was with you and all at once I realize that in trying to put you out of the way I've condemned her to death as well. A great chance for some real acting there, what? I go crazy with grief and the old R. E. Morse thing and rush out on foot to find her."

"Why all this 'on-foot' stuff?" asked La Rue suspiciously.

"For the sake of the finish! I find you in the nick of time; I see that you're the one she loves. Big renunciation scene. I give you my water bottle and her my farewell blessing and die of thirst while you make a getaway with the girl. How's that?"

"Fine—for you!" growled La Rue. "That ain't a heavy; that's a lead. I give you the idea and you hog the picture!"

Montague did not hear him. He was already dismantling his scenario and rebuilding it along other lines.

"The first thing we'll make is the silhouette run," said Montague to Tim Kelly. "I want to test the camels on this following stunt. That ridge over there is the very place to pull it."

"Good enough," said the chief animal man, "but I misdoubt whether our camels will follow this white man-eater."

"We'll have enough without our four," said Montague.

(Continued on Page 64)

# THE ONLY CHILD YOU KNOW

I AM glad that I am only a parent emeritus now. For active parents these times are more troublesome than common. Only a few years ago their duty was carefully prescribed and hardly anybody questioned the prescription. They must educate their children, which mostly meant sending them to Sunday-school and the public school until the grammar grades were passed. Then, if the parents' means would possibly permit, the children were to be fitted for college by four years in a private preparatory school or the public high school; and after four other years in college they would be perfectly equipped to deal with the world.

Nowadays, however, the old machinery for education is attacked on every hand. So far as my acquaintance with men and books goes, those who know most about it question it most sharply. It is precisely the college graduate, and even the college professor, who has the deepest qualms about the academic regimen for his son. The father who can look an eighteen-year-old son in the eye and tell him he ought to take a four-year literary course for which he has no particular aptitude is very rare today.

We are busily tearing up the old prescription and we have not settled on any new one. In these unstable conditions it almost looks as though parents would have to take some hand in the education of their own children. Perhaps it will never come to quite so desperate a pass as that; but, at least, every intelligent parent is now painfully aware that his responsibility does not end with handing his child over to a set of accepted educational institutions, because there is no set of accepted institutions. They are all under fire. In this dilemma, it seems to me, a male parent's first obligation is the novel one of getting acquainted with his children. That is really not so difficult as it sounds. For example:

I am walking down the village main street with my mother. For some reason which the lapse of many years has obliterated—though the main points of the incident are still perfectly clear in my memory—we have paused before a bakery, where candy and toys are also sold. The shopman has just exhibited a toy and is putting it back in the window under my curious eye. It consists of two sticks and a little red wooden monkey. If you push one stick the little monkey vaults over the end of the other stick. I am suddenly enamored of it. My mother starts on, calling to me; but I point to that ravishing little red monkey and express an ardent desire for it.

*My Sons Drove Me to Despair by an Exclusive Literary Appetite for Trash*

"No, no! You don't want that!" says my mother. But I do want it—passionately. I yearn and burn for it. I beg clamorously. "No, no! The flimsy thing will break if you touch it!" says my mother and seizes my hand.

I am about to be torn violently and forever from the object of my fondest desire. Shakspere is full of instances of how grown people act under those conditions. I act pretty much like them. I pull away from my mother's hand; I howl; I throw myself prone on the sidewalk, which I beat frantically with my small heels.

Naturally that attracts attention, which is very embarrassing to my mother. She picks me up bodily and bears me off, while I express my anguish by ineffectual shrieks and struggles. Unfortunately there is a millinery shop a few doors down the street. My mother knows the milliner, and the shop is provided with a back room. Thither she bears me—and in a minute all is over. I lie on the floor choking with spasmodic sobs, crushed, beaten, a mere sop of endless misery—but very warm and tingling in the equatorial region. My mother's face is flushed, her eyes sparkle and the palm of her hand is red.

I am walking down a suburban residence street with my little son, whom I love tenderly. An itinerant merchant rounds the corner with a flock of red and blue toy balloons swaying over his head. My son sees them and is suddenly charmed. He asks for one.

"No, no! You don't want that!" I assure him.

But he does want it passionately and begs clamorously. The merchant—a vile Greek, with an eye to profit—approaches, grinning and jiggling his flock of balloons. I seize my son's hand. He pulls away; he howls; he flings himself on the sidewalk. Some churchgoing neighbors look across the street with an amused interest that is extremely offensive to me. The Greek insinuatingly mentions the low price of his wares; but I would not buy a toy balloon then if my life depended on it. I carry my son home, kicking and shrieking. We pause in the hall—and in a minute all is over. He lies sobbing on the floor. My face and hand are red.

"I do believe that child is possessed of the devil!" I declare hotly to his mother, whom the uproar has drawn to the spot. At the moment I half suspect she must be responsible for the diabolical ingredient. I feel that I have been strangely afflicted with an utterly unaccountable offspring.

Then somehow—a little later on—that incident of the monkey on the stick drifts up in my mind and immediately I understand my child by remembering the child that I once was. That is what I started out to say—the only child you really know is the child you yourself used to be. You may hope to understand your own children by recalling that child, but not otherwise.

Very likely you will not wish to do this, because, if your memory is true, you will recall that for a long time you were more or less at war with your parents' world—just as your parents in childhood were more or less at war with their parents' world, and so on back to Adam—and you cannot bear to think of your children being at war with your world. To prevent it, however, you must conform to them. They cannot possibly understand you, because they have never been parents. The only chance of understanding is on your side.

It also occurred to me somewhat later that, though there was no reason why my son should have had a toy balloon, there was no reason why he should not. The facts were that I myself did not want a toy balloon; that my mind was engaged with something else and I did not wish to be bothered with making the little purchase; that, having once said No, I felt it extremely important, in the interest of proper discipline, to stick to it. So I spanked

*To Deal With a Child in Anger is Simply to Invite Lies*

him and was presently overcome by remorse, hungering to have his affection back again—in which state of mind I let him do just about as he pleased, while discipline shifted for itself.

My father was far from being a harsh man; yet by the way he frowned and strode into the room I knew he was angry—and if there had been the slightest doubt before as to the object of his anger it was dissipated when he firmly seized my arm.

"Why did you and Jim Tyson drive that hen off the nest and break the eggs?" he demanded, giving me a little shake to quicken my wits.

This had the desired effect, for I instantly and earnestly replied:

"We didn't! We never touched her! We wasn't in the barn at all. I ain't been in the barn all day. Jim and me's been over to Mr. Pearson's watching 'em drill the well ever since school. You can ask Mr. Pearson. You can ask Tim Sullivan, who's doing the drilling. Why, I just come from there two—three minutes ago. You can ask Mr. Pearson if I didn't."

Testimony given so promptly and circumstantially evidently shook my father's conviction. He hesitated and demanded:

"Who did break the eggs then?"

"I dunno," I answered. "I ain't been here. But I saw Bill Casey and another boy go back of our barn a while ago. Jim spoke to me about it. He said: 'Who's that with Bill Casey?'"

### *Young Indians and Old Problems*

OF COURSE this was a monstrous lie; but my father was angry, and an angry father meant a whipping on the spot. Now Nature keeps the animal kingdom going partly through a wonderful set of protective instincts—a billion sure but delicate little automatic fire-alarms that go off by themselves at the first sign of danger. The gopher darts into its hole; the squirrel springs up a tree; the dog leaps aside; the man shuts his eyes, ducks his head and throws his arm in front of his face. It is all done instantly and automatically. A frightened child as instantly and automatically lies—if a lie seems likely to save its hide.

To deal with a child in anger—especially to pounce abruptly on it when one is in that state—is simply to invite lies; and by looking candidly back on your own childhood you will understand that you are likely to get plenty of lies without inviting them.

Moreover my father demanded a reason—wanted to know why we had done it. Now there was no reason—absolutely none. Certainly we did not wish to grieve our parents. We did not even wish particularly to grieve the hen. In a way the thing had done itself. The hen's indignation—expressed by ruffling her feathers and cackling when we came near the nest—was so deliciously absurd! Teasing her excited us; the excitement urged us on; and when she was off the nest the eggs were broken before the feeble, reasonable parts of us knew what was going on.

We scuttled away, divided between a savage's glee over the exploit and a civilized person's consternation. How explain that to my father? I could not begin to explain it to myself. The mere demand for a reason confused and alarmed me.

That thumping lie saved me from a whipping; but, of course, it put me into a bad relationship with my father. Your relationship with any other person is not likely to be more open, cordial and sympathetic after you have told him a whopping lie. My own active fathership was mostly a dismal failure; but two or three times, when something put me into a rage, I had the sense to go away for a while and cool off before taking up the subject with my children.

Have you ever noticed that about two times out of three when a child under twelve is punished, the parents, in relating the occasion of the punishment to persons of their own age, will laugh over it? Why not laugh a bit first?

I must have been about twelve when the setting-hen affair happened. Even at that pre-adolescent age a boy has a terribly hard problem on his hands. It has been observed that every child lives over the history of the race, and the pre-adolescent boy is, first of all, a healthy young savage.

Now a savage's first and only obligation is to his own clan or tribe. What he does to anybody else is immaterial. But your young Iroquois' filial affections, nascent ambition and natural imitativeness of his elders are constantly winning him into civilization and imposing civilization's complex obligations on him. He is a sixteenth-century Indian and a twentieth-century white man at the same time. To keep any tolerable equilibrium between the two beings under his hat might puzzle an older head. Three worlds lay different and often conflicting claims upon him—his home, his school and his pals.

Professor O'Malley's stocky figure, topped by a well-worn beaver hat, trudges down the sidewalk a block ahead of us, crunching the soft new snow under broad feet. As principal of the public school Professor O'Malley is, of course, our inveterate enemy, for in those days discipline enforced with a club was supposed to be the first requisite for a public-school principal. His ancient beaver hat excites our derision and hostility, even when it is reposing innocently on his table. It is the enemy's totem.

This, you understand, is the first snow of winter, and the first exhilarating tingle of winter is in the bright air. Any healthy young Indian's blood tends to get into his head on such a morning; and this morning that bobbing hat especially excites and tantalizes us. We have been pegging snowballs at various objects, inanimate and human, along the line of march. We speculate—with dancing eyes and excited little gurgles of mirth—as to whether a fellow might possibly at that distance hit the hat. One dares another to try it—but we know it is mere fooling and nobody would really dare. Abruptly in one poor Iroquois' brain the bubbling wine overflows—a snowball sails forward.

It does not hit the hat; but it comes to the same thing—that is, it hits Professor O'Malley behind the ear, and the jolt brings the hat to the ground.

We are marching past a vacant lot along one side of which runs a high, tight board fence; and immediately every one of us looks into the vacant lot, as though the snowball, you see, had been thrown by somebody behind the fence. With admirable presence of mind Fred Simpson even shouts reprovingly: "You'd better run, you rascal!"

Professor O'Malley has recovered his hat and is waiting for us. His broad face is a very unpleasant leaden-purplish hue and his small eyes gleam balefully. Our line of defense is already prepared. The snowball was thrown by a boy behind the fence—a strange boy whom none of us knows. Fred Simpson hastens to say—before we can begin contradicting one another—that the boy was about twelve or fourteen years old and had red hair and blue eyes, and wore a round fur cap. We are all sure the boy does not go to school—otherwise, of course, we should know him.

Professor O'Malley listens, examining our faces one by one with his baleful eyes. Then he permits us to march on, while he goes back to the vacant lot. Alas! the new-fallen snow lies all along the fence as fresh and smooth as the counterpane on the spare bed. There is not a footstep in it. We had not thought of that!

Professor O'Malley might have licked all seven of us. Probably he considered that in the natural course of events he would do that anyway before the winter was out. He resolved on a deadlier vengeance. No doubt he began with Jim Tyson because Jim's father was a stern man with a smooth-shaved upper lip and a rugged jaw hidden under a full beard.

I was up in Jim's dooryard after school that day, when we beheld a sight capable of freezing the blood in the veins of the bravest Indian that ever lived—nothing less than Professor O'Malley and Jim's father coming in the front gate together. We knew instantly it was the affair of the snowball and that the opposition had joined forces in order to move with irresistible might.

Mr. Tyson beckoned James to come into the house, and as the door closed on them I sneaked home subdued and with a kind of awe.

A shocking scene ensued in the Tyson parlor with the black-walnut-and-horsehair furniture as mute witnesses. The men took the unhappy boy in hand, driving him from one weak little subterfuge to another as easily as a company of regulars would drive a handful of unarmed, panic-stricken Sioux. They cornered him, threatened him, bullied him, until at length the wretch broke down and confessed that Ward Mason threw the snowball.

It was a dreadful thing for them to do. It outraged every sense of honor and loyalty in the boy's heart; and it brought an awful punishment on him, for he became an object of contempt and anger to those on whom his happiness depended. He was shunned and insulted; above all he felt himself to be contemptible. He had told on a pal! I remember that I myself had a divided mind about it. I was sorry for Jim and realized the pressure put on him. On the other hand, betraying a member of the tribe to the enemy is the most infamous crime an Indian can commit!

### *The Truth About the Truth*

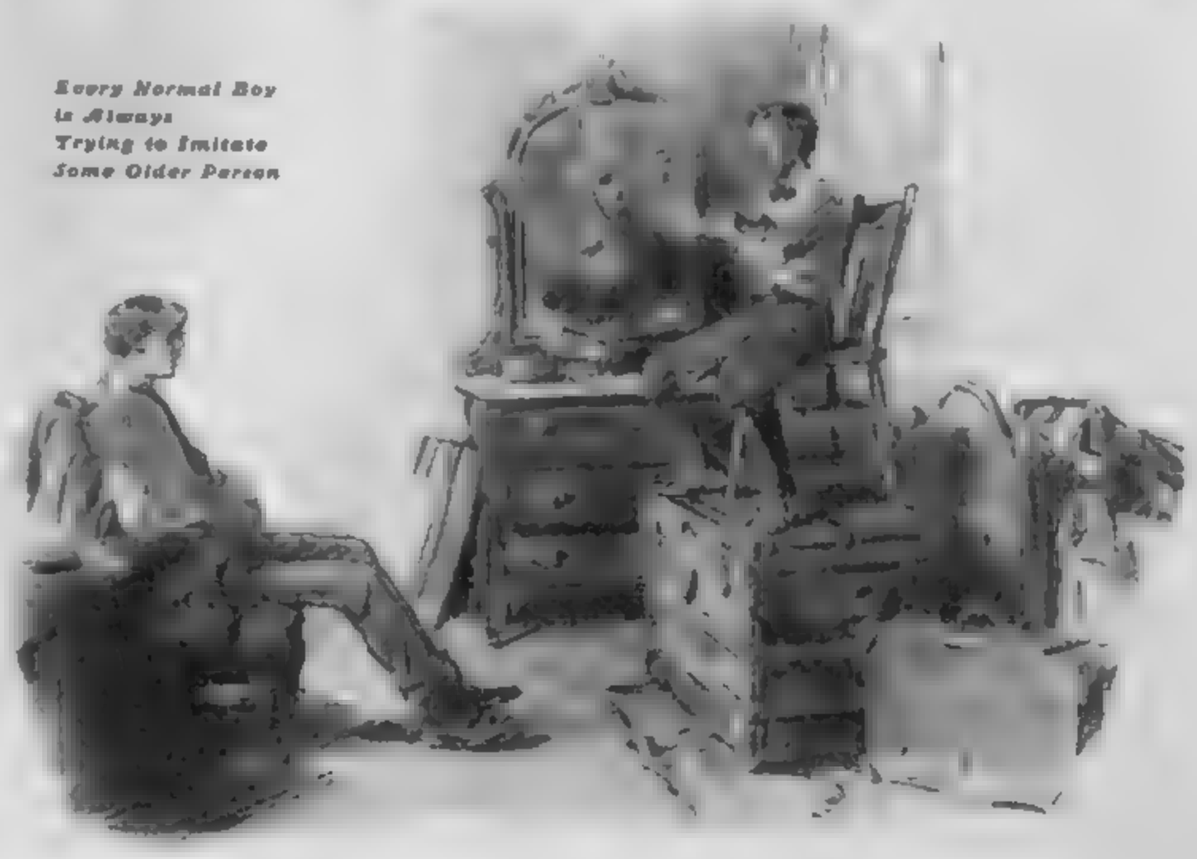
I WOULD much rather be a man and suffer the contempt of my fellowmen than be a boy and suffer the contempt of my boy companions. It would be intolerable if it were not usually short lived. The boys—kinder and wiser than Professor O'Malley and Mr. Tyson—soon forgave Jim, probably realizing that any other of them might have displayed a like weakness under like circumstances.

Your Iroquois in his relations to his own tribe has standards that may conflict sharply with yours and yet be entitled to very respectful consideration. The tribe, to be sure, is undomestic, unsocial, uncivilized. Almost any place is more attractive than home, except when one is ailing or hungry or sleepy. The rights and feelings of outsiders weigh lightly. The code is extremely crude as to veracity; yet the tribe is a tremendously important part of the boy's life. Decidedly the greater part of his happiness is derived from it and depends on it. Recall your own tribal days. A boy among boys is entitled to much liberty.

Lying, I am satisfied, is the fault to which nearly all parents most severely object. I know my father constantly insisted that he could forgive me anything but lying to him; and I, in my turn, did the same. There is a prevalent adult notion that veracity is the final acid test of a child's character; but, as a matter of fact, it is no such thing. Veracity is strictly an acquired virtue.

Many of the early explorers recorded that the Indians were abandoned liars, yet the Indians told one another the truth in important matters. They were truthful within the tribe, because they realized the tribe's mutual dependence. Civilized men are truthful over a wider sphere because they realize a wider mutual dependence—yet deem it highly meritorious to lie to an enemy in warfare.

I am a fairly truthful man; but I was an awful liar as a boy. I believe my sons are truthful now, but they were



*Every Normal Boy is Always Trying to Imitate Some Older Person*

not in childhood. Telling the truth to a foe is a highly civilized accomplishment, and you may often appear to your son temporarily in the light of a foe—as when you threaten him with pain or do violence to his obligations to his tribe, which are quite as important and binding for him as his obligations to you. In short any normal child may often seem a kind of appalling freak of Nature—until you recall your own childhood.

I do not mean the sentimental nonsense about being chums with a boy. Fifteen and forty cannot be chums unless there is something the matter with one or the other. There can be a great deal of helpful, sympathetic understanding; but it must come by an effort on the older person's part.

According to my observation and experience the effort is not often honestly made. I cannot remember that I had anything in particular to do with my father—except on rare occasions—up to the time I was fifteen; and I am certain I had nothing in particular to do with my sons up to that age. Of course my father was busy—away at the office, tired, engaged with other things; and so was I.

The plain truth is that—in spite of all our affection—children, to us men, are half a bore and a nuisance. Of course we are busy and we say the business is largely for their sakes; but to sustain really sympathetic, understanding relationship with a child between the ages of five and fifteen makes demands on our time and patience we are not willing to meet.

A book or golf or the company of persons of our own age is much more amusing; in fact, what I chiefly demanded of my sons between those ages was that they should not bother me by getting into a mess, or bringing home bad reports from school, or doing something perilous that would upset my nerves.

I have noticed the same thing in many other households. While children are little and only precious playthings, with few demands and with an irresistible appeal to the affections, both parents pay great attention to them; but as they lose their cunningness and at the same time begin to develop a world of interests and demands that require attention, it is usually mother who takes them in hand, while father slips into the background as a sort of supreme court, to be appealed to only in important cases.

It is only when a boy gets into adolescence that the job of parenthood is forced back on the father by the mother's inability to deal with it. And by that time father has missed a great deal of the experience of the job which he should have had in order to discharge it properly.

It is a rather startling fact, as I look back on it now, that when I was a boy almost the only men who had any real companionship with boys were just the sort who could do boys little good. I cannot remember that my busy father ever told me a story; but I remember distinctly that the boozy harnessmaker, whose back room was a great resort for boys, told me a great many—at any one of which my mother, had she known I was listening to it, would have fainted dead away. I cannot remember that I ever told my boys a story—except when they were little; but I have no doubt now that some other man did.

I remember well enough now what a bundle of bristling curiosity I was in boyhood. The water supply in our town was pumped from an artesian well into a tank. The little plant was an object of endless interest to us. We used to drop in there—especially in cold weather—to watch Pat throw coal into the blazing furnace and observe the mysterious piston-strokes of the engine.

One day the good-natured Irish engineer exhibited and explained it all to three or four of us—the generation of steam in the boilers; the action of the engine and pump; the gravity pressure of the water. Nothing that I ever learned in school made such an impression on me as that. We went away bursting with knowledge, which we proudly imparted to other boys.

Now we were exactly as ready to absorb that as we were to absorb the incorrect physiological information the boozy harnessmaker favored us with and which we, bursting with knowledge, imparted to other boys; but it was only by accident that Pat told us about the water works.

One of my pals was a son of the cashier of the bank. Two or three times I accompanied him into the mysterious establishment presided over by his father. It was a tremendously fascinating place—a shop much finer than any other shop in town, which dealt in money much as the one next door dealt in commonplace boots and shoes. I can remember staring round-eyed at the stack of veritable greenbacks behind the glass screen.

I am sure that any intelligent man could have held my attention indefinitely by explaining the simpler facts of banking to me—and incidentally, no doubt, have furnished me with more lasting historical knowledge than I ever gained in school.

Intelligent men, however, were all too busy to bother with boys; so we slipped over to Prescott's livery stable, where Pete the hostler had an extraordinary command of profane and obscene language—which also was very interesting to us.

There was nothing whatever in school that could compare in interest with the water works, the bank, the printing office and a great many other objects outside. The school had no engine actually pumping water; no veritable greenbacks that were handed out to grown men; no printing press. It had only stupid books about those things. Our interest was instantly caught by the things themselves and as instantly repelled by the books about them.

How little trouble it would have been—as I look back at it now—for our fathers to have given us much education by simply taking the pains to explain—not pedagogically, of course, but just in the way of companionable talk—a great many phenomena of the man's world about us, which they understood and we did not.

I also look back with humiliation on the indubitable fact that I never took the pains to explain anything in particular to my boys. I was busy. I had a sort of nervous aversion to starting anything with them, being generally well-enough content if they did not start something with me.

My grandfather made famous kites and taught me the art—which he had never taught my father. My father once made me a boat, but never attempted to teach me anything about boatbuilding. I do not remember that he

(Continued on Page 44)

# GOD'S FOOL

## By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

THE great God endows His children variously. To some He gives intellect—and they move the earth. To some He allots heart—and the beating pulse of humanity is theirs. But to some He gives only a soul, without intelligence—and these, who never grow up, but remain always His children, are God's fools, kindly, elemental, simple, as if from His palette the Artist of all had taken one color instead of many.

The Dummy was God's fool. Having only a soul and no intelligence, he lived the life of the soul. Through his faded, childish old blue eyes he looked out on a world that hurried past him with, at best, a friendly touch on his shoulder. No man shook his hand in comradeship. No woman save the little old mother had ever caressed him. He lived alone in a world of his own fashioning, peopled by moving, noiseless figures and filled with dreams—noiseless because the Dummy had ears that heard not and lips that smiled at a kindness, but that did not speak.

In this world of his there was no uncharitableness—no sin. There was a God—why should he not know his Father?—there were brasses to clean and three meals a day; and there was chapel on Sunday, where one held a book—the Dummy held his upside down—and felt the vibration of the organ, and proudly watched the afternoon sunlight smiling on the polished metal of the chandelier and the choir rail.

The Probationer sat turning the bandage machine and watching the Dummy, who was polishing the brass plates on the beds. The plates said: "Endowed in perpetuity"—by various leading citizens, to whom God had given His best gifts, both heart and brain.

"How old do you suppose he is?" she asked, dropping her voice.

The Head Nurse was writing fresh labels for the medicine closet, and for tincture of myrrh she wrote absently tincture of mirth, and had to tear it up.

"He can't hear you," she said rather shortly. "How old? Oh, I don't know. About a hundred, I should think."

This was, of course, because of his soul, which was all he had, and which, having existed from the beginning, was incredibly old. The little dead mother could have told them that he was less than thirty.

The Probationer sat winding bandages. Now and then they went crooked and had to be done again. She was very tired. The creaking of the bandage machine made her nervous—that and a sort of disillusionment, for was this her great mission, this sitting in a silent, sunny ward,

"Hot Today, Isn't It?"

where the double row of beds held only querulous convalescent women? How close was she to life who had come to soothe the suffering and close the eyes of the dying; who had imagined that her instruments of healing were a thermometer and a prayer-book; and who found herself fighting the good fight with a bandage machine and, even worse, a scrubbing brush and a finetooth comb?

The Head Nurse, having finished the M's, glanced up and surprised a tear on the Probationer's round young cheek. She was wise, having trained many probationers.

"Go to first supper, please," she said. First supper is the Head's prerogative; but it is given occasionally to juniors and probationers as a mark of approval, or when the Head is not hungry, or when a probationer reaches the breaking point, which is just before she gets her uniform.

The Probationer smiled and brightened. After all, she must be doing fairly well; and if she were not in the battle she was of it. Glimpses she had of the battle—stretchers going up and down in the slow elevator; sheeted figures on their way to the operating room; the clang of the ambulance bell in the courtyard; the occasional cry of a new life ushered in; the impressive silence of an old life going out. She surveyed the bandages on the bed.

"I'll put away the bandages first," she said. "That's what you said, I think—never to leave the emergency bed with anything on it?"

"Right-oh!" said the Head.

"Though nothing ever happens back here—does it?"

"It's about our turn; I'm looking for a burned case."

The Probationer, putting the bandages into a basket, turned and stared.

"We have had two in today in the house," the Head went on, starting on the N's and making the capital carefully. "There will be a third, of course; and we may get it. Cases always seem to run in threes. While you're straightening the bed I suppose I might as well go to supper after all."

So it was the Probationer and the Dummy who received the new case, while the Head ate cold salmon and fried potatoes with other heads, and inveighed against lectures on Saturday evening and other things that heads object to, such as things lost in the wash, and milk in the coffee instead of cream, and women from the Avenue who drank carbolic acid and kept the ambulance busy.

The Probationer was from the country and she had never heard of the Avenue. And the Dummy, who walked there daily with the superintendent's dog, knew nothing of its wickedness. In his soul, where there was nothing but kindness, there was even a feeling of tenderness for the Avenue. Once the dog had been bitten by a terrier from one of the houses, and a girl had carried him in and washed the wounds and bound them up. Thereafter the Dummy had watched for her and bowed when he saw her. When he did not see her he bowed to the house.

The Dummy finished the brass plates and, gathering up his rags and polish, shuffled to the door. His walk was a patient shamble, but he covered incredible distances. When he reached the emergency bed he stopped and pointed to it. The Probationer looked startled.

"He's tellin' you to get it ready," shrilled Irish Delia, sitting up in the next bed. "He did that before you was brought in," she called to Old Maggie across the ward. "Goodness knows how he finds out—but he knows. Get the spread off the bed, miss. There's something coming."

The Probationer had come from the country and naturally knew nothing of the Avenue. Sometimes on her off duty she took short walks there, wondering if the passers-by who stared at her knew that she was a part of the great building that loomed over the district, happily ignorant of the real significance of their glances. Once a girl, sitting behind bowed shutters, had leaned out and smiled at her.

"Hot today, isn't it?" she said.

The Probationer stopped politely.

"It's fearful! Is there any place near where I can get some soda water?"

The girl in the window stared.

"There's a drug store two squares down," she said. "And say, if I were you ——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing!" said the girl in the window, and quite unexpectedly slammed the shutters.

The Probationer had puzzled over it quite a lot. More than once she walked by the house, but she did not see the smiling girl—only, curiously enough, one day she saw the Dummy passing the house and watched him bow and take off his old cap, though there was no one in sight.

Sooner or later the Avenue girls get to the hospital. Sometimes it is because they cannot sleep, and lie and think things over—and there is no way out; and God hates them—though, of course, there is that story about Jesus and the Avenue woman. And what is the use of going home and being asked questions that cannot be answered? So they try to put an end to things generally—and end up in the emergency bed, terribly frightened, because it has occurred to them that if they do not dare to meet the home folks how are they going to meet the Almighty?

Or sometimes it is jealousy. Even an Avenue woman must love some one; and, because she's an elemental creature, if the object of her affections turns elsewhere she's rather apt to use a knife or a razor. In that case it is the rival who ends up on the emergency bed.

Or the life gets her, as it does sooner or later, and she comes in with typhoid or a cough, or other things, and lies alone, day after day, without visitors or inquiries, making no effort to get better, because—well, why should she?

And so the Dummy's Avenue Girl met her turn and rode down the street in a slow ambulance, and was taken up in the elevator and along a gray hall to where the emergency bed was waiting; and the Probationer, very cold as to hands and feet, was sending mental appeals to the Head to come—and come quickly. The ward got up on elbows and watched. Also it told the Probationer what to do.

"Hot-water bottles and screens," it said variously. "Take her temperature. Don't be frightened! There'll be a doctor in a minute."

The girl lay on the bed with her eyes shut. It was Irish Delia who saw the Dummy and raised a cry.

"Look at the Dummy!" she said. "He's crying."

The Dummy's world had always been a small one. There was the superintendent, who gave him his old clothes; and there was the engineer, who brought him tobacco; and there were the ambulance horses, who talked to him now and then without speech. And, of course, there was his Father.

Fringing this small inner circle of his heart was a kaleidoscope of changing faces, nurses, internes, patients, visitors—a wall of life that kept inviolate his inner shrine. And in the holiest place, where dwelt only his Father, and not even the superintendent, the Dummy had recently placed the Avenue Girl. She was his saint, though he knew nothing of saints. Who can know why he chose her? A queer trick of the soul perhaps—or was it superwisdom?—to choose her from among many saintly women and so enshrine her.

Or perhaps —— Down in the chapel, in a great glass window, the young John knelt among lilies and prayed. When, at service on Sundays, the sunlight came through on to the Dummy's polished choir rail and candles, the young John had the face of a girl, with short curling hair, very yellow for the color scheme. The Avenue Girl had hair like that and was rather like him in other ways.

And here she was where all the others had come, and where countless others would come sooner or later. She was not unconscious and at Delia's cry she opened her eyes. The Probationer was off filling water bottles, and only the Dummy, stricken, round-shouldered, unlovely, stood beside her.

"Rotten luck, old top!" she said faintly.

To the Dummy it was a benediction. She could open her eyes. The miracle of speech was still hers.

"Cigarette!" explained the Avenue Girl, seeing his eyes still on her. "Must have gone to sleep with it and dropped it. I'm—all in!"

*"I Am Not at All Afraid, and My Blood Is Good"*

"Don't you talk like that," said Irish Delia, bending over from the next bed. "You'll get well a' right—unless you inhaled. Y'ought to 'a' kept your mouth shut."

Across the ward Old Maggie had donned her ragged slippers and a blue calico wrapper and shuffled to the foot of the emergency bed. Old Maggie was of that vague neighborhood back of the Avenue, where squalor and poverty rubbed elbows with vice, and scorned it.

"Humph!" she said, without troubling to lower her voice. "I've seen her often. I done her washing once. She's as bad as they make 'em."

"You shut your mouth!" Irish Delia rose to the defense. "She's in trouble now and what she was don't matter. You go back to bed or I'll tell the Head Nurse on you. Look out! The Dummy ——"

The Dummy was advancing on Old Maggie with threatening eyes. As the woman recoiled he caught her arm in one of his ugly, misshapen hands and jerked her away from the bed. Old Maggie reeled—almost fell.

"You all seen that!" she appealed to the ward. "I haven't even spoke to him and he attacked me! I'll go to the superintendent about it. I'll ——"

The Probationer hurried in. Her young cheeks were flushed with excitement and anxiety; her arms were full of jugs, towels, bandages—anything she could imagine as essential. She found the Dummy on his knees polishing a bed plate, and the ward in order—only Old Maggie was grumbling and making her way back to bed; and Irish Delia was sitting up, with her eyes shining—for had not the Dummy, who could not hear, known what Old Maggie had said about the new girl? Had she not said that he knew many things that were hidden, though God knows how he knew them?

The next hour saw the Avenue Girl through a great deal. Her burns were dressed by an interne and she was moved back to a bed at the end of the ward. The Probationer sat beside her, having refused supper. The Dummy was gone—the Head had shooed him off as one shoos a chicken.

"Get out of here! You're always under my feet," she had said—not unkindly—and pointed to the door.

The Dummy had stood, with his faded old-young eyes on her, and had not moved. The Head, who had the ward supper to serve and beds to brush out and backs to rub, not to mention having to make up the emergency bed and clear away the dressings—the Head tried diplomacy and offered him an orange from her own corner of the medicine closet. He shook his head.

"I guess he wants to know whether that girl from the Avenue's going to get well," said Irish Delia. "He seems to know her."

There was a titter through the ward at this. Old Maggie's gossiping tongue had been busy during the hour. From pity the ward had veered to contempt.

"Humph!" said the Head, and put the orange back. "Why, yes: I guess she'll get well. But how in Heaven's name am I to let him know?"

She was a resourceful person, however, and by pointing to the Avenue Girl and then nodding reassuringly she got her message of cheer over the gulf of his understanding. In return the Dummy told her by gestures how he knew the girl and how she had bound up the leg of the superintendent's dog. The Head was a literal person and not occult; and she was very busy. When the Dummy stooped to indicate the dog, a foot or so from the ground, she seized that as the key of the situation.

"He's trying to let me know that he knew her when she was a baby," she observed generally. "All right, if that's the case. Come in and see her when you want to. And now get out, for goodness' sake!"

The Dummy, with his patient shamble, made his way out of the ward and stored his polishes for the night in the corner of a scrub-closet. Then, ignoring supper, he went down the stairs, flight after flight, to the chapel. The late autumn sun had set behind the buildings across the courtyard and the lower part of the silent room was in shadow; but the afterglow came palely through the stained-glass window, with the young John and tall stalks of white lilies, and To the memory of my daughter Elizabeth! beneath.

It was only a coincidence—and not even that to the Dummy—but Elizabeth had been the Avenue Girl's name not so long ago.

The Dummy sat down near the door very humbly and gazed at the memorial window.

## II

TIME may be measured in different ways—by joys; by throbs of pain; by instants; by centuries. In a hospital it is marked by night nurses and day nurses; by rounds of the staff; by visiting days; by medicines and temperatures and milk diets and fever baths; by the distant singing in the chapel on Sundays; by the shift of the morning sun on the east beds to the evening sun on the beds along the west windows.

The Avenue Girl lay alone most of the time. The friendly offices of the ward were not for her. Private curiosity and possible kindliness were overshadowed by a general

arrogance of goodness. The ward flung its virtue at her like a weapon and she raised no defense. In the first days things were not so bad. She lay in shock for a time, and there were not wanting hands during the bad hours to lift a cup of water to her lips; but after that came the tedious time when death no longer hovered overhead and life was there for the asking.

The curious thing was that the Avenue Girl did not ask. She lay for hours without moving, with eyes that seemed tired with looking into the dregs of life. The Probationer was in despair.

"She could get better if she would," she said to the interne one day. The Head was off duty and they had done the dressing together. "She just won't try."

"Perhaps she thinks it isn't worth while," replied the interne, who was drying his hands carefully while the Probationer waited for the towel.

She was a very pretty Probationer.

"She hasn't much to look forward to, you know."

The Probationer was not accustomed to discussing certain things with young men, but she had the Avenue Girl on her mind.

"She has a home—she admits it." She colored bravely. "Why—why cannot she go back to it, even now?"

The interne poured a little rosewater and glycerine into the palm of one hand and gave the Probationer the bottle. If his fingers touched hers she never knew it.

"Perhaps they'd not want her after—well, they'd never feel the same, likely. They'd probably prefer to think of her as dead and let it go at that. There—there doesn't seem to be any way back, you know."

He was exceedingly self-conscious.

"Then life is very cruel," said the Probationer with rather shaky lips.

And going back to the Avenue Girl's bed she filled her cup with ice and straightened her pillows. It was her only way of showing defiance to a world that mutilated its children and turned them out to die. The interne watched her as she worked. It rather galled him to see her touching this patient. He had no particular sympathy for the Avenue Girl. He was a man, and ruthless, as men are apt to be in such things.

The Avenue Girl had no visitors. She had had one or two at first—pretty girls with tired eyes and apologetic glances; a negress who got by the hall porter with a box of cigarettes, which the Head promptly confiscated; and—the Dummy. Morning and evening came the Dummy and stood by her bed and worshiped. Morning and evening he brought tribute—a flower from the masses that came in daily; an orange, got by no one knows what trickery from the kitchen; a leadpencil; a box of cheap candies. At first the girl had been embarrassed by his visits. Later, as the unfriendliness of the ward grew more pronounced, she greeted him with a faint smile. The first time she smiled he grew quite pale and shuffled out. Late that night they found him sitting in the chapel looking at the window, which was only a blur.

For certain small services in the ward the Head depended on the convalescents—filling drinking cups; passing milk at eleven and three; keeping the white bedspreads in geometrical order. But the Avenue Girl was taboo. The boycott had been instituted by Old Maggie. The rampant respectability of the ward even went so far as to refuse to wash her in those early morning hours when the night nurse, flying about with her cap on one ear, was carrying tin basins about like a blue-and-white cyclone. The Dummy knew nothing of the washing; the early morning was the time when he polished the brass doorplate which said: Hospital and Free Dispensary. But he knew about the drinking cup and after a time that became his self-appointed task.

On Sundays he put on his one white shirt and a frayed collar two sizes too large and went to chapel. At those times he sat with his prayer book upside down and watched the Probationer who cared for his lady and who had no cap to hide her shining hair; and the interne, who was glad there was no cap because of the hair. God's fool he was, indeed, for he liked to look in the interne's eyes, and did not know that an interne cannot marry for years and years, and that a probationer must not upset discipline by being engaged. God's fool, indeed, who could see into the hearts of men, but not into their thoughts or their lives; and who, seeing only thus, on two dimensions of life and not the third, found the Avenue Girl holy and worthy of all worship!

*Morning and Evening Came the Dummy and Stood by Her Bed and Worshiped*

The Probationer worried a great deal.

"It must hurt her so!" she said to the Head. "Did you see them call that baby away on visiting day for fear she would touch it?"

"None are so good as the untempted," explained the Head, who had been beautiful and was now placid and full of good works. "You cannot remake the world, child. Bodies are our business here—not souls." But the next moment she called Old Maggie to her.

"I've been pretty patient, Maggie," she said. "You know what I mean. You're the ringleader. Now things are going to change, or—you'll go back on codliver oil tonight."

"Yes'm," said Old Maggie meekly, with hate in her heart. She loathed the codliver oil.

"Go back and straighten her bed!" commanded the Head sternly.

"Now?"

"Now!"

"It hurts my back to stoop over," whined Old Maggie, with the ward watching. "The doctor said that I ——"

The Head made a move for the medicine closet and the bottles labeled C.

"I'm going," whimpered Old Maggie. "Can't you give a body time?"

And she went down to defeat, with the laughter of the ward in her ears—down to defeat, for the Avenue Girl would have none of her.

"You get out of here!" she said fiercely as Old Maggie set to work at the draw sheet. "Get out quick—or I'll throw this cup in your face!"

The Head was watching. Old Maggie put on an air of benevolence and called the Avenue Girl an unlovely name under her breath while she smoothed her pillow. She did not get the cup, but the water out of it, in her hard old face, and matters were as they had been.

The Girl did not improve as she should. The interne did the dressing day after day, while the Probationer helped him—the Head disliked burned cases—and talked of skin grafting if a new powder he had discovered did no good. Internes are always trying out new things, looking for the great discovery.

The powder did no good. The day came when, the dressing over and the white coverings drawn up smoothly again over her slender body, the Avenue Girl voiced the question that her eyes had asked each time.

"Am I going to lie in this hole all my life?" she demanded.

The interne considered.

"It isn't healing—not very fast anyhow," he said. "If we could get a little skin to graft on you'd be all right in a jiffy. Can't you get some friends to come in? It isn't painful and it's over in a minute."

"Friends? Where would I get friends of that sort?"

"Well, relatives then—some of your own people?"

The Avenue Girl shut her eyes as she did when the dressing hurt her.

"None that I'd care to see," she said. And the Probationer knew she lied. The interne shrugged his shoulders.

"If you think of any let me know. We'll get them here," he said briskly, and turned to see the Probationer rolling up her sleeve.

"Please!" she said, and held out a bare white arm. The interne stared at it stupefied. It was very lovely.

"I am not at all afraid," urged the Probationer, "and my blood is good. It would grow—I know it would."

The interne had hard work not to stoop and kiss the blue veins that rose to the surface in the inner curve of her elbow. The dressing screens were up and the three were quite alone. To keep his voice steady he became stern.

"Put your sleeve down and don't be a foolish girl!" he commanded. "Put your sleeve down!" His eyes said: "You wonder! You beauty! You brave little girl!"

Because the Probationer seemed to take her responsibilities rather to heart, however, and because, when he should have been thinking of other things, such as calling up the staff and making reports, he kept seeing that white arm and the resolute face above it, the interne worked out a plan.

"I've fixed it, I think," he said, meeting her in a hallway where he had no business to be, and trying to look as if he had not known she was coming. "Father Feeny was in this morning and I tackled him. He's got a lot of students—fellows studying for the priesthood—and he says any daughter of the church shall have skin if he has to flay 'em alive."

"But—is she a daughter of the church?" asked the Probationer. "And even if she were, under the circumstances ——"

"What circumstances?" demanded the interne. "Here's a poor girl burned and suffering. The father is not going to ask whether she's of the anointed."

The Probationer was not sure. She liked doing things in the open and with nothing to happen later to make one uncomfortable; but she spoke to the Head and the Head was willing. Her chief trouble, after all, was with the Avenue Girl herself.

"I don't want to get well," she said wearily when the thing was put up to her. "What's the use? I'd just go back to the same old thing; and when it got too strong for me I'd end up here again or in the morgue."

"Tell me where your people live, then, and let me send for them."

"Why? To have them read in my face what I've been, and go back home to die of shame?"

The Probationer looked at the Avenue Girl's face.

"There—there is nothing in your face to hurt them," she said, flushing—because there were some things the Probationer had never discussed, even with herself. "You—look sad. Honestly, that's all."

The Avenue Girl held up her thin right hand. The forefinger was still yellow from cigarettes.

"What about that?" she sneered.

"If I bleach it will you let me send for your people?"

"I'll—perhaps," was the most the Probationer could get.

Many people would have been discouraged. Even the Head was a bit cynical. It took a Probationer still heartsick for home to read in the Avenue Girl's eyes the terrible longing for the things she had given up—for home and home folks; for a clean slate again. The Probationer bleached and scrubbed the finger, and gradually a little of her hopeful spirit touched the other girl.

"What day is it?" the Avenue Girl asked once.

"Friday."

"That's baking day at home. We bake in an out-oven. Did you ever smell bread as it comes from an out-oven?" Or: "That's a pretty shade of blue you nurses wear. It would be nice for working in the dairy, wouldn't it?"

"Fine!" said the Probationer, and scrubbed away to hide the triumph in her eyes.

### III

THAT was the day the Dummy stole the parrot. The parrot belonged to the Girl; but how did he know it? So many things he should have known the Dummy never learned; so many things he knew that he seemed never to

have learned! He did not know, for instance, of Father Feeny and the Holy Name students; but he knew of the Avenue Girl's loneliness and heartache, and of the cabal against her. It is one of the black marks on record against him that he refused to polish the plate on Old Maggie's bed, and that he shook his fist at her more than once when the Head was out of the ward.

And he knew of the parrot. That day, then, a short, stout woman with a hard face appeared in the superintendent's office and demanded a parrot.

"Parrot?" said the superintendent blandly.

"Parrot! That crazy man you keep here walked into my house today and stole a parrot—and I want it."

"The Dummy! But what on earth ——"

"It was my parrot," said the woman. "It belonged to one of my boarders. She's a burned case up in one of the wards—and she owed me money. I took it for a debt. You call that man and let him look me in the eye while I say parrot to him."

"He cannot speak or hear."

"You call him. He'll understand me!"

They found the Dummy coming stealthily down from the top of the stable and haled him into the office. He was very calm—quite impassive. Apparently he had never seen the woman before; as she raged he smiled cheerfully and shook his head.

"As a matter of fact," said the superintendent, "I don't believe he ever saw the bird; but if he has it we shall find it out and you'll get it again."

They let him go then; and he went to the chapel and looked at a dove above the young John's head. Then he went up to the kitchen and filled his pockets with lettuce leaves. He knew nothing at all of parrots or how to care for them.

Things, you see, were moving right for the Avenue Girl. The stain was coming off—she had been fond of the parrot and now it was close at hand; and Father Feeny's lusty crowd stood ready to come into a hospital ward and shed rkin that they generally sacrificed on the football field. But the Avenue Girl had two years to account for—and there was the matter of an alibi.

"I might tell the folks at home anything and they'd believe it because they'd want to believe it," said the Avenue Girl. "But there's the neighbors. I was pretty wild at home. And—there's a fellow who wanted to marry me—he knew how sick I was of the old place and how I wanted my fling. His name was Jerry. We'd have to show Jerry."

The Probationer worried a great deal about this matter of the alibi. It had to be a clean slate for the folks back home, and especially for Jerry. She took her anxieties out walking several times on her off-duty, but nothing seemed to come of it. She walked on the Avenue mostly, because it was near and she could throw a long coat over her blue dress. And so she happened to think of the woman the girl had lived with.

"She got her into all this," thought the Probationer. "She's just got to see her out."

It took three days' off-duty to get her courage up to ringing the doorbell of the house with the bowed shutters, and after she had rung it she wanted very much to run and hide; but she thought of the girl and everything going for nothing for the want of an alibi, and she stuck. The negress opened the door and stared at her.

"She's dead, is she?" she asked.

"No. May I come in? I want to see your mistress."

The negress did not admit her however. She let her stand in the vestibule and went back to the foot of a staircase.

"One of these heah nurses from the hospital!" she said. "She wants to come in and speak to you."

"Let her in, you fool!" replied a voice from above stairs.

The rest was rather confused. Afterward the Probationer remembered putting the case to the stout woman who had claimed the parrot and finding it difficult to make her understand.

"Don't you see?" she finished desperately. "I want her to go home—to her own folks. She wants it too. But what are we going to say about these last two years?"

The stout woman sat turning over her rings. She was most uncomfortable. After all, what had she done? Had she not warned them again and again about having lighted cigarettes lying round.

"She's in bad shape, is she?"

"She may recover, but she'll be badly scarred—not her face, but her chest and shoulders."

That was another way of looking at it. If the girl was scarred ——

"Just what do you want me to do?" she asked. Now that it was down to brass tacks and no talk about home and mother, she was more comfortable.

"If you could just come over to the hospital while her people are there and—and say she'd lived with you all the time ——"

"That's the truth all right!"

"And—that she worked for you, sewing—she sews very well, she says. And—oh, you'll know what to say; that she's been—all right, you know; anything to make them comfortable and happy."

Now the stout woman was softening—not that she was really hard, but she had developed a sort of artificial veneer of hardness, and good impulses had a hard time crawling through.

"I guess I could do that much," she conceded. "She nursed me when I was down and out with the grippe and that worthless nigger was drunk in the kitchen. But you folks over there have got a parrot that belongs to me. What about that?"

The Probationer knew about the parrot. The Dummy had slipped it into the ward more than once and its profanity had delighted the patients. The Avenue Girl had been glad to see it too; and as it sat on the bedside table and shrieked defiance and oaths the Dummy had smiled benignly. John and the dove—the girl and the parrot!

"I am sorry about the parrot. I—perhaps I could buy him from you."

She got out her shabby little purse, in which she carried her munificent monthly allowance of eight dollars and a little money she had brought from home.

"Twenty dollars takes him. That's what she owed me."

The Probationer had seventeen dollars and eleven cents. She spread it out in her lap and counted it twice.

"I'm afraid that's all," she said. She had hoped the second count would show up better. "I could bring the rest next month."

The Probationer folded the money together and held it out. The stout woman took it eagerly.

"He's yours," she said largely. "Don't bother about the balance. When do you want me?"

"I'll send you word," said the Probationer, and got up. She was almost dizzy with excitement and the feeling of having no money at all in the world and a parrot she did not want. She got out into the air somehow and back to the hospital. She took a bath immediately and put on everything fresh, and felt much better—but very poor. Before she went on duty she said a little prayer about thermometers—that she should not break hers until she had money for a new one.

Father Feeny came and lined up six budding priests outside the door of the ward. He was a fine specimen of manhood and he had asked no questions at all. The Head thought she had better tell him something, but he put up a white hand.

"What does it matter, sister?" he said cheerfully. "Yesterday is gone and today is a new day. Also there is tomorrow"—his Irish eyes twinkled—"and a fine day it will be by the sunset."

Then he turned to his small army.

"Boys," he said, "it's a poor leader who is afraid to take chances with his men. I'm going first"—he said fir-rst. "It's a small thing, as I've told you—a bit of skin and it's over. Go in smiling and come out smiling! Are you ready, sir?" This to the interne.

That was a great day in the ward. The inmates watched Father Feeny and the interne go behind the screens, both smiling, and they watched the father come out very soon after, still smiling but a little bleached. And they watched the line patiently waiting outside the door, shortening one by one. After a time the smiles were rather forced, as if waiting was telling on them; but there was no deserter—only one six-foot youth, walking with a swagger to contribute his little half inch or so of cuticle, added a sensation to the general excitement by fainting halfway up the ward: and he remained in blissful unconsciousness until it was all over.

Though the interne had said there was no way back, the first step had really been taken; and he was greatly pleased with himself and with everybody because it had been his idea. The Probationer tried to find a chance to thank him; and, failing that, she sent a grateful little note to his room:

Is Mimi the Austrian to have a baked apple? [Signed] WARD A.

P. S.—It went through wonderfully! She is so cheerful since it is over. How can I ever thank you?

The reply came back very quickly:

Baked apple, without milk, for Mimi. WARD A. [Signed] D. L. S.

P. S.—Can you come up on the roof for a little air?

She hesitated over that for some time. A really honest-to-goodness nurse may break a rule now and then and nothing happen; but a Probationer is only on trial and has to be exceedingly careful—though any one might go to the roof and watch the sunset. She decided not to go; pulled her soft hair down over her forehead, where it was most becoming, and fastened it with tiny hairpins. But she went up after all—not because she intended to, but because as she came out of her room the elevator was going up—not down. She was on the roof almost before she knew it.

The interne was there in fresh white ducks, smoking. At first they talked of skin grafting and the powder that had not done what was expected of it. After a time, when the autumn twilight had fallen on them like a benediction, she took her courage in her hands and told of her visit to the house on the Avenue, and about the parrot and the plot.

The interne stood very still. He was young and intolerant. Some day he would mellow and accept life as it is—not as he would have it. When she had finished he seemed to have drawn himself into a shell, turtle fashion, and huddled himself together. The shell was pride and old prejudice and the intolerance of youth.

"She had to have an alibi!" said the Probationer.

"Oh, of course!" very stiffly.

"I cannot see why you disapprove. Something had to be done."

"I cannot see that you had to do it; but it's your own affair, of course. Only ——"

"Please go on."

"Well, one cannot touch dirt without being soiled."

*In His Soul There Was Even a Feeling of Tenderness for the Avenue*

(Continued on Page 48)

# AT THE CRISIS

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

## BUILDERS OF APPETITES

"Here's Some Sugar I Brought Back That's Got Nails in It!"

WHEN Bess and I returned from our elopement we repaired to my late home to offer our diplomatic filial advances. Father himself opened the door for us. There was no forgiveness in his eyes.

"Well, Nat," said he, "the dream is over and you now face the actuality. Do you realize that you no longer have a domicile in this house? As a boy it was your privilege to come here and command support. As a married man you cannot do so. I am sorry for you children—both of you—but I can't help you under present conditions."

"I haven't come back for help!" I returned with some heat. "This is merely a friendly call—a family call, you might consider it. As to financial aid, I don't ask any!"

This was a good deal of a bluff, for I had just ninety cents. The day before Bess and I eloped, Hick McGiffert had loaned me fifty dollars; but that was all gone.

"Nat," said my father, ignoring my disclaimer, "I want to talk with you a few minutes alone."

"No, dad," said I. "I'd like to hear what you have to say—but let Bess hear it too."

"Well, then," he went on, with a very red face, "I shall make it blunt and brief: A boy of twenty and a girl of eighteen have no moral right to be husband and wife. In this state there is a statute providing for the annulment of such rash marriages. You are both better off in your own homes. Nat, you can't support a wife—you can't even support yourself. You are a mere infant. How long do you think this young lady here"—dad indicated Bess with a lofty gesture—"is going to stand for you? In a month you will both be seeking separation. Agree to it now! Be sensible, Nat. Come back home, complete your law studies, and take your logical place in my firm!"

As head of the law firm of Livermore, Dodd & Littleton dad was perhaps the most prominent lawyer in our city of West Pointville—a place of twenty-five thousand people. I had given up good prospects by my elopement.

"You stand at a very critical crisis!" my father added in a jury-speech voice. "Your future depends on your decision."

"On such conditions I shall never come home!" I said promptly, rising.

"Never!" echoed Bess, getting up at the same moment.

"Then go your own way—starve if you will!" decreed dad.

### Better Than Starving

BESSIE'S father had already refused his blessing or recognition, so we went over to Hick McGiffert's house. Hick was a boyhood chum of mine, a little older, and now a chemist at the paper mills at seventy-five dollars a month. He was just married and settled in a tiny house; and here we were invited to stay until I got on my feet. I confess I did feel glum for a bridegroom. Where any cash was to come from I had no idea. You see, there had been a plot afoot to take Bess away. We had nipped that plot by getting married in a hurry. But now —— Well, anyway, we had cold sliced veal for supper, along with hot biscuits, piccalilli, cheese—and so on. Starvation was not imminent.

"This veal and stuff is bully!" said I. "Where'd you get it?"

"At Schlimmerstein's Delicatessen," returned Hick's wife. "One can get everything for a meal there, you know, ready cooked; but the prices are dreadful. I tell Hick that if we had a delicatessen of our own we might get rich!"

"Chemistry for me!" opined Hick.

Next morning I tried to look valorous and started out to hunt a job. I should not have minded it so much among strangers; but right there among all the fellows it was fierce. Billy Munson said he might have a job for me in a month or so in his furnishings shop; and Walt Hankerson, proprietor of the Emporium, said he'd bear me in mind. So it went all day. At night I went back to Hick's house with a face like a stick.

"Bess," I said, "if we had five hundred dollars we'd go West. There isn't a ghost of a chance for a fellow in this town."

"Nat," said she, "I've been thinking all day about that veal-loaf and cheese. Why couldn't we run a delicatessen as well as Schlimmerstein?"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "How would it look?"

"But perhaps we could make enough money out of it to feed us until you got to be a lawyer, Nat!" she hinted. A rather broad hint too! I knew I must get down to brass tacks pretty quick!

Well, after three or four days spent in hunting unsuccessfully for a job becoming my dignity as the son of Dunbar Livermore, I went to see Bat Cunningham, one of the fellows who had been in my class at the law school. It was vacation now and I found Bat out practicing curved balls on the athletic field. His dad was rich and I asked him to work the old man for a loan of two hundred dollars. I didn't mind so much, now that I had a definite business proposition. If I'd had to ask for the money just for living expenses I'd have felt pretty sick.

In a day or two Bat got me a hundred; it was the best he could do. Meanwhile I looked round for a location. I happened to be in Dud Fanner's grocery store buying some dried apricots Hick's wife had asked me to get, and all of a sudden an idea flashed into my head.

"Dud," said I, "I'll give you ten dollars a month for about a quarter of this store for a neat little delicatessen shop. You don't handle any cooked foods yourself, you know."

It chanced that Dud's trade was bad. Ten dollars looked good. He agreed. Bess had been sizing up Schlimmerstein's Delicatessen, half a dozen blocks away, and had all sorts of ideas for roast loin of pork, boned turkey, pigs' feet, gherkins, and such stuff. Bess, by the way, was a dandy cook—her mother was a crackerjack at it!

I was hit pretty hard by having my anticipated loan cut in two; but we made the best of it. The business was one we could make big or little. We started in a very small way.

At first Bess cooked all our roasts, hams, corned beef and other meats in the McGiffert kitchen. Of course we paid Hick and his wife for the use of their equipment, and we began paying our board right away. This helped Hick a lot, for he wasn't flush. On the q. t.—when the old man was down at his office—Bessie's mother came over and helped her. My mother got round pretty regularly too; and the delicatessen stuff those two good dames could cook was enough to make a gourmand of the worst old table crank in West Pointville! Chicken pâtés with raised crust! Decorated crab salad! Meat pies! Their stuff was certainly great!

"It's the sort of stuff that builds appetites," said Hick one day as he stood looking at a batch of it just out of the oven. "Nat, the people simply have to buy your goods! They can't help it!"

The first month we cleared sixty dollars; the second we got away with seventy-seven; the third, a hundred and thirteen—but when winter came on we dropped down quite a bit.

However, I was over that first big crisis of my life. I shudder sometimes to think how easily I might have gone to pieces, separated from Bess, shown myself to be a knave and a fool, and put a big blot on the Livermore name.

### Going Down Hill

I WANT you to remember what Hick called us: "Builders of appetites." Though at the time we ran that early delicatessen I did not see the mighty significance of it, the fact that we really did build appetites was the thing that took me over the crisis. We might have had a delicatessen that didn't make people hungry; but, thanks to Bess and her mother, and to my mother too, the people came after our goods and called for more.

This is the very pivot on which you or any competent man can build a business—in any reasonable line where the potential markets exist. In drygoods you can make people hungry; in hardware; in shoes; in a livery stable. No matter what you tackle, you can make the public come to you if you go out in a thousand subtle ways and make them hungry. In the first place you must find out what they want. They may not know that they want it; but you yourself must know, and then develop those latent appetites.

I don't suppose many people in West Pointville knew they wanted our deviled eggs until we made them hungry—or our beef roll; or our French headcheese. Bess and I were fortunate in having such skillful help at the start. The very foundation of a successful business was supplied me without any effort on my part—the goods the people wanted; but I didn't have sense enough to see it, and that is how it happened I got into trouble.

In other words I didn't follow up my advantage. Though the goods the people want are the foundation of a business, these goods will not sell themselves as a usual thing. Up to a certain point my delicatessen stuff did sell itself, but during the earlier part of my business career I made no effort to get beyond that point. I had no plans to build appetites; in fact, I went backward.

Dud Fanner's grocery business was bad and getting worse. It was a shabby little store, without any pretension to distinction. The goods it put out were not the sort to make people hungry. They were fair enough just to subsist on—for customers who were not particular about a little dirt and sometimes some grit mixed in.

Dud never had tried to build any appetites. He never had thought of such a thing! Funny—isn't it?—that a man should be in business six years, as Dud had been, and never once think of any schemes for making the people of West Pointville hungry for the Dud Fanner groceries!

Well, Dud's grocery business was very much on the bum. Excuse my slang, but I can express myself better in my own words; I'm not a Ralph Waldo Emerson. Dud wanted to sell and offered me the whole joint for six hundred dollars, one-third cash.

I had the bighead and thought I knew how to run a grocery store. As a matter of fact, I didn't even know what had made my delicatessen successful—so far as it had been successful in returning me a living profit. So I bought Dud's measly old stock and all the bad-will of the business.

Up to this point I had cherished the thought that I was still destined for the law. In my few spare hours I read the law of torts, contracts and intestate succession; but after I got the Fanner grocery I cut law from my curriculum. I had more than I could do learning how to sell groceries. Right away I started rapidly down the hill toward another crisis.

When I bought the store it was taking in about thirty dollars a day. The net profit on this might perhaps have

been two or three dollars—but it wasn't. There was no profit. Only the margin I cleared on my delicatessen counter enabled me to live at all.

By this time Bess was no longer cooking for the store; therefore her mother and my mother had stopped helping. I now got the delicatessen goods through the regular trade channels; and since I didn't appreciate the value of holding up the appetites of my customers I let the bars down on quality.

Bess and I now lived in a little rented house by ourselves, and the rent came pretty hard. As the months slipped along I got far behind on my obligations at the store and my expenses were devouring me. I had only one clerk, but I fired him and got a cheaper one. Leave the mathematics of the grocery business to the technical journals. It is enough to say here that I arrived once more at a crisis.

One day my biggest creditor among the wholesale houses sent a man down to see me.

"You'll have to pay up by the fifteenth of next month or we'll be compelled to close you out," was the message he brought me.

Soon after I got this ultimatum I saw dad go past the store. He looked in sidewise, as he always did; only I could see him sizing up the place more than usual—and it did look mean and shabby. I knew dad was thinking that I wouldn't last much longer. During that whole year dad had never spoken to me or noticed Bess. Hadn't he said to me "Go and starve!"?

### *Specialties for Sunday Night*

IT CUT me a good deal to think of all this. Then I thought of Bess and of the wonderful event we expected to happen so soon. It was hard to think of a sheriff's sign on my door—at such a time especially. Just then a customer came in.

"Here's some sugar I brought back that's got nails in it!" he said, dropping a package on the counter. "I don't want such stuff. I'm done with your ratty old store for good!"

Out he went in a huff after I had refunded his money. I felt like throwing up the sponge that afternoon. There was a lump in my throat as big as an apple; but along toward night I got to thinking of Hick McGiffert and all the compliments he used to sling at our first delicatessen stuff. Of a sudden the thing seemed very simple and clear! If only I could put all my groceries on a par with the stuff I started out with I might make the thing go yet! By closing time the idea had developed considerably further. And many a crisis has been bridged with an idea.

"Bess," I said when I got home, "do you remember what Hick McGiffert used to call us—Builders——"

"Builders of appetites!" she finished.

"Yes; but we've nearly forgotten it. I've been a fool, Bess; I've overlooked the very thing that would make my store go. I haven't been building any appetites—I've been killing them. If I get across this chasm I've got to specialize on quality, Bess, and then go out and build some whopping big appetites for Nat Livermore's groceries. We can do it, Bess—and, what's more, we will!"

That was the big idea on which I based my crisis selling campaign for Bess and little Bess—who arrived at our house that very week.

It isn't hard to get big ideas; the difficulty comes in resolving them into the multiplex detail so necessary in applying them. I don't care what business you may be in—furniture, clothing or manufacturing ink—there is pretty likely to be a big idea skulking round your premises and daring you to catch it just at the critical stage in your career.

But you've got to do more than catch it; you've got to fit the idea into harness and make it work for you. Old Ike Babcock of our town was so saturated with tremendous ideas that every one expected his little drygoods joint to blossom into a department store the next year, sure; but he kept his ideas tied up in stalls, just like a lot of idle horses. Either he couldn't find anything to hitch them to or else he was afraid they would kick, if he fitted them with traces, and break up his business. I told Bess we mustn't be like old Ike.

*The Delicatessen Stuff Was Enough to Make a Gourmand of the Worst Old Table Crank*

"Nat," said she, "I've got an idea myself; and I'll tell you just how to work it. It's an appetite idea, sure enough!"

It was the first scheme we worked. In short it was a scheme to make people hungry on Sunday nights. You know what a doleful mess the Sunday-night supper usually is. The hired girl is out and mother says you can stand up at the pantry shelf and get a bite if you're hungry. But, you know, there is seldom any cheese or sardines or potted pigeon in the house Sunday night, and you finish by eating bread and butter. And at the boarding houses—well, I've known a lot of fellows to move because they couldn't stand that awful Sunday-night void at the table!

All this is bad policy. Bess and I set out to correct it. She got up a lot of tempting Sunday-night combinations and we had them printed, each on a card by itself, along with a little jolly about the cheerfulness of an appetizing table Sunday night—how it made one of the brightest spots of the whole week for the young folks, and so on. Even if it did make a little extra work, I argued, it was worth it. But most of the work I would do myself in advance!

For example, we suggested for one supper some flaky, steaming-hot country flapjacks from All-Ready flour—comb cloverhoney tospread over them on top of the Livermore creamery butter; Livermore blend of Mocha and Java coffee; red currant jam from our special stock, and Livermore delicatessen cookies.

For another we proposed a salad of our young onions, tomatoes and lettuce, with pure olive oil, pepper and salt—we would furnish the dressing all ready if desired; a small or large pan of Livermore's baked pork and beans—baked until the beans just melted into one another; Livermore's delicious cornbread, which should be put into the oven and served very hot; Livermore's instantaneous chocolate, the flavor of which would leave lingering memories.

A third combination consisted of mulligatawny soup; spiced beef of the Livermore brand; Livermore's Vienna bread or hot biscuits made with Snow baking powder; Yum-yum marmalade; Livermore's substitute coffee.

### *Convincing the Credit Man*

ON A WEDNESDAY I sorted these combination menus into lots and put each lot into an envelope. Then I had them distributed by a boy to all my customers and to a lot of people who weren't customers. I had the nerve to send some of them up to aristocratic Fern Hill, the trade of which I didn't have. In my announcements I touched on my improved qualities and offered to supply any combination in a package by itself—or any part of a combination—on Saturday.

I don't take the credit for that idea—it was Bess'; but it got things coming. Not that I sold so many Sunday-night combinations right away! No; but as a piece of advertising it attracted attention all over town. Through it I got a dozen new customers of the better class. It brought me quite a lot of business in staples as well as in the fancy stuff.

Then Bess broadened the idea.

"Here are some unexpected-guest combinations," she said one night. "I've been working on them for hours."

You know there are days when folks walk in just at dinnertime. Well, it's one thing to write out a theoretical déjeuner bill a week in advance, with plenty of French words out of the dictionary; it's quite another thing to supply a whole dinner, from the soup to the coffee, by special messenger at ten minutes' notice—not that I was called on to do this very often; but I made capital out of my ability to do so.

The fifteenth of the month came round and I took a collection of my combination cards and went up to the wholesale house that was tormenting me. I had a long talk with the credit man and outlined my plans. I showed him what the first results had been.

Credit men are devils sometimes, but not always. Some of them will hold off if you can show them you are digging for bait. Then, too, I got in a word about little Bess and that clinched the thing. I got my extension.

Our next combination stunt was a group of cards for al-fresco spreads—picnics, automobile parties, and similar affairs. We worked in peanut-butter sandwiches, olives, citron cake and nut biscuits; we suggested Livermore salads, cheeses, grape juice and candies; we hammered on potted meats

(Continued on Page 34)

*"Then Go Your Own Way—Starve If You Will!"*

# THE MEETING OF THE GREEKS

## By DOROTHEA CONYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"If a Man Hadn't Been Careless He Might Have Passed a Lot More of Them"

GRAY dawn snarled at the heels of murky night, a faint red flush mantling its face. The long squalidness of Portland Street was wrapt in silence. Sometimes a policeman clumped down the pavement in the boots of polite warning provided by government, or some night-bird flitted to its dreary nest.

An electric lamp, illuminating the sign Garage—Open All Night, burned coldly against the coming light.

The sleepy man in charge waited for the return of the various hired-out vehicles which carried Londoners to and from their amusements. If he had been inclined to speak he would have aired his private opinions as to balls and late supper parties.

The electric bell whirred. A little man ran breathlessly in, a telegram held in his hands. He carried a small valise and was white and upset.

"Are you the man in charge? I am Mr. Edgar, of the Elms—you know the house, no doubt. Oh! it's dreadful—this trouble."

The man nodded. He did not know in the least, but why say so?

"I want a car at once. Oh, it's awful!" The little man put his hand to his eyes, his voice shook. "Hurry, I pray of you. My wife's dying in Essex. No train down until six. I was out and returned to find this," he sobbed over the telegram. "Then I thought of your place."

Herbert woke to partial sympathy. Some men, he had heard, might regret their wives. In any case the agitation was proper. "A car, sir?" he said.

"I'll pay anything. Ring a driver up. My poor Lucy, watching for me! My country place is just beyond Colchester. Oh, let me have a good car at once!"

Herbert spoke hoarsely down a tube. Mr. Edgar laid down ten pounds and asked if it would be more. "And a fiver for the chauffeur," he said, as a disheveled, half-dressed man came from a side door.

"You're lucky, sir, that Jules took a shakedown in the office, as he came in very late. The Wolseley, Jules! She's fit for it and ready."

Jules looked as if he and luck were complete strangers.

"She will not break down or anything, will she, or burst her tubes?" Mr. Edgar almost whimpered. "I have no motor as yet—no knowledge of them. Five pounds for yourself, driver, if I am not too late." He turned away, overcome.

Herbert took the fifteen pounds—he was out to make his living—and ordered Jules to get a move on.

"The parties for Brighton," he said, "must take the old Vauxhall. Hope for the best, sir," added Herbert kindly. "Don't you break down."

Mr. Edgar thanked him huskily.

A powerful car edged her way backward into the street, and in a minute Mr. Edgar of the Elms was speeding cityward through the deserted streets.

Herbert picked up the telegram, which Mr. Edgar had dropped—only half of it.

"At once. Lucy very ill. Lose no time. Mother."

"Pore little blighter," said Herbert, throwing the piece away. "Short time married likely."

The newspaper carts were already in the Strand, but the car containing Jules and his passenger crossed it and flew along the Embankment. As they came to the rows of sordid houses that marked the outskirts of the great city a clock boomed half-past four.

Mr. Edgar drew a breath of relief. He raised his bowed and miserable head. He had tied a scarf round his felt hat and a pair of glasses hid his eyes.

As the car ate up the white road, until the rows of houses gave way to villas and then to single houses, and on to stretches of land that flourished houseless, Mr. Edgar began to talk. "It's awful!" he muttered. "You, Jules, you have not a wife?"

"*Mais non*—no," said Jules in accents of relief.

"I can show you the road," said the little man, "when we get nearer. I know every turn."

Mr. Edgar knew nothing of motors. He asked some of the usual silly questions concerning clutches and brakes, and he looked curiously at everything. There was a substratum beneath his questions that compelled Jules to answer him.

They hummed through Chelmsford in the true dawn, with a fiery sun flaring his herald of heat, himself as yet unseen. The car ran well and at that hour Jules could let her go. When they had run through the town Mr. Edgar began to give directions; they wheeled into a narrow, hedge-bordered road, with honeysuckle trailing horns across the clipped thorn. They turned to the right and to the left, always in byways, and suddenly the fair dawning was blotted by cloud, the sun unexpectedly hidden behind a veil of mist.

Little Mr. Edgar, worn by strain, shivered dismally.

"It is ten miles still," he said, "and I am very cold. Would you stop, Mr. Jules, for a moment? I have some refreshment here."

He pulled a flask from the pocket of his overcoat. Jules had noticed the bulge.

"My housemaid, a faithful sort," said the little man, "made and put in coffee. I must take something for fear I should break down. Will you, Jules, also?"

The chauffeur was nothing loath. Mr. Edgar produced two collapsible mugs. He had some trouble with the cork, and got out, resting the bottle on the step.

The coffee steamed fragrantly. It was very sweet. Jules got his first and drank it off; but he coughed.

"Got a queer taste," he said, "hasn't it?"

Mr. Edgar started to pour out his own, but luck was not with him. The flask slipped from his chilled fingers, crashing on to the road, the coffee pouring out.

"Smashed!" said Mr. Edgar dolorously. "And there is no more. Never mind. You wanted it more than I did."

They drove on through the lonely country with the tang of the sea in the air. Mr. Edgar directed with certainty.

"I like it constant," he said. "We are near now. What—the main roads are always best? Why!"

Jules swayed a little, and sat up with a jerk.

"Up all right," he said. He nodded again.

"Stop her, man!" Mr. Edgar's own foot crossed to the brake; the car stopped throbbing as the chauffeur lurched down in a dead sleep.

Mr. Edgar of the Elms dragged him to the back, where he laid him gently; then with wondrous intuition for a man who had never driven, he slipped in his clutch and steered skillfully to the main road by a much shorter way than they had come. Here he found a small inn, where he left Jules, paying for a bedroom and giving his address in London, regretting his man's unfortunate weakness. Jules smelt now more than faintly of brandy.

Mr. Edgar turned off the high road again and did several curious things. He slipped off his blue suit, appearing in one of gray which he had worn underneath; his spectacles also were discarded; a slip of board containing another number was tacked over the number board; then he started the car and drove back through Chelmsford.

Two men who had been up at the hotel looked at the car.

"Same car," one said, "that pawsed an hour ago."

"No, you blighter!" said his companion, who was soured by early rising. "No shover and a different number."

Mr. Edgar drove quietly. He turned and twisted until he found himself on a desolate road, with a dark wood on one side, and a ruined cowshed on the other standing by a deserted house.

The Wolseley gasped with disgust as she was skillfully swung into the old shed and left in a corner.

Then Mr. Edgar walked fast toward chimneys that marked a town, looked at his watch contentedly and, reaching the station, took a third-class to London.

It was still morning when he got out at Liverpool Street, merged with the crowd, and finally took rooms at an obscure address in Putney where he was expected and welcomed as Mr. Robinson, of Colchester.

Here his morning trip resulted in a severe cold, and as he lay in bed he read the papers, being particularly interested in a jewel robbery that was baffling the police. Mr. Moss, of Kensington, had been robbed. He was known to have some splendid jewels of his dead wife's. He was found asleep, chloroformed, with his safe drilled open and empty. Suspicion fell on several people, notably a new acquaintance called Joneson, but there was no clew.

When Jules, the chauffeur, returned to London very sick a new excitement sprang up, but Mr. Edgar, of the Elms, had completely disappeared. The car was found languishing in her cowshed. No one in spectacles and in blue clothes appeared to have traveled to London and the affair fizzled out. When Scotland Yard publishes the fact that it is following a clew it is generally at a standstill.

During his illness Mr. Robinson grew a mustache. When well enough to go out he sent off several parcels by post; and at all times he was most confidential to his landlady. It appeared that he was about to set up in business in the London suburbs directly he was able to see about it. A little later he left the worthy Mrs. Hunter, stayed a night at the Metropole, and then took his way to Scarborough to recuperate. He had not received many letters at Putney, just a few when he got better; but he left an address with his landlady.

Mr. Edgar Robinson, a neat and ordinary-looking little man, put up at the best hotel and quickly made friends. He was a mildly innocent little person, who hired a motor and took his friends out to drive, and had champagne for his guests at dinner, and babbled of how he had made his little pile late in life, and how he was a bachelor of nowhere. He appeared to have made the money as he traveled about.

"I like Scarborough," said Mr. Edgar Robinson to Colonel Graham, an acquaintance. "I think I shall take a house here—a nice house on the front that I could invite my friends to."

Colonel Graham, late of the King's Own Rushers, thought that Mr. Robinson was worthy if foolish, and also that it would be quite nice if he and Eva and Nora had a fortnight free at the fashionable resort. He offered to help Mr. Robinson. He knew several residents who wished to leave.

Accompanied by Colonel Graham Mr. Robinson looked at furnished houses. He was particularly nervous about burglars, examining all the fastenings in the rooms. Those of one house, Seafront, belonging to old Miss Hickson, who wished to go abroad for two years, he condemned as childish.

"And with her emeralds too! How careless, if the fastenings really are so bad!" said Graham. "She has a wonderful necklace."

Mr. Edgar Robinson sat down, looking quite white.

"It's nothing—an old complaint," he said in answer to inquiries. "One I simply cannot fight against when it comes on."

When two nights later old Miss Hickson awoke to deplore the loss of her jewels Mr. Edgar Robinson was not surprised.

"Now, supposing that I had taken that house," he said with asperity. "Just think of it, colonel! I have several valuables myself."

Mr. Robinson did not look like a person who possessed valuables, but Colonel Graham was sympathetic.

About ten days after Mr. Robinson came to Scarborough a room was booked in the same hotel by Mr. Melville Green, a bright-eyed, clean-shaven young fellow, rather foppishly dressed and full of good-natured friendliness.

He took to simple little Edgar Robinson from the first. They took coffee together on the veranda the evening Melville Green came, and raved of the clean fresh airs blowing in from the sea. Young Green was guilelessly friendly, chattering of his plans and his people.

"I am going back to Australia," said Melville Green, "with enough to marry the sweetest girl on earth, Robinson, and—I'm going to my old mother. I want to take them some lovely presents—diamonds for choice."

"Ah, yes; diamonds," said Robinson very thoughtfully.

"Some jewels," said Mr. Green. "Yes, I want to get some in London. I don't suppose they would have anything here worth looking at."

Mr. Robinson looked at the fair, beardless youth; he stroked his chin with one finger, and then stopped abruptly as if the action were a foolish one.

The friendship deepened, and next evening Mr. Melville Green, of Sydney, dined at the same table with Mr. Edgar Robinson, of nowhere, and as they sat afterward listening to an indifferent band he told the elder man all about his life. He was waiting for a cable from Australia before joining his people, and had left the heat of London to see Scarborough. It appeared that he had come over to arrange a very important matter of business which had saved his mother from ruin.

"We had all our money invested over here," prattled young Melville Green, "and we got wind that our trustee and solicitor was—well—shaky."

"Particularly shaky people, trustees," agreed Mr. Robinson. "Well?"

"So I came and made him sell out. It wasn't in settlements, you see; he was only a trusted friend."

"I observe—not a real trustee," said Robinson.

"And I've done it. But, phew, what a job I had! My word! Old Graham fought me, I tell you. I got cash down and kept it. No checks for me! I'm just waiting to see if she'll buy railway stock or invest it over there, so I"—he lowered his voice—"I've got it with me," he laughed triumphantly. "Thirty thousand in five-pound notes."

"What? What? What?" said Mr. Robinson, aghast. "What, eh? On you—notes? My dear boy!"

He stared still harder at the round and ingenuous face, the face of the boy who was too clever to trust even an English bank.

"I got a shake in my faith in England. And fi'-pun notes"—Mr. Melville Green could be a little vulgar—"are always money. You see I've cabled to Kit and the mother to meet me in Paris for a spree. I'll keep a bit out, and English fi'-pun notes are value anywhere, old chap. I wish you were coming, Robinson, to meet them. You're such a good sort."

"Oh! It's Dreadful—This Trouble"

Mr. Melville Green was difficult to resist, he was so ingenuously young.

"No opening bank accounts for me until I get to Sydney," he chuckled. "No; no one will rob me. Of course, it's all in strict confidence. I know I can trust you—a chap with a big place and all that."

Mr. Edgar Robinson had spoken casually of his father's place in Yorkshire.

"But don't tell other people," said Mr. Green—"now don't, I beg of you."

That night Melville Green, who had taken just the last whisky and soda which makes man love his neighbor as himself, would walk upstairs with his new friend, Mr. Edgar Robinson—his rooms were on the second floor—and take him into them.

With his merry, boyish laugh he pulled out a small wooden box. There were some books on top, but the bottom was stuffed with wads of crisp banknotes.

"Think of it," said Melville Green sentimentally, "if that rascally lawyer had taken all this! Think of it, old chap! We were comfortable out there—we keep an upper-class boarding house—but we took lots of chances, and this means the certainty: the house always, the buggy and the pony, the garden and the mother's right to live in peace. It means all that for certain."

"I—suppose—it does," said Mr. Robinson very thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose it does. If there is no accident, Green."

Mr. Green put the box in a suitcase and the suitcase in the wardrobe; he hid the key in the table drawer.

"There'll be no accident," he said lightly. "None." Then he shook out some sovereigns from his case. Mr. Robinson had noticed that the boy had a lot of gold.

The two strolled through Scarborough next day, fast friends, and Melville Green stopped at a big jeweler's shop.

"These things are not too bad," he said critically. "Let's go in."

They went in, and though it was not London Mr. Green was able to select a bracelet and a locket of fair value. He chuckled like a schoolboy as he talked of seeing Kitty flash the diamonds on her pretty wrist; the locket was for mamma. He amused the shopman as he chattered.

"Rather silly," he said, "when I'm going to Paris, to buy here. Of course these are only stop-gaps." He said he would call round in the afternoon to settle the bill.

The proprietor, a sleek little person, immediately explained volubly that they could procure other things for a good customer. When they came out Melville Green was discontented. He showed a new shrewdness.

"If they do get anything down they will probably charge me once and a half its value because they have sent for it," he said. "And I'd like to have something ready for Kitty."

Mr. Edgar Robinson sniffed the keen salt air and looked thoughtful. "You want something really good?" he said.

"Yes, and I want to have the things in my hand, so to speak," said young Green with a quick return to his boyishness.

Mr. Edgar Robinson nodded; then he coughed.

"It happens," he said, "that I have left over—that is, here with me—a really lovely pendant. A perfect design, stones first-class but rather small. My dear dead sister left it to me, and I need hardly say it is of no use to an unmarried man. So far I have kept it for sentimental reasons; but now"—Mr. Edgar Robinson looked benevolently friendly—"I would let you have it at far less than you would pay in a shop, to please a young pair—to please you, my boy, and your little girl."

Mr. Melville Green appeared to be really touched; in fact, so much so that he wheeled and stared at the lazy, twinkling sea before he spoke, and his shoulders shook quite perceptibly. He called Mr. Edgar Robinson the best of good chaps; he shook the little man's hand. And he said: "How much, then, to a pal, dear old chap? My word, it would be luck to light on something she'd really like!" said young Green.

"See it first," said Robinson kindly. "Then we'll talk of price, sonny."

When Mr. Edgar Robinson got to his luxurious room in the hotel he unlocked a tin case that lay in his portmanteau and lifted a roll of cotton wool. The sheen and flash of diamonds rippled through the room. The pendant was graceful—a yellow diamond in the middle, set off by masses of small brilliants of perfect color; it was hung on a chain of rose diamonds and pearls. The star was a delicate thing, a veritable flash of light, with points of emeralds. The rings were fine.

Mr. Robinson had lowered his blinds before he opened the box. He held up the jewels in the subdued light, looking at their flash as they shot radiance through the room.

"These small stones are so little value broken up," he said. "They are really at their best as things to wear and keep, so Green is lucky."

Robinson put the jewels into his pocket and took the lift to a higher floor, where he tapped at his friend's door. There he laid the glittering things on a table and Mr. Green whistled.

"These ought to please the most captious of fiancées," said Robinson gayly. "There is—or was—only one man who could set quite as lightly. And I'll take a thousand—the shop price would be two."

Mr. Green did not demur. He seemed to be a judge of stones, for he looked and praised critically.

"Well kept?" he said.

"They were cleaned," said Robinson carelessly, "after poor Edith's death. Like 'em, my boy?"

Mr. Melville Green said that he loved them. "Diamonds are no extravagance," he said, "and it's providence, for I wanted something really good, as these are."

He thanked Mr. Robinson for giving him the chance, and with his boyish laugh he went to his bag and counted out the notes. Then, insisting on his friend's having a smoke, the youth sat on his bed and prattled ingenuously of his girl and his mother and his golden future until Mr. Edgar Robinson, sympathetic as he was, twice concealed a facial movement suspiciously like a yawn.

They lunched together and sat long over it. Once Mr. Robinson said he had thought of banking his notes before the bank closed, but that tomorrow would do. After lunch Melville Green was suddenly prostrated with neuralgia. It came on suddenly, drowning his gayety with a wave of agony. He sat in a chair in a dark and quiet corner, telling his friend that it was one of the worst of his many attacks.

(Continued on Page 53)

"Never Mind. You Wanted It More Than I Did"

# Shakspere's Seven Ages and Mine

## "And Then the Lover"—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

. . . And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. . . .

AS YOU LIKE IT
Act II, Scene VII.

I HATE like the deuce to be continually calling attention to the mistakes of this man Shakspere. It might make some people think I was conceited. But when a man who is in the writing business for a living—the same as I am—commits a serious sin of omission it becomes a duty to put him right without loss of time. That is how I look at it.

In his Seven Ages, which are being reproduced in these columns, with a few crisp interpolations of my own, Shakspere advances his subject in one leap from the schoolboy, with his shining morning face, crawling snail-like toward school, to the lover, sighing like a furnace—sighing, I take it, like a furnace on the point of going out on a cold morning, which, I may say, is one of the most mournful sighs in the world—and inditing woeful ballads to the eyebrow of his lady fair. But, in so doing, Shakspere jumps entirely over one of the most important periods in the life of man. I refer to the graduation or commencement-day period, which sometimes is coupled with the dear-old-college-days period.

Up to a certain point in his life the average member of the male sex has little or no use for girls. About the time he attains the mature age of fifteen he becomes certain that he can never bring himself to care for a woman except in the most Platonic way. He is convinced that the creation of woman was a grievous error in the first place—the utter ruination of what was probably a pretty fair article of rib—and, regardless of the fact that the family tree of his descendants will bear a lopsided appearance in consequence, he resolves that he will never allow woman to enter his life.

*I Hate Like the Deuce to be Continually Calling Attention to the Mistakes of This Man Shakspere*

### *Graduating Into the Romantic School*

AS A GREAT detective, or a gallant fireman, or a desperate Indian fighter, he may, on occasion and merely to comply with the ethics, rescue maidens from imminent peril; but that positively is as far as the matter shall be allowed to go. His life is to be dedicated to great, stirring deeds of daring and heroism, and in it there will be no place for the other sex; those females who presume upon his kindness toward them to make overtures of a tender nature will do so at their own risk. Tucked away in the inner fastnesses of the haymow, he confides these sentiments to a sworn comrade, who feels exactly as he does about it.

Later a change comes stealing over him, softening his rugged nature. It is a sign that calf-love is about to claim him for its own; but before he passes into the bobveal state he undergoes the process of being graduated. It was this important epoch in the career of our hero that Shakspere failed to mention.

I have seen commencement exercises—you have seen them, no doubt. Everybody nearly has seen them; for they occur annually in every town that is big enough to have a mixed high school, a Carnegie library, and a pitcher on the local team who would be signed up—right this minute—to play with the Giants or the Athletics if John McGraw and Connie Mack only knew their business.

There may be one or two towns of ten thousand inhabitants in this country that are still waiting for their Carnegie libraries, though for the moment their names escape me; but there is not one anywhere without at least one phenomenal home-grown pitcher who properly belongs in the big league. He occurs on all sides. And when the June roses blow, and people with rose colds are following suit, graduation befalls.

The scene is the opera house and the time is the gala night of nights. The beauty and chivalry of the community—and some who are not such striking beauties—have assembled to do honor to these young men and women who stand upon the threshold, ready to step forth into the world and work a large number of needed reforms that have been clamoring for attention for quite some time.

The decorations are indeed elaborate—so many potted plants have not been assembled in one place since the president of the First National Bank died. In the wings, at each side, is a perfect riot of asparagus ferns, interspersed with rubber plants. There is a piano, with its nerves tense and its teeth set, grimly awaiting the torture that is to come. The scenery is what is known technically as the garden set, the limned beauties of the backdrop being familiar to all who have ever patronized the summer stock company.

Throughout the audience fans flutter feverishly, for it is a warm night. It must be a warm night to insure that a commencement will pass off successfully; then it not only passes off—it rolls off.

Wherever you look you see fair women with new frocks on, and brave men with the backs of their necks shaved.

On the stage, in serried ranks, are two impressive semicircles. In the front row one beholds the graduating class of the current year, flanked at its two ends by youths ordinarily known to the populace as Bub Wallace and that dad-blamed Smalley kid; but on this occasion elevated to the dignity of having their middle names exposed in print for the first and last time in their lives.

Except that these two young gentlemen are wearing a set, strained expression of countenance, and are wilting down their collars, and do not know what to do with their extra hands and feet, and are white about the gills, and are staring straight ahead with a wild, hunted look out of the eyes, both of them are perfectly calm, cool and collected. Between them sit the young lady graduates, in fluttering, filmy white. About every other one is clutching a mass of deathless English prose, carefully rolled up and tied with a blue ribbon to keep the contents from escaping and stunning the audience ahead of time.

It is easy for the practiced eye to pick out the mother of each fair young graduate—the mother being the lady who, when her own child rises to perform, quits sniffing audibly and begins beaming audibly.

Back of the graduates we see another semicircle, made up of members of the school board, the high-school superintendent, in a black alpaca coat and a free state of nettle rash, and the pastor of the Congregational Church, who will rise anon and deliver an invocation requiring eighteen minutes to pass a given point.

### *An Infant Prodigy Executes Show Pang*

THE leading members of the board occupy the end seats. One is the sporting dentist—every town of ten thousand or even less has within its confines at least one sporting dentist and two sporting barbers—and the other is a human safety clutch, engaged in the private banking and loan business, and generally known as Judge Somebody, because he once served as foreman of a coroner's jury. He still has the first five-cent piece he ever owned—and if they ever operate on him they will find it. The doc is on the board for the excitement and the judge for no reason at all, so far as any one can discover.

The other members of the board are a contracting carpenter, representing the great common people of the second ward; a square-jawed veteran, with a habit of working the Battle of Stone's River into every conversation; and two walking gentlemen, whose activity in educational lines is confined to voting the same way the judge does.

Presently the festivities of the festal night are appropriately launched. In a body the class advances toward the footlights and sings a song replete with reference to the birds being in the trees and the stars being in the skies, and the night wind blowing free—and other natural phenomena that have hitherto escaped notice. Amid peals of laughter the class historian—a born humorist if ever there was one—predicts all sorts of ridiculous careers for her mates; but it is noted that her fond parents peal more readily than the others present.

The class essayist, who has a knobby forehead and spectacles extending back over the ears, wins plaudits by her masterly command of the Latin language. It is generally felt that this information will come in very handy two weeks hence, when she takes up stenography as a life calling.

The class salutatorian obliges at great length, and volunteer scorers all over the house keep tab on the number and extent of the floral offerings passed over the footlights.

Presently the worst fears of the helpless piano are realized. The doomed instrument quivers at the approach of a sinewy little girl of a resolute aspect. Some confusion is created in the minds of the audience when the superintendent announces that this talented young person is about to render a selection by a foreigner, to whom he erroneously refers as Show Pang, whereas anybody who can read knows the name should be pronounced Chop In, as in cutting stovewood.

Nevertheless, the young lady does perform with great vigor; and then for an encore she

*The Doomed Instrument Quivers at the Approach of a Sinewy Little Girl*

renders the Battle of Prague in such a way as materially to add to the horrors of war. She fires the last volley and falls back in good order, leaving the piano in a crushed and palpitating state. It is not exactly wrecked, but it will never again be the piano it was.

The valedictorian—it is the Smalley boy—rises to his feet after obtaining the consent of his legs and—first swallowing a setting of imaginary duck eggs—he addresses the orchestra leader on some confidential matter in a tone of voice so subdued he cannot hear it himself. Then the diplomas are distributed and the graduates go forth into the world. In June they go forth, but some of them are back as early as September fifteenth.

Some will go to college and the others will make over a few of their ideals and take a fresh start—for a period of disillusionment befalls along about here. The youth who was president of the Glee Club and led the 'Varsity team at the bat meets a large number of persons who are not interested in these matters at all. It is a shock to him to find so many presumably intelligent business men—men who have apparently succeeded in life—who do not seem to care a tinker's naughty word how high up he was in the Awful Dents fraternity, provided he can letter a packing case. For one year's football hero is next year's shipping clerk, and the two pursuits are in no way correlated.

Also, it develops that there is a widespread conspiracy, having for its object keeping a young man from entering the profession he deems himself best fitted to adorn. If you, as a parent, think of training your boy for the bar, any successful lawyer will warn you that half the lawyers are starving to death, and will suggest that you make a steamfitter out of the young man—he has heard somewhere that steamfitters are always in demand and earn excellent wages.

If you remark casually to an artist that your son has an aptness with the brush, which might develop into something with a few months of training, he will beg you, with tears in his eyes, to apprentice the budding genius to a calciminer because the way portrait painting has fallen off in recent years is something distressing to contemplate.

I never knew a doctor yet who did not advise against permitting any ambitious youth to study medicine; and no well-balanced undertaker ever welcomes you into his profession unless you are dead first. Nearly all the men who are writing insurance feel they should be writing plays; and, so far as I have been able to judge, there breathes no man with soul so dead that to himself he has not said he could run a hotel or edit a newspaper much better than the persons now engaged in those lines.

### *Love's Young Scream*

EVERY man who has done well at something is satisfied that he could have done better at something else; and very naturally he advises against admitting young fellows into a trade as unsatisfying as his own has been. The brave young graduate discovers a widespread intrigue to keep him from taking hold of the large affairs of life and conducting them in a proper manner. It is disheartening at first.

However there presently comes to pass something that reconciles him. Love's young dream glides into his life, stealing away his brain and making him happy in its loss. He now does fool things and is secretly proud of them. He dreams the happiest dreams when he is dreaming, and wakens with the awfullest jolts when he does waken. He can soar higher and fall harder than any other creature could—and live. He is brutally mistreated, and he goes humbly back, craving more punishment—and getting it too. One hour he is floating about amid rose-tinted clouds, touched along their downy edges with the golden glow of the virgin sun—and the next he is in a coal mine back of Pittsburgh on a foggy day.

Today he hears the songbirds sing and smells the springtime flowers; tomorrow he is caught out in a blizzard far worse than any that the oldest inhabitants can remember. For him the effulgent moon beams down its softest glow; for him, also, the chute into the subcellar is greased and always waiting. Rosebuds and unfeeling parents uplift for him their respective pedals. Along his pathway spring up asters and disasters, daffodils and daffy deeds; the morning-glory and the nightshade; the hollyhock and the henbane.

In the morn he is traveling—dizzy, delirious and entranced—on a merry-go-round of joy, snatching the gilded rings of delectation off the hook at every turn; but when the chill of evening comes he has been run over by a steam roller and flattened out until he looks like a colored supplement.

Tomorrow it will be an even-money proposition whether he is called for by a Ben Hur chariot or the Black Maria.

*He Must Know How to Play the Guitar and Call Her Spanish Love Names*

*He Resolves That He Will Never Allow Woman to Enter His Life*

He has been led to believe that all the world loves a lover; but by bitter experience he discovers this to be a gross misstatement of fact. What all the world loves is a chance to laugh at a lover. He probably sighs like a furnace, just as he did in Shakspere's time, though the chances are that he does not indite so many of those woeful ballads to his mistress' eyebrow as he once did. Even so, he would probably be safer inditing them to her eyebrow than to her back hair; because eyebrows remain practically the same season after season, whereas hair is subject to frequent and startling change. Last spring's blonde is frequently this fall's brunette; and it would be a hard blow to any lover to burn, with corrugated brow, the midnight oil, thinking up a rime about raven tresses, say, only to find on the morrow that the situation seemed to call for something riming with flaxen braids.

Anyhow, woeful ballads are out of fashion. If milady of today has been reared by her family to have a proper conception of values she is apt to exhibit a more sympathetic leaning toward a good rating in Bradstreet's than for a thin, pale volume of sonnets.

We have his own word for it that a book of verses, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and a nice cozy little Thou under a leafy bough suited old Omar clear down to the ground; but we do not know how the Thou felt about it! If we could get her side of it we should probably learn that a small leather-backed book showing a nourishing balance in the bank would hold her attention much longer than one containing merely a number of club-footed quatrains; and leafy boughs always did breed caterpillars, just as the earth beneath them is prolific of red ants of an inquiring turn of mind.

### *Secret Sorrows and Sash Belts*

GENERALLY speaking it is a wise dispensation of Providence that we rarely win the soul-mates we picked out for ourselves in youth's roseate dawn. If any considerable number of us had done so it would probably be necessary for every divorce court to hold its sessions in a building about as large as Madison Square Garden; and even then there would be overflow meetings going on outside in the street. Wise Nature steps in and saves us from ourselves; and, what is better, saves us from those we had thought would make ideal life companions for us.

Take, for example, the budding maiden just out of the finishing school, who has quit wearing middy blouses and has begun putting her hair up on her head; and has attended her first supper dance; and is learning to walk in the new fashion, with a forward tilt from the hips, so that she is practically in two places at once. Such a one as this delights to take a pound of caramels and a novel illustrated by Harrison Fisher and steal away to some secluded spot and there work out the main problem. Time was—and not so long before either—when she felt that only a football hero, with a bushel of hair and two yards of shoulders, could fill her life; but now she knows better.

The man who will claim her heart must be tall and slender, with graceful, unstudied gestures; and he must have piercing black eyes that seem to burn into her very soul, and ebon curls drooping negligently athwart his marble brow; and he must be very cold to others, but must quiver with suppressed emotion at the sound of her voice, heard afar; and he must have a secret sorrow and a sash belt—and possibly a touch of lung trouble; and he must know how to play the guitar and call her Spanish love names. If he drank hard before he met her, so much the better!

However as time passes on she revises her ideals. And it is perhaps just as well for all concerned that she does. Gradually a riper experience teaches her that young men who can strum the guitar acceptably and at the same time earn as much as eighteen dollars a week are so rare as to be almost an extinct species. Strumming as a regular pursuit is not so popular as it was in the days of the troubadours.

Moreover troubadours, as a rule, have not made the best husbands—at least that is the report that comes down to us from the Middle Ages. Likewise it dawns on her that the daily use of Spanish love names has gone out of fashion, except for naming new brands of all-Havana five-cent cigars.

The available statistics on the subject show that the girl of this type must frequently effect a compromise by hitching up for life with an unemotional but steady provider in, let us say, the wholesale egg-and-poultry business. This gentleman may have had those ebon curls drooping athwart

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*There Is a Conspiracy*

# Making Generals Out of Mud

## THE PASSING OF THE READY-MADE MAN

The Standard Man Must Give Place to the Man Who Can Learn a New Trade Every Year if Necessary

By James H. Collins

"I MADE all my generals out of mud!" said Napoleon—meaning that as intelligent, ambitious men came along he trained them in his own tactics and developed officers who beat the best military experts of Europe. Napoleon has been called the father of the present industrial age: as Emerson put it, he was deputy for the nineteenth century, the agent and attorney of the men who fill the markets, shops, counting houses, factories and ships of the modern world.

Today the industrial world is finding it more and more necessary to follow Napoleon's plan, making its generals of the same material in the same way—and also its rank and file.

Some years ago a large department store began replacing its heavy wagons with auto trucks. In this store as soon as a purchase is wrapped it drops down a chute to the delivery organization in the basement, where sorters assign it to the proper route. Later, all the packages for that route are put in a trunk, and a big load of these trunks goes to a branch delivery station, where small wagons take their individual trunks and complete delivery.

The delivery force of a big store in a city of the first class covers hundreds of square miles of suburbs and handles a vast tonnage every day; so, when the first auto trucks replaced heavy teams for hauling to branch stations, it was soon clear that gasoline would effect great economies over horses.

The superintendent of deliveries in that establishment foresaw that he would need a good many chauffeurs to run his trucks. Up to that time he had found drivers and hostlers ready-made, as it were. The world's routine had long produced men who understood horseflesh; and when he needed new drivers he hired the applicants according to the experience and skill with horses that they could prove—and let it go at that.

### *Capitalizing Horse Sense*

WHEN this new need for chauffeurs arose he followed the same plan of looking for men ready-made, and found plenty of fellows who could run an automobile; but before long there was trouble. His chauffeurs developed loose habits. They did damage by racing a five-ton truck as though it were a roadster. Their previous experience as chauffeurs, often for rich employers, inclined them to look down on their present jobs, and they did not catch the spirit of the business or fit into the delivery routine.

Then whenever a new truck replaced several teams the superintendent had to part with his horse drivers. Some of them had been with him for years and their whole outlook was bound up in that business. He did what he could to help them find places elsewhere, but it did not seem right to let such good men go.

It was six months after the first auto truck was installed before this superintendent realized that the situation turned on himself, and that it was squarely up to him to make a few generals out of the common mud right at hand. From that time on he stopped hunting for the ideal chauffeur ready-made and began training his old drivers to run the automobiles.

The progress they made surprised him. The man who had driven a team of Percherons picked up gasoline horsemanship quickly with instruction and encouragement: and when he was capable of handling a truck the organization possessed a tried, careful chauffeur, long familiar with delivery routine and the store policy. Since that time, as the horse stables have shrunk and the garages grown, none but horse drivers have handled the automobiles.

For centuries jobs were standardized and men followed fixed crafts, such as carpentering, bricklaying, metal-working, shoemaking, tailoring, and so on. It is said that in India, where occupations have long been a matter of caste and heredity, the Hindu silversmith has extraordinarily skillful fingers, developed by ancestors working at the same trade for many generations, and that he can manipulate metal in ways not possible to other metal-workers.

Men still think in terms of the old standard jobs and try to fit themselves for life by learning a trade. Nor does this apply to the trades alone; for in the professions thousands of bright young fellows study the technic of medicine or law and set out along the traditional path to glory in those callings, only to find that the path has shifted, because the whole basis of the professions is in evolution as they are adapted to new human requirements. It is the same in the trades and handicrafts.

Employers still hunt for standard men. They hang out the sign Help Wanted! and wait for salesmen, foremen and shophands to come in, bringing thorough knowledge of their particular processes and products. Factory and output may have been developed along highly individual lines; still the employers hang out the sign for ready-made employees, as though such men were wandering round the street somewhere out of a job, and complain bitterly of the way men are degenerating when applicants fall short of the requirements. Then, perhaps, they coax a few workers from some other plant, believing that the ready-made article can be secured in that way.

The understanding of mud generals, however, is coming into business everywhere nowadays. The diversity and improvement in products make each process and plant individual in itself, and the employer sees that he must train men for his own requirements. Instead of hunting for the applicant whose knowledge and experience exactly fit the job, the boss looks for one who is intelligent, ambitious and probably young, and then proceeds to train him to fill the job.

Business is progressive. It no longer rests on standard methods. The ready-made man who learned his trade years ago is giving way to another kind of fellow who can learn a new trade every year if necessary.

### *Going to School for Money*

TEACHING is becoming a vital part of business everywhere. In the factories, stores and offices little rooms are being cleared out and little schools started. The superintendent and the manager find that instruction is a large part of good management; while the youngster just out of the high school, who has been put on the payroll—glad to be definitely placed in the real world and imagining that he is done with books and teachers forever—finds himself sitting at a desk in the company's educational department, facing another instructor and poring over new lesson papers. Teaching straightens out many a tangle in business, big and little.

The six-ton steam hammers in a certain automobile works caused more worry to the superintendent than all the rest of the plant put together. He scoured the country for experienced hammer men. He paid them as high as fifteen dollars a day; yet at least one day in the week those expensive hammers were likely to be idle through the absence of operators, increasing their cost of output heavily and holding back production in other departments.

After hunting for more than a year for the ideal hammer operator this superintendent came to the conclusion that a six-ton-hammer man is apt to be temperamental anyway—and that the bigger the wages you pay him, the more chance there will be that he will be missing on Monday morning; so he went out into the country and caught some young steam-hammer men wild. Strong, sober, teachable farmers' boys were hired and taught to run that equipment. When the idea of teaching was clear, actual instruction proved easy and troubles came to an end.

The automobile industry is a typical mud-general business. It is conceded that much of the advancement in machine tools during the past ten years has been

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Instruction is a Large Part of Good Management

# Autobiography of a Happy Woman

## ONLY A TEACHER

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

*Indians Went Loping Past to Join the Buffalo Hunters*

BEAUTIFUL PLAINS they called the place where I had gone to finish the term of my school friend; and beautiful the memory will always remain to me, though the district lay at what was the very Back of Beyond at that time—exactly ten miles inside the very outermost post of frontier settlement, where the checkerboard farms, staked in with one or two strands of barbed wire, merged into the fenceless prairie.

Settlers' shanties, unpainted and raw, stood like the hub of a wheel in the center of a prairie bounded by the unbroken circle of the skyline. If you could see the smoke of a neighbor's chimney, or, rather, of a neighbor's stovepipe, sticking up through the slant shanty roof like the funnel of a ship at sea, you were regarded as a fortunate being in such a thickly populated settlement.

Consider the influence of such isolation in forcing people to be independent and self-dependent, self-sufficient and resourceful! I sometimes think that influence was a prime factor in the buoyant stick-at-nothing, forceful Spirit of the West. No use wailing! Nobody ever heard wails. You might drown yourself in a slough with tears of self-pity—there was nobody there to witness the drowning; and if you had any rebound in your make-up you presently dried the tears and set yourself to making the best of things.

It was not a world for weaklings. The misfits and the unfits and the wailers fell and perished by the way; or else circumstances forced them to become fit—a sort of enforced conversion, rebirth and regeneration, though not catalogued in religious experiences.

It was twenty miles to a doctor; twenty miles to a railroad; seven to a church—over a horizon that rolled as level as the sea, where the settler's tented wagon came up over the offing like a sail. Indians, with otter skins tied to the ends of their long braids, went loping past the barbed-wire fences, which they hated, to join the buffalo hunters on the plains to the north; and in the autumn long lines of ox carts, built without a nail or a steel rim, went creaking over the winding trails, followed by cayuse ponies and packs of mongrel dogs, fat squaws asquat on buffalo robes and pemmican sacks in the carts, papooses in moss bags dangling from saddle-pommels, and gypsy urchins, with long hair streaming, racing the ponies round the carts.

### *Teaching the Game of Life*

ON THE sloughs that lay in the trough of the rolling prairie ducks and wild geese flackered in flocks you could not count. Pioneers have always been accused of being great yarn spinners; but the wildest yarn could not exaggerate the abundance of game on the prairie in those years. I have seen the prairie chickens so tame that the young ones would not even take the trouble to rise out of your way as they crossed your trail; and if you knew where to look in the early morning you could see whole flocks of these ridiculously pompous little birds engaged in their morning spree or dance.

Man seems to do his skylarking and dancing at night. The prairie chickens hold their society functions at dawn. I do not think they are sex dances, as some so-called moralists regard all dances, for these little feathered dandies will puff out their wattles like a full-blown orange, fan their vain little tails, wave their neck-ruffs, prance and dance and strut, fight sham battles, two-step and waltz, and bow and bob—for all the world like any fool humans—just as readily when ladies are not present as when they are.

*Keeping Watch and Guard Alone, With the Blizzard Rampant Outside*

Occasionally, as you came down into a ravine, you would see a coyote skulk off, looking back over his wolf-tail at you; and at nightfall, if you sat very still, you would see the young fawns steal shyly out of the poplar thicket, with their black, glossy eyes alert, sniffing right and left as they ran for the waterpool on little feet that did not seem to touch the earth at all.

It was not a world where you talked freedom and spouted art and quoted poetry. It was a crude, rude, raw new world, where you lived and moved and had your being in all three without knowing it; and I never saw the wind billowing over the waist-high, boundless fields of wheat of as shining a gold as a setting sun, touching the heavy-headed grain with invisible feet, but I waited half expectant for some filmy spirit form to take shape—the tutelary Goddess of the West—beckoning to a wonderful destiny.

When you set out in the morning for the long walk over the prairie the cobwebs and dew lay on the grass like jewels and the ozone of the washed air went to your head like fine clarified wine. I did not know it until long afterward, when I sat down in the Tate Gallery, in London, to study out the wizardry of Turner's pictures in light and color and tone—but it was really a case of atmospheric stimulant, a sort of spirit intoxication with the zest of life.

The ozone bit into your lethargic blood and muscles and lungs. Life pulsed at the leap. You wanted to breathe deep, to walk hard, to run, to sing with the tingling joy of being alive—of every atom of you being alive.

If light be some finest force permeating ether who can say that on those plains, which are oceans of intensest, clearest light, some subtle new force does not enter blood and brain? Of course eyes blinded with tears—tears of pity for self—will not see the clearest light; and there were a good many people in the West at that time who hung such veils between themselves and the gladness of life about them.

My days at that Back of Beyond are among my happiest memories—so happy that I can never understand the disillusionment, the bitterness of the man or woman of middle life who can refer to self as "only a teacher." Would not a woman who calls herself only a teacher call herself only a this or a that in any vocation under the sun? Is she not, as a matter of fact, confessing herself a this or a that kind of person?

If she wants to make her life stand for plus, to add to the sum total of social service, to tell as something besides ministering to her own infinitesimally small ego; if she realizes there is only one road to happiness and that a royal one, defined by the royal motto of "I serve"—what better scope than in many of these dull, God-forsaken settlements, where she teaches kiddies the game of life by playing them up to a sturdy manhood and staunch womanhood?

When I think of some of those boy and girl teachers out on the frontier—"bach'ing" it, many of them, in ten-by-twelve shanties—riding to and from school on easy-loping broncos; earning a little, but saving some and living much; and when I think of the career chasers of the city attics, the phantom followers of a futile ambition, living on a crust for the sake of a future they can never realize—I know which of the two I consider to be drinking the wine of life, and which the lees.

I was barely sixteen and wore short skirts; but I felt a great deal older than most women of forty will acknowledge. I did not know until afterward that my friend and her predecessor had both been run out of this school, which consisted of about six little girls under ten years of age and twenty rough-and-tumble boys ranging from twelve to nineteen; and I confess my sympathies were with the boys. It was pretty trying on those sturdy frontier folks, who daily bucked the hardships of life, to have such anemic, tallow city snips as we were sent out to teach half-grown fellows.

### *When Pupils Plan the Courses*

WHEN I came up they were all sitting round the school pump digging their bare toes in and out of the clay. Such a kill-joy, blank-of-zip bunch of faces I had never seen! Because there did not seem anything else to do I shook hands all round; and because that seemed an unexpected performance the biggest boys grinned. Then we all went inside.

I set the younger ones buzzing over work like bumblebees; then, quite contrary to all rules of propriety, I sat down on the front desk and quietly studied the faces. I did not tell them I would be their friend and would expect them to be my friends, and that we would all start fresh—and such mush. If you want to bluff try it on grown-ups who have so often deceived others that they themselves are easily deceived; but do not try it on youngsters, who have the unthinking instincts of the animal or the ant—and size you up before you utter a word.

"You fellows are so much older than I expected that most of you will not be at school more than two or three terms," I began. "Suppose you tell me exactly what you are weakest in, what you need most and how long a time you will have here—then we'll put our hardest licks on what you need most and do it in the shortest time possible! I don't want a chump in this school! If any fellow is going to make a nuisance of himself I want him to get out before he begins—or I'll ask the others to throw him out. I'll help you right up to the hilt; but I want every boy here to make things hum. You can have all the fun you like. We're going to have the best good time that ever happened until Christmas; but we don't want any fools. Now come on and let us plan out how we can pack the most in the shortest possible time."

A funny look of coming alive had risen slowly to those boys' faces, like an edge of light coming on a shadow in dark water; and they each told me perfectly frankly what their special difficulties were and how short a time they could spare for school.

In an hour we had our groups arranged for "speeding up—teamwork—stepping together"—as they described it; and I deliberately went out to take a look at the grounds

and surroundings in order to leave them alone—to make them feel they were running that establishment and I was not. I do not think the word honor was ever mentioned in that school. I wanted them to live honor, not palaver about it; and I am quite sure if any boy had misbehaved the big fellows would have settled him.

It was not a pleasant surprise that I found on the wall of the school porch. Is there any place in life outside the sacred precincts of home where the satyr faces will not leer from the dark if you let them—lust, the wolf with the lips drawn back showing the fangs, familiar but sinister, snarling a menace unless you strike? Where do such rhymes come from? What code of the underworld passes them on to the very Back of Beyond?

I noticed there was not a sign of the playground ever being used. That fact and the rhymes on the wall of the school porch told me a lot. These boys were getting a wrong slant because there was nobody to give them a right slant. They were wallowing in mudpuddles because nobody had taught them it is much better fun to flounder in clean pools of thought. Weeds were coming up solely because nobody had ever taken the trouble to see that good seeds were planted.

Our mother had never warned us against evil deeds. She had warned us against evil thoughts. If we took care of our thoughts and let nothing pollute them, she had always said, our words and deeds would take care of themselves; and old Solomon, my pilot chart because of his manifold personal experiences, ought to know—he had been great on keeping the heart "with all diligence."

You can treat what is unclean in three ways: You can quarantine it and let it fester—that is the polite, conventional way—shut the lid down, keep the door tight, and never mention the presence except in a whisper! Or you can use a surgeon's knife on the fester, and potash and soft soap and a scrubbing brush all round—that is the moral-reform way; and it is very effective until the next leprous case comes along. Or you can make a specialty of keen, clean, crystal morning air, sunshine and zest, light and laughter—on the principle of prevention being the best cure.

### *Fighting Shadows With Sunshine*

SATYR shadows do not thrive in clean, clear-cut sunshine. Innuendo is their language, a leer their laugh, and half-lights their stage. Looking over the heads of these raw, big, husky boys that had been given into my charge, I decided I would try sunshine and zest as the best disinfectants of that situation.

"Do you boys never—never by any chance play games in this school?" I asked the group standing round the pump at morning recess.

A boy of fourteen with ugly freckles, and bare feet poking out of a man's overlong pants, answered:

"Nunk! We never do anything in this here school. There ain't no games—nobody here knows how t' play and there ain't nobody t' learn us how."

I was barely sixteen; and it is to the everlasting credit of male chivalry that those boys did not burst on the spot—for what I answered in all seriousness was this:

"Good gracious! When I was young we used to play cricket and baseball and stone-on-the-rock, and lacrosse and football and knife! Can't any of you make or raise a bat? Haven't any of you a good hard ball at home?"

Two of the boys said they would carve out a couple of basswood bats that very night and another boy said he would bring a ball; but they wanted to know who would teach them.

"You boys try to come an hour early tomorrow morning and I'll bet I'll show you who will teach you," I promised.

You could have heard a pin fall in that school for the rest of the day. The boys stole shy looks from their books, as if I had been a new specimen escaped from some zoo. And that is exactly what I was. I had escaped from those open meadows of the long ago. If I had not had the training of Nature in the open, which never blinks a fact, I should not have known how to deal with the situation.

Like many an inexperienced, ignorant youngster plunged suddenly and violently into life, sunshine and shadow—and satyr faces in the shadow—I might not have had the knowledge to discern between a leer and a laugh, between lust and love, between smut and wit. As I said Good night! going home that night a thought struck me. I called back two of the biggest boys, who were—I know now—the culprits.

"Say, you fellows, before I teach you the games tomorrow—give and take, you know—I want you to do something. I want you big boys to come before the little girls arrive, bring soap and rags, and wash every one of these rotten dirty rhymes off the porch wall; and then, if anybody ever writes such things on this school porch again, I am going to turn you big fellows loose on him, and you can thrash him so he can't sit down for a week!"

They did not answer a single word but left with a very red-faced Good night! But when I came in the morning to give them their first lesson in cricket you could not have found a chalk or pencil mark the size of a pin on that school porch.

We drove in wickets for cricket and laid out a diamond for baseball; and later, when the snow came, we found somewhere in the district an old football. I did not demonstrate the how, but I taught them the rules of the games and—I trust—the rules of a much higher game, which they would play later in life. Then I left them to manage their sports themselves, with just one proviso—that they play fair and square and aboveboard always; and that if there was any dispute they should always abide by the vote of the majority.

I think those boys henceforth counted the minutes to every recess and noon hour; and it was an understood thing—no work, no play!

Always heretofore the Government allowance to that school had dropped after November first, owing to the falling off in the attendance of younger children. We got together one noon hour and discussed whether it would not be possible for the big fellows to knock up jumper sleighs and in a regular circuit drive the little ones to and from school.

The boys who had no sleighs volunteered to build a stable; and they built that stable of sod, with a thatched roof, without one word of suggestion from me; so that the attendance and the Government allowance did not drop off for the whole term.

We were all too poor for a Christmas tree with which to close the session, but everybody brought sugar; and we finished off with a taffy pull that was the nearest approach to a sugaring off in the maple woods that the West could know.

One boy, who had but recently come to the frontier from the slums of an Eastern city, I remember, grabbed the whole of the first panful of taffy and ran off with it without a smile, gorging himself hoggishly in plain sight of the rest of us.

"He don't know no better!" declared one of the big fellows, watching reflectively. "You see, he ain't played with our boys and don't know."

I trust you catch the fine point in that remark—it was the play that had taught our boys the rules of the game—to be fair and square and aboveboard. They let him have that panful because he so very plainly had never had anything like it before. Then they fell on him and telescoped him through a snowdrift.

Only once were the rules of the game ever violated—only once did we come to the edge of what might have been both disagreeable and tragic. It was out in the stable. One boy of nineteen or thereabout said something he should not—they never told me what; and a youngster of fourteen ran and stabbed at him with a pitchfork. The big boys sprang between them. Then, when it had all quieted down, they came and told me what they thought I ought to know.

I said: "Send those boys in." And I called the school. They all came shuffling in, very silent and ashamed that such a thing should have come at the end of the happiest term that district had ever known.

*Not a Pupil Had Come!*

There was the kind of silence that makes you tingle—not from physical fear, but from spiritual apprehension that some ideal you treasure is going to crumble into sawdust or clay—that the beautiful is going to fall from its pedestal into some gutter of ugly meanness.

"I don't want to know what you quarreled about." I am sorry to say my voice trembled—not from fear, but from disappointment. "I don't know; and I'd despise you if you were such mean tattletales as to come telling. One was to blame more than the other, of course; but you are both to blame. You have let something happen that has hurt the spirit of this school; that has hurt every one of us; that makes things different, so we can't trust one another. If we are willing to let bygones be bygones, to forget, to wash the slate clean, you should be willing. If you are manly enough to cut this all out and never to mention it again, even in your thoughts—if you are black ashamed of what you have done—get up and shake hands before this class; and never mention it again—and we'll never mention it again."

### *The Returns From My Comedy of Joy*

NOT a youngster looked up to see. There were audible snuffles from the boy with a handkerchief, and the big fellow's tears were slopping down both cheeks—he had no handkerchief; but if those two boys had been racing for a silver cup they could not have got out of their seats quicker and reached the front, where it was a contest who should extend his hand first. So the tempest blew over; and I think we were all proud of those two boys in a way that must have stiffened their backbones.

Once, long after, when I was back in the grind of city work, one of my predecessors—not my school friend, but another—asked me a question I have never been able to answer, because I have never been able to understand the terms in which the question was put; and I have never been able to put the answer in terms that the questioner would understand.

"But tell me," she said—and she was not young—"when those boys were so near your own age how did you keep them from getting on sort of familiar terms with you? I don't see how you kept those biggest boys from proposing to you."

I simply could not answer that question—it was such a revelation of a wrong attitude toward life in the world arena. A woman who flaunts her sex in the world arena may begin as a fool—she will end as a tragedy. I was thinking of my mother's careful training: Sex is a red light that draws the danger it dreads; womanhood is a white light that lures the love it gives—and between the two there is a chasm wider than between Heaven and Hell.

Was it worth while—this making of a little comedy of joy and service out of a five-months' substitute job in a tiny frontier school? I can only answer that it was worth while to me; and every time I have made self the aim rather than service I have tripped up both feet and come a cropper, though the world might be dubbing me successful.

Taking the train home the day before Christmas, I encountered half a dozen class friends coming in from the same kind of work. One was saving to go abroad for voice culture; another, to put himself through law; a third was a med., coming in from "killing patients," as we told him.

*"Can't Any of You Make or Raise a Bat?"*

There was no Pullman. We were thankful in those days if the transcontinental came in within fifty hours of schedule time. In the confusion of getting ourselves located in the daycoach amid a crush of holiday travelers, just for a second I fancied I caught a glimpse through the window of some of the big boys from the Beautiful Plains district school running toward the mail car; but I thought nothing of it until the next morning—Christmas Day—when, in bed at home, the mail was brought up.

There was the usual bundle of cards and presents. I opened one parcel stamp-marked by the railroad on which I had come in from the country. It was a little, old-fashioned small Bible, with no name on the flyleaf; but tucked in front was a sheet of notepaper on which were written the words: From your unknown grateful friend! It had cost a dollar—the hurried donor had not had time to erase the price; but a dollar in those days was as big as a thousand today, and the spirit behind the words could not be measured in price.

Though I still devoured old Solomon as a pilot chart by which to steer safely through the rocks of life, I had come to know that his creed of tit-for-tat—play-this-for-that—would have to give place to the higher Christ-ideal of giving the best in you without hope of other reward than the zest of life, though you might be crucified for the best service you could give. And though I still besieged God ferociously for things I wanted and did not get, my best enemy would never have accused me of being religious.

Yet that Bible had come from a rough, crude youth, in the raw and in the making, as the embodiment of the most delicate tribute he knew how to offer, and it gave a parting glamour to the memory of Beautiful Plains that lingers to this day. I do not know whether you catch through all this how life began as something more than a job for so much per—how all the beauty and sweetness and zest of it had nothing to do with pay at all!

My little friend who gave the sweet peas was terribly anxious at this period lest I become what she called only a teacher. I do not know what she meant by that. I do not think she knew herself—unless it was a gradual degeneration to a drab-gray, narrowing existence on a joyless treadmill; but if she had been out in the rough-and-tumble of life on the frontier she would have had no fear of a drab-gray treadmill life.

There were Saturdays when whole wagonloads of us went duck-shooting in the northern swamps, where the reeds grew higher than your horses' heads and you could keep your compass only by the far landmarks of some huge bonfire where farmers were burning their chaff and straw. Ducks flackered overhead low enough for you to hit them with your whip, and the wild geese held noisy confabulations in the stubble fields; and sometimes, when you went crashing through the dry reeds back to dinner at the camp, something russet-brown like the withered sedges would leap across your path on winged feet and go bounding out of sight before you got your senses—just a flash of the laid-back horns; and you knew you had come on a moose.

Driving home by moonlight, the silvered, fenceless prairies took an eerie, spectral form. There was a scene-shifting of ghosts. You heard the coyotes howl, or the foxes bark, bark, bark—sharp and clear; and afar on the crest of a ravine you could see the tepee tips of an Indian camp, the fires flickering in front of the tentflaps—dogs and hobbled ponies and queerly clad forms shifting dark against the fire. Always these ghost forms were on the north and the west. You never saw them more on the south and east.

The stars pricked through the frosted air in diamond points; and against the sky above the settlements flamed the billowing red clouds of the burning chaff-piles—a sort of incense to the Spirit of the West. Or when the fire got into the reeds of the swamps the whole skyline would be a mass of angry flame; and if the wind shifted every man and woman of the countryside got out on the fireline to beat back the stealthy, snaky red thing that came creeping and forking toward the year's crops.

If the drab-gray cataracts have not grown over your eyes, is there anything more beautiful and heroic than just the commonplace life of the commonplace day? A whole bookful could be written on the heroism of that frontier life on the plains—and it would not consist of shooting-togs and men in buckskin. Oftener it was the quiet heroism of some gently nurtured woman keeping watch and guard alone in a prairie shack, with the blizzard rampant outside; or of some little foreign mother saving her children under wet blankets in a swamp until the prairie fire had passed.

Winter set in very early that year and a blizzard memorable yet on the plains swept from the Saskatchewan to the

(Continued on Page 38)

# AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

V

THE moment I opened my paper the next morning the very announcement I had dreaded to find was there in large type! I read the particulars breathlessly:

DARING BURGLARY IN HAMPSTEAD

LADY LOSES TWO THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF JEWELRY

The burglary had taken place at the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Samuelson, in Wood Grove, Hampstead. It appeared that a dinner party had been given at the house during the evening, which had engaged the attention of the whole of the staff of four servants, and that for an hour or so the upper premises were untenanted.

Upon retiring to rest Mrs. Samuelson found that her jewel case and the whole of her jewelry, except what she was wearing, had been stolen. As no arrest had yet been made the references to the affair were naturally guarded. The paragraph even concluded without the usual formula as to the police having a clew. On the whole I put the paper down with a slight feeling of relief. I felt that it might have been worse.

I breakfasted at nine o'clock, after having read the announcement through again, trying to see whether there was any possible connection between it and my friends. Then I lit a pipe and sat down to wait until I could ring up 3771A Gerrard. About ten o'clock, however, my own telephone bell rang, and I was informed that a gentleman who desired to see me was waiting below. I told the man to send him up, and in a moment or two there was a knock at my door. In response to my invitation to enter a short, dark, Jewish-looking person, with olive complexion, shiny black hair and black mustache, presented himself. He carried a very immaculate silk hat and was dressed with great neatness. He had the air, however, of a man who is suffering from some agitation.

"Mr. Walmsley, I believe?" he asked. "Mr. Paul Walmsley?"

"That is my name."

"Know you by hearsay quite well, sir," my visitor assured me, with a flash of his white teeth. "Very glad to meet you indeed. I have done business once or twice with your sister, the Countess of Aynesley—business in curios. You know my place, I dare say, in St. James Street. My name is Samuelson." I could scarcely repress a little start, which he was quick to notice. "Perhaps you've been reading about that affair at my house last night?" he asked.

"That is precisely what I have been doing," I admitted. "Please sit down, Mr. Samuelson." I wheeled an easy chair up for him and placed a box of cigarettes at his elbow. "Quite a mysterious affair!" I continued. "It is almost the first burglary I have ever read of in which the police have not been said to possess a clew."

"And Now You are Perhaps Coming to the Object of Your Visit to Me?"

Mr. Samuelson, who seemed gratified by his reception, lit a cigarette and crossed his legs, displaying a very nice pair of patent boots, with gray suède tops.

"It is a very queer affair, indeed," he told me confidentially. "The police have been taking a lot of trouble about it, and a very intelligent sort of fellow from Scotland Yard has been in and out of the house ever since."

"Any clew at all?" I asked.

"Rather hard to say," Mr. Samuelson replied. "You'll be wondering what I've come to see you about. Well, I'll just explain. Of course there's always the chance that someone may have entered the house while we were all at dinner—crept upstairs quietly and got away with the jewel case; but this Johnny I was telling you about, from Scotland Yard, seems to have got hold of a theory that has rather knocked me of a heap. Very delicate matter," Mr. Samuelson continued, "as you will understand when I tell you that he thinks it may have been one of my guests who was in the show."

"Seems a little far-fetched to me," I remarked; "but one never knows."

"You see," Mr. Samuelson explained, "there's no back exit from my house without climbing walls and that sort of thing, and it happened to be a particularly light evening, as you may remember. There are policemen at both ends of the road, who seem unusually confident that no one carrying a parcel of any sort passed at anything like the time when the thing was probably done. This is where the Johnny from Scotland Yard comes in. He has got the idea into his head that the jewels might have been taken away in the carriage of one of my guests."

"Well," I remarked, "I should have thought you would have been the best judge as to the probability of that. You hadn't any strangers with you, I suppose?"

"Only two," Mr. Samuelson replied. "We were ten altogether," he went on, counting upon his fingers—"and a very nice little party too. First of all my wife and myself. Then Mr. and Mrs. Max Solomon—Solomon, the great fruiterers in Covent Garden, you know; man worth a quarter of a million of money and a distant connection of my wife—very distant, worse luck! Then there was Mr. Sidney Hollingworth, a young man in my office; but he doesn't count, because he stayed on chatting with me about business after the others had gone, and he was with us when the theft was discovered. Then there was my wife's widowed sister, Mrs. Rosenthal. We can leave her out. That's six. Then there was Alderman Sir Henry Dabbs and his wife. You may know the name—large portmanteau manufacturers in Spitalfields and certain to be Lord Mayor before long. His wife was wearing jewelry herself last night worth, I should say, from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds; so my wife's little bit wouldn't do them much good, eh?"

"It certainly doesn't seem like it," I admitted. "So far, your list of guests seems to have been entirely reputable."

"The only two left," Mr. Samuelson concluded, "are an American gentleman and his daughter, a Mr. and Miss Parker, whom we met on the train coming up from

Brighton—a very delightful gentleman and most popular he was with all of us. The young lady, too, was perfectly charming. To hear him talk I should have put him down myself as a man worth all the money he needed, and more; and the young lady had got that trick of wearing her clothes and talking as though she were born a princess. Real style, I should have said—both of them. Still, the fact remains that they came in a motor car with two men-servants; that it waited for them; and that this detective from Scotland Yard—Mr. Cullen, I think his name is—has fairly got his knife into them."

"And now," I remarked, smiling, "you are perhaps coming to the object of your visit to me?"

"Exactly!" Mr. Samuelson admitted. "The fact of it is that in the course of conversation your name was mentioned. I forget exactly how it cropped up, but it did crop up. Mr. Parker, it seems, has the privilege of your acquaintance—at any rate he claims it. Now if his claim is a just one, and if you can tell me Mr. Parker is a friend of yours—why, that ends the matter, so far as I am concerned. I am not going to have my guests worried and annoyed by detectives for the sake of a handful of jewels. I thank goodness I can afford to lose them, if they must be lost, and I can replace them this afternoon without feeling it. Now you know where we are, Mr. Walmsley. You understand exactly why I have come to see you, eh?"

I pressed another cigarette upon him and lit one myself.

"I do understand, Mr. Samuelson," I told him, "and I appreciate your visit very much indeed. I am exceedingly glad you came. Mr. Parker told you the truth. He is a gentleman for whom I have the utmost respect and esteem. I consider his daughter, too, one of the most charming young ladies I have ever met. I am planning to give a dinner party, within the course of the next few evenings, purposely to introduce them to some of my friends with whom they are as yet unacquainted; and I am hoping that almost immediately afterward they will be staying with my sister at her place down in Suffolk."

"With the Countess of Aynesley?" Mr. Samuelson said slowly.

"Certainly!" I agreed. "I am quite sure my sister will be as charmed with them as I and many other of my friends are."

Mr. Samuelson rose to his feet, brushed the cigarette ash from his trousers and took up his hat.

"Mr. Walmsley," he said, holding out his hand, "I am glad I came. You have treated me frankly and in a most gentlemanly manner. I can assure you I appreciate it. Not under any circumstances would I allow friends of yours to be irritated by the indiscriminate inquiries of detectives. The jewels can go hang, sir!"

He shook hands with me and permitted me to show him out, after which he marched down the corridor, humming gayly to himself, determined to have me understand that a trifling loss of two thousand pounds' worth of jewelry was in reality nothing. I stood for some time with my back to the fire, smoking thoughtfully. Then the telephone bell rang. My gloomier reflections were at once forgotten. It was Eve who spoke.

"Good morning, Mr. Walmsley!"

"Good morning, Miss Eve!" I replied.

"Are you very busy this morning?" she asked.

"Nothing in the world to do!" I answered promptly.

"Then, please come round," she directed, ringing off almost at once.

I was there in ten minutes. The hall porter, who had not yet completed his morning toilet, conducted me upstairs. In the morning sunlight the whole appearance of the place seemed shabbier and dirtier than ever. Inside the sitting room, however, everything was different. My own flowers had apparently been supplemented by many others. Mr. Parker, as pink-and-white as usual, looking the very picture of content and good digestion, was smoking a large cigar and reading a newspaper. Eve was seated at the writing table, but she swung round at my entrance and held out both her hands.

"The flowers are lovely!" she murmured. "Do go and sit down—and talk to daddy while I finish this letter."

I shook hands with Mr. Parker. He laid down the newspaper and smiled at me.

"A pleasant dinner last night, I trust?" I inquired.

His eyes twinkled.

"Most humorous affair!" he declared. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

"From a business point of view ——" I began dryly.

Mr. Parker shook his head.

"Mr. Samuelson's jewels," he complained, "were like his wines, all sparkle and outside—no body to them. Two thousand pounds indeed! Why, we shall be lucky if we clear four hundred!" The man's coolness absolutely took me aback. For a moment I simply stared at him. "He'll be round to see you this morning sometime about my character," Mr. Parker proceeded.

"He has already paid me a visit," I said grimly. "He was round at ten o'clock this morning."

"You don't say!" Mr. Parker murmured.

*"Oh, Bother Englishmen! I Don't Believe a Word I've Ever Heard About Them"*

He looked at me hopefully. His expression was like nothing else but the wistful smile of a fat boy expecting good news.

"Oh, of course I told him the usual thing!" I admitted. "I told him you were a close personal friend; a sort of amateur millionaire; a person of the highest respectability—everything you ought to be, in fact. He went away perfectly satisfied and determined to have nothing to do with the guest theory."

Mr. Parker patted me on the shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "I knew I could rely on you."

"I propose," I continued, elaborating upon the scheme that had come into my head on the way, "to do more than this for you. I am asking some friends to dine tonight whom I wish you and your daughter to meet. You will then be able to refer to other reputable acquaintances in London besides myself."

Eve turned round in her chair to listen. Mr. Parker, whose first expression had been one of unfeigned delight, suddenly paused.

"My boy," he expostulated, "I don't want to take advantage of you. Do you think it's quite playing the game on your friends to introduce to them two people like ourselves? You know what it means."

"I know perfectly well," I agreed; "but, as some day or other I'm going to marry Eve, it seems to me the thing might as well be done."

They were both perfectly silent for several moments. They looked at each other. There were questions in his face—other things in hers. I strolled across to the window.

"If you'd like to talk it over," I suggested, "don't mind me. All the same I insist upon the party."

"It's uncommonly kind of you, sure!" Mr. Parker said thoughtfully. "The more I think it over, the more I feel impressed by it; but, do you know, there's something about the proposition I can't quite cotton to! Seems to me you've some little scheme of your own at the back of your head. You haven't got it in your mind, have you, that you're sort of putting us on our honor?"

"I have no ulterior motive at all," I declared mendaciously.

Eve rose to her feet and came across to me. She was wearing a charming morning gown of some light blue material, with large buttons, tight-fitting, alluring; and there was a little quiver of her lips, a provocative gleam in her eyes, which I found perfectly maddening.

"I think we won't come, thank you," she decided.

"Why not?"

"You see," she explained, "I am rather afraid. We might get you into no end of trouble with some of your most particular friends. There are one or two people, you know, in London, especially among the Americans, who might say the unkindest things about us."

"No one, my dear Eve," I assured her stolidly, "shall say anything to me or to any one else about my future wife."

For a moment her expression was almost hopeless. She shook her head.

"I don't know what to do with him, daddy!" she exclaimed, turning toward her father in despair.

"I'm afraid you'll have to marry him if he goes on," Mr. Parker declared gloomily; "that is," he added, as though he had suddenly perceived a ray of hope about the matter, "unless we should by any chance get into trouble first."

"Meantime," I ventured, "we will dine at eight o'clock at the Milan."

Mr. Parker groaned.

"At the Milan!" he echoed. "Worse and worse! We shall be recognized for certain! There's a man lives there whom I did out of a hundred pounds—just a little variation of the confidence trick. Nothing he can get hold of, you understand; but he knows very well that I had him. Look here, Walmsley, be reasonable! Hadn't you better drop this chivalrous scheme of yours, young fellow?"

"The dinner is a fixture," I replied firmly. "Can I borrow Miss Eve, please? I want to take her for a motor ride."

"You cannot, sir," Mr. Parker told me. "Eve has a little business of her own—or, rather, mine—to attend to this morning."

"You are not going to let her run any more risks, are you?"

Mr. Parker frowned at me.

"Look here, young man," he said; "she is my daughter, remember! I am looking after her for the present. You leave that to me."

Eve touched me on the arm.

"Really, I am busy today," she assured me. "I have to do something for daddy this morning—something quite harmless; and this afternoon I have to go to my dressmaker's. We'll come at eight o'clock."

"We'll come on this condition," Mr. Parker suddenly determined: "My name is getting a little too well known, and it isn't my own anyway. We'll come as Mr. and Miss Bundercombe or not at all."

"Why on earth Bundercombe?" I demanded.

"For the reason I have just stated," Mr. Parker said obstinately. "Parker isn't my name at all; and, between you and me, I think I have made it a bit notorious. Now there is a Mr. Bundercombe and his daughter, who live out in a Far-Western state of America, who've never been out of their own country, and who are never likely to set foot on this side. She's a pretty little girl—just like Eve might be; and he's a big, handsome fellow—just like me. So we'll borrow their names if you don't mind."

"You can come without a name at all, so long as you come," was my final decision as I took my leave.

### VI

THE dinner party, which I arranged for in the Milan restaurant, was, on the whole, a great success. My sister played hostess for me and confessed herself charmed with Eve, as indeed was every one else. Mr. Parker's stories kept his end of the table in continual bursts of merriment. One little incident, too, was in its way exceedingly satisfactory. Mr. and Mrs. Samuelson were being entertained by some friends close at hand, and they appeared very much gratified at the cordiality of our greeting. I talked with Mr. Samuelson during the evening, and I felt that, so far as he was concerned at any rate, not a shadow of suspicion remained in his mind as to my two guests.

We sat a long time over dinner. Eve was between a cousin of mine—who was a member of Parliament, a master of foxhounds, and in his way quite a distinguished person—and the old Earl of Enterdean, my godfather; and they were both of them obviously her abject slaves. No one seemed in the least inclined to move and it was nearly eleven o'clock before we passed into the private room I had engaged, where coffee and some bridge tables awaited us. We broke up there into little groups. I left Eve talking to my sister and was on my way to try to get near her father when the Countess of Enterdean, a perfectly charming old lady who had known me from boyhood, intercepted me.

"My dear Paul," she said, "I cannot thank you enough for having given us the opportunity of meeting these most delightful Americans, and I really must tell you this—I had meant to keep it a secret, but from you I cannot; I knew all the time that the name of Bundercombe was familiar to me, and suddenly it came over me like a flash! Directly I asked Mr. Bundercombe in what part of America his home was, of course it was all clear to me. What a small world it is! Do you know," she concluded impressively, "that it was just these two people, Mr. Bundercombe and his daughter, who were so amazingly kind to Reggie when he was out in the States on his way to Dicky's ranch!"

I was for a moment absolutely thunderstruck.

"Did you—er—remind Mr. Bundercombe of this?" I asked.

She shook her head. She had the pleased smile of a benevolent conspirator.

"I will tell you why I did not, Paul," she explained. "Reggie is in town—just for a few days. I have sent him a telephone message and he is wild with delight. He has only just arrived from Scotland; but I told him Mr. Bundercombe and his daughter were here, and he is rushing into his clothes as fast as he can and is coming

round. It will be so delightful for him to meet them again, and I really must try to think myself what I can do to repay all their kindness to Reggie."

I felt completely at my wit's end! I saw the whole of my little scheme, which up to now had proved so successful, threatened with instant destruction. Lady Enterdean passed on, probably to take some one else into her confidence. I crossed the room to the little group surrounding my friend, and as soon as I got near him I touched him on the shoulder.

"Just one word with you, Mr. Bundercombe," I begged.

The little circle of men let him through with reluctance. I passed my arm through his and led him out toward the foyer.

"You seem," I declared bitterly, "to have chosen the most unfortunate personality! I wish to goodness you had remained Mr. Parker! This infernal name of yours, Bundercombe, has got us into trouble."

"In what way?" he asked quickly.

"Lady Enterdean has just been to me," I told him. "She has a son who has been traveling in the States and who was wonderfully entertained by two people of the name of Bundercombe in the very place you told me to say you came from."

"Well, that goes all right!" Mr. Parker remarked complacently. "We're getting the credit for it."

"Precisely," I admitted. "The only trouble is that Lady Enterdean has just telephoned to her son to come down at once and renew his acquaintance with you and Eve."

Mr. Parker whistled softly. His face had become a blank.

"My! We do seem to be up against it!" he confessed uneasily.

"The young man," I continued, "will be here, in ten minutes—perhaps sooner—prepared to grasp you both by the hand and exchange reminiscences."

Mr. Parker shook out a white silk handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his forehead.

"Kind of warm out here!" he remarked. "I'll just have to talk to Eve for a minute or two."

He had no sooner left me than I found I was absolutely compelled to devote myself to one or two of my guests who wished to play bridge, and others of whom I had seen little at dinnertime. I kept looking anxiously round and at last the blow fell! The door opened and Lord Reginald Sidley was announced. He looked eagerly round the room.

"Hope you don't mind my butting in, old chap!" he said as he shook hands with me. "The mater telephoned that old Bundercombe and his daughter were here, so I just rushed round as quick as I could. Regular bricks they were to me out West! I don't see them anywhere."

I glanced round the room. Just at that moment a waiter from the restaurant presented himself. He brought me a card upon a salver.

"The gentleman asked me to give you this, sir," he announced.

I picked it up. On the back of a plain visiting card were a few hasty words, scrawled in pencil:

So sorry—but Eve is not feeling quite herself and begged me to take her home at once quietly. My respects and apologies to you and all your delightful guests.

I read it out and passed it to Reggie. His face fell.

"If that isn't a sell!" he exclaimed. "Fancy your knowing them! Isn't Miss Bundercombe a topper!"

"She is certainly one of the most charming young women I ever met in my life," I admitted.

"I am glad, at any rate," Lady Enterdean declared, "that they have found their way to London. I shall make a point of calling on them myself tomorrow. Now, Paul, you must go and play bridge. They are waiting for you. Don't bother about me—I'll amuse myself quite well strolling round and talking to my friends."

I made up a rubber of bridge, chiefly with the idea of distracting my thoughts. Presently, while my partner was playing the hand, I rose and crossed the room to the sideboard for some cigarettes. I found Lady Enterdean peering about with her lorgnette fixed to her eyes, apparently searching for something.

"Lost anything, Lady Enterdean?" I asked.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened, my dear Paul!" she declared, resting her hand on the bosom of her gown. "I am perfectly certain it was there a quarter of an hour ago—my cameo brooch, you know, the one that old Sir Henry brought home from Italy."

"Too large to lose anyway," I remarked cheerfully as I joined in the search.

We pulled aside a table and I almost collided with one of my most distinguished guests—Sir Blaydon Harrison, K. C. B. Sir Blaydon also, with an eyeglass in his eye, was moving discontentedly backward and forward, kicking the carpet.

"Silly thing!" he observed as he glanced up for a moment. "That little diamond charm of mine has slipped off my fob. I saw it as we crossed the foyer from the restaurant."

"Why, what has happened to us all!" my sister joined in. "Look at me—I've lost my pendant! Paul, did you give us too much to drink, or what?"

I am not sure that this was not the most awful moment of my life! A cold shiver of fear suddenly seized me. I looked from one to the other, speechless. If appearances had gone for anything at that moment I must indeed have looked guilty.

"Most extraordinary!" I mumbled.

"Oh! the things will turn up all right, without a doubt," Lady Enterdean declared good-humoredly. "Could we have a couple of waiters in and search properly, Paul? My knees are a little too old for this stooping."

"If you'll please all wait a few minutes," I begged earnestly, "I'll go out and make inquiries. Sir Blaydon, take my place in that rubber of bridge—there's a good fellow. I'll have the restaurant searched too. Don't mind if I am away a few minutes."

I hurried out. As soon as the door of the private room was closed I made for the entrance of the restaurant as fast as I could sprint. Without hat or coat I jumped into a taxi, and in less than ten minutes I was mounting the stairs of Number 17, Banton Street, with the hall porter blinking at me from his office. I scarcely went through the formality of knocking at the door. Mr. Parker and Eve were both standing at the table, their heads close together. At the sound of my footsteps and precipitate entrance Mr. Parker swung round. One hand was still behind him. Upon the table a white silk handkerchief was lying.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed. "My dear Walmsley! What has happened?"

I opened my lips and closed them again. It really seemed impossible to say anything! Mr. Parker's expression had never been so boyish, so earnest, and yet so wistful. Eve was quivering with some emotion the nature of which I could not at once divine. I felt very certain, however, that she had been remonstrating with her father.

"Don't keep us in suspense, my dear fellow!" Mr. Parker implored. "What has gone wrong? Eve and I were just—just talking over your delightful party."

"And looking over the spoils!" I said grimly.

I went a little farther into the room. Mr. Parker, with a sigh, abandoned his position. He unclosed the fingers of his hand and removed the silk handkerchief. I saw upon the table my aunt's brooch, my sister's pendant and Sir Blaydon Harrison's diamond pig. I said not a word. I looked at them and I looked at Mr. Parker. He smiled weakly and scratched his chin.

"I didn't do so badly," he essayed apologetically. "To tell you the truth, I really hadn't meant ——"

"Never mind what you meant!" I interrupted. "Please give me those things back again at once!"

Eve dropped them into the handkerchief, twisted them up and passed them across to me.

"I told daddy it was rather a mean trick," she sighed; "but really, you know, no people ought to carry about their valuables like that! It was trying us a little too high, wasn't it? And dear Reggie—did he arrive?"

For the first time I was really angry with Eve.

"If you will allow me," I said, "I will pursue this conversation tomorrow morning."

I tore downstairs, jumped into the waiting taxi and returned to the Milan. I entered the private room with a grave face. Evidently I was only just in time. The rubber of bridge had been broken up and my guests were standing about in little groups talking. I closed the door behind me and held up my hand.

"Blanche," I announced—"Lady Enterdean—I am delighted to say I have recovered everything."

"My dear boy, how wonderfully clever of you!" Lady Enterdean exclaimed. "How relieved I feel! Most satisfactory, I am sure."

She sat down promptly. There was a little murmur of voices. My guests gathered round me. I drew a long breath and continued on my mendacious career.

"I have been closeted with the manager," I explained. "It was one of the underwaiters—the little dark one who brought in the coffee. The temptation seems to have been too much for him. He confessed directly he was questioned. He has restored everything and I thought it best to have him simply turned off without any fuss. Here is your pig, Sir Blaydon; your pendant, Blanche; your brooch, Lady Enterdean. I am exceedingly sorry you should have had any anxiety—but all's well that ends well!" I wound up weakly.

Every one was talking cheerfully. The great topic now was one of ethics: Had I acted properly in not charging the waiter? Fortunately some one discovered a little later that it was twelve o'clock and my little party broke up.

### VII

I WAS not altogether surprised to receive, on the following morning before I had finished breakfast, a visit from Reggie.

"Cheero!" he said brightly as he seated himself in my easy chair and tapped the end of one of my cigarettes upon the tablecloth. "I haven't been up so early for months, but I had to find you before you went out—about these Bundercombes."

"What about them?"

"I want their address, of course," Reggie continued. "The mater wants to call this afternoon and I'm all for seeing Miss Bundercombe again. Ripping girl, isn't she?"

"Then prepare yourself for a disappointment, my friend," I advised, glancing at the clock. "They left for Paris by the nine o'clock train this morning."

Reggie stared at me blankly.

"Gone already?"

I nodded and invented a little difficulty with my coffee pot.

(Continued on Page 61)

"Never Mind What You Meant! Please Give Me Those Things Back Again at Once!"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 6, 1913


## Settling a Strike

THE Indianapolis street-car strike was ended, of course, by a compromise. We are unable to recall offhand any important street-car or other public-utility strike in the last ten years that was not ended by a compromise. The histories of almost all of these troubles are so much alike that one can quite confidently predict the course the next one will take.

The men will make certain demands, which the company will sternly refuse. There will be efforts to bring about a compromise, which will fail. The men will strike. The business of the city will be disorganized; great loss and hardship will be inflicted on the public. There will be disorder; some property will be destroyed—possibly some lives and limbs lost. The militia will be called out; and a simple-minded citizen may wonder whether he is living in a modern American municipality or in a medieval Italian city where private wars made existence so romantic and uncertain.

Then, after a certain amount of chaos, rioting and shooting, there will be other efforts to bring about a compromise, which will promptly and completely succeed. Probably—as was the case in Indianapolis—both sides will be so well satisfied by the compromise as to claim a substantial victory; and in claiming a substantial victory both sides will be right.

The company will grant some of the men's demands and find that it is just as prosperous as before. The men will yield some of their claims and find that their position, all round, is much better than before.

This is the typical history of the public-utility strike. Almost invariably it is perfectly easy to arrange a reasonable and satisfactory compromise—after the city has been stood on its head for a fortnight or so. Why not before? Our idea is that if half the earnest effort used to settle strikes were employed to arrange a compromise beforehand there would be far fewer strikes.

## A Reason for Judges

THE state of New York is afflicted with one hundred and eleven judges, besides a regiment of magistrates and other minor officers vested with judicial functions. The state could get along much better with a third of this number and an intelligent judicial system; but the superfluous judges are not altogether a waste product. The no longer triumphant Democracy of the Empire State has a use for them. When Tammany wishes to capture an office in a doubtful case it usually trots forward a judge as its candidate—as though it said to the public: "You cannot doubt our sincere devotion to your best interests now, when we are offering you the choicest of our countless varieties."

The theory seems to be that if Tammany makes a man a judge his ability and character automatically rise so far above reproach that he must be acceptable for any other office.

It was charged in the late campaign that judges sometimes paid Tammany a round sum in cash for their nominations. A prudent man would hardly be warranted in doing that if he were looking merely to the judge's salary, but as a sort of initiation fee which made him eligible for any other important office the payment might be economically justified.

We wonder what effect this gentle practice of taking candidates from the bench has on the public mind in respect of veneration for the courts. At the November election one candidate for the highest court who had written an unpopular decision fell many thousand votes behind his ticket. A bench that is always ready to invade politics cannot reasonably complain when politics invades it.

## British Incomes

A DECENNIAL report by the income-tax commissioners throws an interesting light on the drift of profit in Great Britain. The total amount of income reported to the commissioners now exceeds five billion dollars, having increased more than one-fifth during the ten years; but when the incomes are classified according to the source from which they are derived the rate of increase is very uneven.

Land, of course, is the primary source of income, but income derived from ownership of land has increased scarcely at all in the decade; while profits derived from occupation of land—that is, from farming and gardening—show a slight decline. Profits from coal and iron also show a slight decline.

On the other hand profits from foreign investments have increased more than sixty per cent—the highest rate of increase in any division. The next highest increase is in salaries of officials of public and private corporations, which have risen in the ten years by more than two hundred million dollars, or fifty-four per cent.

In fact nearly half of the total increase in British incomes in the decade is due to increased profits from foreign investments and to the increase in salaries paid to men who are holding what may be described as the biggest jobs. No doubt a ten-year review of incomes in the United States would also show a very heavy increase in salaries paid to men holding really responsible positions—and a decidedly smaller increase in payments to underlings and wage-earners.

Taxed British salaries paid to employees other than officials increased less than half as much as those paid to officials. Nothing succeeds like success.

## Can Capital Catch Up?

CAPITAL, as we commonly use the word, is the margin by which the world is ahead of today's board bill—money saved over and above the immediate needs of its owners. The saving proceeds at a constantly accelerated rate, but the demands for capital seem to be increasing even faster.

Modern methods require a greater and greater investment of capital to produce a given result. Suppose the result is a shoe. Formerly a cobbler would have made it at his bench with five dollars' worth of tools, buying the leather one week and selling the shoe the next. Now there must be a vast preparation: Costly machinery must be built, the construction requiring several months; a big force of workmen must be assembled and great stocks of leather laid in. From the beginning of the enterprise until the first shoe is sold probably a year will elapse.

Formerly, in short, we could produce a shoe with an investment of ten dollars. Now it may take as much as a million dollars. To utilize a waterfall we used to build a gristmill that cost a thousand dollars and began earning a return sixty days after it was started. Now we build a hydro-electric plant that costs hundreds of thousands of dollars and requires a year or more for construction. So over the whole range of industry a greater and greater capital investment is required, and the interval during which the capital is tied up without immediate return tends to grow longer and longer.

This country developed into a nation on an amazingly small capital. There were some wooden ships, some post roads, a few hand factories. Now the development of newer countries like Western Canada, Argentina and Brazil requires hundreds of millions of capital; and only two nations in the world—Great Britain and France—produce any important amount of capital over and above their home needs.

Moreover the world still amuses itself periodically by burning up a billion dollars or so of capital in war. It would appear that a chronic shortage of capital may become the world's normal condition.

## Your Neighbor's Maid

ONE reason why domestic servants are scarce is neatly illustrated by a discussion that has been raging in a group of Eastern housewives. The question under debate is: May an honorable woman lure away another honorable woman's cook or maid by offering higher wages, shorter hours, or any such material advantage?

Our impression is that at least seven housewives out of ten would answer that question with a very emphatic negative. We distinctly remember having heard this hiring away of servants described as among the baser crimes—which helps to explain why a vast number of girls prefer the mill and shop to the parlor and kitchen, even though the net pay be smaller and the work harder.

Imagine that principle applied to any other form of employment! Fancy Mr. Jones saying: "Yes, you are a capable young man, such as I need in my office just now, and I would pay you fifteen dollars a week, which is five more than you get in your present position; but, being an honorable man, I would not think of hiring you away from Mr. Brown."

To be sure, this feeling among women rests partly on a fine sympathy—an appreciation of the hardship of being left maidless; but household labor is still under the old blight of a servile relationship. The mistress resents a neighborly offer of better wages to her maid as though it somehow invaded her natural rights. Nobody likes to be owned nowadays. Many girls prefer less pay and harder work, with a more independent relationship.

## The Immigrant's Tragedy

A DEFECT in the immigration laws of this country is poignantly illustrated by the following letter from an Ohio manufacturer:

"One of my workmen sent prepaid passage to his wife and three children in Germany. When they arrived at Ellis Island the woman was ordered deported because she was afflicted with trachoma. I went to New York to see whether anything could be done for this mother with three children, aged eight, five and two years.

"She had been examined by a physician for the steamship company at Bremen and pronounced sound. Owing to the sickness and death of the oldest and the youngest of the children while the mother was detained, I visited the island daily and had a good opportunity to observe what was going on.

"In the first place, it is a physical impossibility to handle properly the mass of immigrants arriving there. The employees are overworked and the facilities are inadequate. To this is due the seeming callousness of the employees; but I am firmly convinced they deserve no censure.

"However, changes are necessary that go beyond Ellis Island. Take the case in which I was interested: The husband had to go back to Germany with his wife to save her from some desperate act, and had to pay his own transportation. The actual money loss, not counting loss of time, was over five hundred dollars, which had to be made good by charitably inclined persons; but the only loss to the steamship company was the cost of the return trip of the woman and one child. Had the steamship company's physician at Bremen examined her properly and told her she had trachoma and could not be admitted into this country, a dreadful tragedy would have been averted. I believe our laws should provide a punishment, heavy enough to be a deterrent, for every defective immigrant brought over here. To stand on the dock at Ellis Island when those who are to be deported are put on the barge that takes them to the ship, and see the misery of those unfortunates, fairly makes one ashamed that our Government tolerates such a disgrace."

To all of which we agree. The steamship companies should be compelled to exercise greater care in accepting immigrant passengers.

## This Sympathetic World

WE ARE surprised to learn that within a fortnight or so after the Titanic sank only a hundred and sixty thousand dollars had been subscribed for relief of the survivors. A number of very wealthy and distinguished persons sank with the Titanic. She was a ship on which any well-to-do person might have taken passage. Consequently, when the tragic news was told, almost anybody with money enough to travel abroad might easily have imagined himself as a passenger on the doomed boat; and everybody naturally is sympathetic toward himself. We are surprised that the relief fund was no larger.

The true figures are brought out in connection with a report that appeals for relief of the Volturno survivors brought only five thousand dollars. The Volturno, you see, was exclusively an immigrant ship. Hardly one of her passengers could speak English or possessed a hundred dollars. Almost all of them wore ridiculous clothes and had been engaged in ridiculous occupations.

Merely as a story the burning of the Volturno and the rescue of the survivors was intensely exciting; but the moment a well-dressed, well-to-do world knew the victims were immigrants its interest for the most part automatically ceased. Over an Astor, a Haya, a Strauss, disappearing beneath the icy waters of the Atlantic, its heart thrilled with sympathetic horror because in them it could see itself drowning; but it simply could not imagine itself a passenger in the steerage of an immigrant ship. So what actually happened to persons in that position was nothing but an interesting story. We still think it remarkable that the Titanic subscriptions were only thirty-two times as large as the Volturno subscriptions.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*He Has Been Perfectly Natural So Long He Does It Without Effort*

HERE we have a vice-president—the vice-president. We certainly do run to extremes in v.-p.s. There was Charles Warren Fairbanks, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—or the sickly cast of pale thought, which improves the bard a bit so far as Charles is concerned—and taller than was necessary for any utilitarian purpose to which a vice-president could be put; and James Schoolcraft Sherman, rubicund, rotund and rollicking. And now there has appeared on the variegated scene Thomas Riley Marshall, of whom there is but a scant one hundred and forty pounds.

Thomas Riley Marshall—Riley—Riley! The thought constantly obtrudes, after reading some of his speeches, that it should be Roily; but it is not. And who are we, we ask, to venture liberties with the name of the second in command? Answer: We are a poor worm of the dust, albeit Congress never refused us a seven-thousand-five-hundred-dollar limousine car, and probably never will. Nay, nay!

T. Riley was merely talking through his hat; and you will observe, by gazing at the photograph adorning this timid tribute, that a man really could not talk any very big ideas through so restricted a lid as that depicted on the dome of thought of the statesman illustrated thereby.

Of course Mr. Marshall has not been saying much lately and there may be various reasons for that. It may be some one led him aside and told him to retain within himself such further and similar conversation as he had until he returns to Columbia City, Indiana, where the boys understand him. Perhaps another hinted to him that he is no oratorical spillway for miscellaneous theories concerning his own brand of economic miscellany. Anyhow he has not come up to spout for quite a spell, and probably something has happened. At present he is admirably fulfilling the obligations of the vice-presidency, which consist of being seen publicly as little as possible and of being heard publicly even less frequently than that.

Early in the game, however, when he first arrived—when his blushing honors were as new as the creases in his trousers—why, then he impatiently waited for each night to fall so he might bound away to some dinner or other and—rising—dilate, didact, discourse and digress mostly on the subject of the distribution of wealth, and how shameful it is to have more than six-sixty net at any given time.

Now it is plain to be seen what happened to Thomas Riley Marshall, aside from his election as governor of Indiana and his election as vice-president of the United States. This is what happened—this, and this alone: One fateful day Thomas Riley Marshall became convinced he is *sui generis*. Many people told him so. Others wrote him about it. It is true.

### *Demosthenes and the Motorcycle*

EVERYBODY has come to understand that public speaking, from the primeval cry to the spellbinding sections they can in the phonographs, is and always has been the mere vocal exposition of the idea that, at the moment, seemed to be best fitted to accelerate the exaltation of the speaker along such lines as he desired his elevation.

The object of language being, as we have been told, to conceal thought, it follows that the result of thought will be to restrict language; but there is very little thinking done. Furthermore it is not at all strange that the scientific person who spent his life digging into the origin of the spoken word discovered that the earliest and most important root he could extract from the vocable records, when given the right pronunciation, strongly resembled guff.

Hence, no public speaker can be held too rigidly to the exact account of his public speaking; but when a public speaker is a vice-president it may happen that the potentialities of his job, if called pleasantly to his attention, will exert a deterrent influence on the unrestricted output of his ideas. It may not. Indeed no hostage has been given by him; nor is any expected. Hope is the word—hope tinctured with the knowledge of the wising-up that comes in due time—but invariably—to the statesman who arrives in Washington burgeoning with beliefs to be politely pruned by the shears of experience.

Indiana is no slouch of a state. Two of the latest three of our vice-presidents came from that commonwealth. And of these three vice-presidents it safely can be said Mr. Marshall is closest to the people. Take that automobile episode: There were no automobiles when Mr. Hendricks presided over the Senate, but they were plentiful when Charles W. Fairbanks towered above the toga-wearers.

It will be recalled that when the House cheeseparers pared that particular cheese Mr. Marshall was not a whit disturbed. He had requested a simple car—price, with upkeep, a mere seventy-five hundred dollars; and the House of Representatives said him nay, calling his attention to the fact that by walking a few steps from his hotel he could catch a car almost any time that would take him to the Capitol and give him a fine view of the new Union Station, the statue of Columbus, and the acres of tin cans and ragweed that dignify the plaza fronting the same. Nor was he perturbed. He remarked unaffectedly that he probably could get a motorcycle, which would suffice.

Imagine C. W. Fairbanks saying such a thing! It cannot be imagined! In the first place no motorcycle is high enough from the ground to provide storage for the wealth of legs toted by Mr. Fairbanks; and, in the second place, Mr. Fairbanks would not ride on a motorcycle if he could. He had the advantage of doing his vice-presidenting under an administration where the congressional leaders were not put to it to make a showing of economy; but if he had found himself in the shoes of the present vice-president there is no doubt C. W. Fairbanks would never, even in his most proletarian moments, have thought of bicycling.

Having observed that method of propulsion to be popular, Thomas Riley Marshall did not hesitate. Deprived of his limousine he instantly bethought himself of this humbler carriage; and if the cheeseparers had refused him that we doubt not he would have been content to accept a bundle of street-car tickets, or to walk. A child of the people!

To be sure, when he bought his plug hat—a vice-president must have a plug hat—somebody sawed off on him a straight-rimmed, highly Boulevard-des-Italiens affair that was a trifle sporty for a citizen so close to the sod; but that was not his fault. He accepted what was handed him, and after he had his picture taken in it a few times returned to the felt that breathes of the soil.

So in all his actions—simple, democratic, *sui generis*—oh, very much of that!—he is an original little man. The elevation to the vice-presidency has not changed him a particle—except, as I have pointed out, it may—may—have impressed on him the difference between remarks delivered *ex cathedra* and those delivered *ex* Columbia City. And as a presiding officer he is at times quaint and at times curious; but the clerk is ever at hand and he jogs along fairly well, and all appears to be serene.

Moreover he is a social favorite, and convulses those present with his cute philosophy and his wise saws and instances; and he is always willing to oblige. Being perfectly natural is one of his strongholds. Indeed he has been perfectly natural so long now he does it without effort.

It is a treat to observe him scorn the conventionalities—albeit he did fall for that plug hat—and remain his unaffected self; and it gets him into the papers a lot too. No matter what honors they heap on him, they cannot change Thomas Riley Marshall; no, indeed—not while the old stuff still goes so well.

*"I Saw Him First!"*

## What to Buy? What to Give?

40 "whats" face the Christmas shopper. And the biggest "what" of all is, "What can I give, that she doesn't already have?"

Here are a few Royal-Rochester answers to the Christmas puzzle.

### Royal-Rochester Serving Trays

A thought:

Every woman likes a handsome serving tray. Most smart housekeepers have them. Few have enough. A handsome addition is always welcome.

Royal-Rochester Trays will bring an "Oh!" from the most hardened gift receiver.

We have Mahogany Trays—Circassian Walnut Trays—Sterling Silver Deposit Trays—Tapestry Trays—Spanish Leather Trays in embossed colored designs—Colonial Trays, inlaid in natural woods—trays—trays—trays in 60 different Royal-Rochester patterns.

There is a handsome Royal-Rochester Tray for every purpose. Take a peep into her home and you can select the tray that will please her. Prices, $2.50 to $15.

### Royal-Rochester Percolators

Every woman would like to have a percolator.

If you wish to see an advanced variety of percolators go to a Royal-Rochester dealer. You will find Royal-Rochester Percolators in everything—from Colonial copper to China.

These china percolators are new this season. Don't fail to see them. And my!—the delicious, wholesome coffee that is in store for the friend who receives one of these gifts!

You will find Royal-Rochester Percolators in many designs, many sizes and many prices. $2.50 to $18. As gifts, they are quite as welcome as the fragrant coffee which pours from them.

### Royal-Rochester Casseroles

Christmas suggests jollity and good eating. A most appropriate gift is a Royal-Rochester Casserole. They are handsomely mounted to harmonize with attractive surroundings. From a plain, practical standpoint, they are a delight to the housewife who entertains.

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The crumb set is a little thing that makes a big difference in the table appointment. You can choose the proper design from the many Royal-Rochester patterns. They come in Colonial copper, Duchess brass and Royal nickel. Prices from $1. to $7.50.

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# Royal-Rochester

Look for the Royal Rochester trade-mark [illegible] Royal Rochester [illegible]

Rochester Stamping Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
[illegible]


# The Forehanded Man

## By Will Payne

INCOME-PAYING city real estate is about the only big field for investment that hasn't as yet been extensively opened up to the small investor. Corporations that report to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue under the excise tax law have outstanding sixty billion dollars of stock and over thirty billions of bonds. They include banks, trust companies, guaranty companies, railroads, gas and electric light companies, steamboats, telephone and telegraph lines, mining and manufacturing companies, mercantile, coal and lumber companies, incorporated hotels, theaters, and so on.

Broadly speaking, as to all these forms of wealth, the small investor is cordially invited to participate. He can buy his thousand-dollar bond, or often his hundred-dollar bond, or his ten shares of stock. Agricultural land, of course, is available to the forehanded man of moderate means, both by direct ownership and by investment in mortgages upon it.

True, the small investor is copiously and cordially invited to participate in non-income-paying city real estate. He can buy his newly staked-out corner lot in Faraway Subdivision and await developments—which may or may not prove satisfactory. But while there is probably no city in the United States whose total land value has not steadily increased during the last fifteen years, there is also probably no city that cannot show plenty of unprofitable investments in undeveloped real estate, especially if not only the city proper but its suburbs be taken into account. As to almost any given city you can say with considerable confidence that its total land value will increase in the next fifteen years, but when it comes to saying what particular tracts will enhance and what others may depreciate, the matter is by no means so simple. Meanwhile you have taxes to pay and are getting no return on your money.

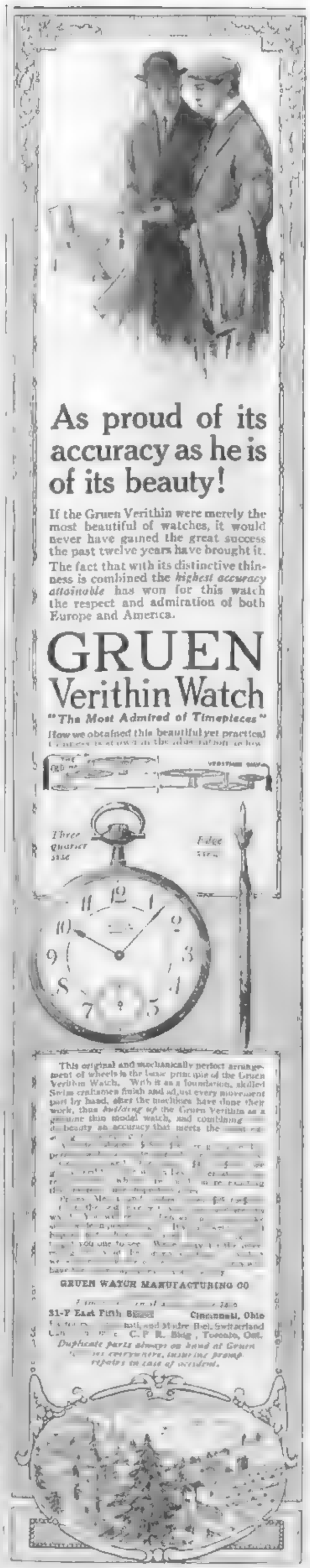
### *Shopping for Mortgage Loans*

On the other hand there is an immense investment in developed, income-paying city realty situated in neighborhoods where experience shows there is a continuous demand for property of a given description. Often this property occupies a sort of focal point in the city—as in the loop district of Chicago or the financial district of New York or the popular shopping centers—so you can say pretty confidently that if the city continues to grow at all, there must be an increasing demand for the use of realty in that particular district.

It is this latter field that hasn't yet been opened up to the small investor in any extensive way. The investments, both in fee and in mortgages, are quite generally made by rich individuals or by large estates or by big fiduciary institutions such as savings banks and insurance companies.

True, in New York, for example, there is an extensive business by way of selling guaranteed mortgages on improved income-paying realty, but even these investments are in relatively big chunks. So far the one or two thousand dollar man has come in to only a slight extent. In Boston lending on real estate is mostly done by the savings banks and by trustees of estates. If a man wants a loan on a piece of city realty he will probably go to a real estate broker. The broker will take his application and then shop round among the savings banks to find one that wants a loan of that description. Having found the bank the broker will turn the borrower over to it, the bank will make the loan and the borrower will pay the broker a commission. Or the broker may have some rich individuals or trustees of estates on his list, one of whom will make the loan.

There is very little business in the way of making real estate loans and then selling them to general investors. Formerly there was a large business in the way of selling Western farm loans in Boston; but the more important companies engaged in that field got over-enthusiastic and loaned either outside the dependable rain belt or at too high valuations, so that many of them went into bankruptcy, with much loss and annoyance to investors. That was twenty years ago, but Boston has a truly conservative memory, and nowadays if you mention

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You can think of someone right now whom a beautiful ring will delight—a fond parent, sister, brother, son, daughter, or *yourself*.

Give a ring—one that will give happiness for years to come—

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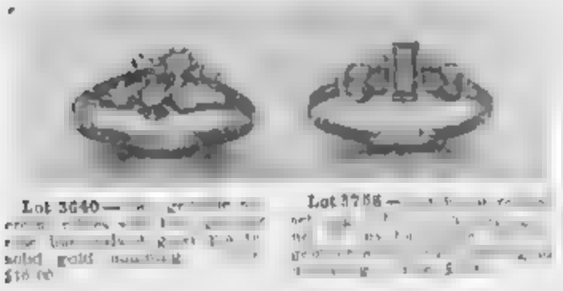

Lot 3640— [illegible] solid gold [illegible] $16.00

Lot 3756— [illegible]

The price is well within your means—$2, $4, $5, $10—as much or as little as you want to pay. Go to your jeweler. Ask him to show you his special tray of W W W rings. See the solid gold bands, the beautiful settings, the precious and semi-precious stones—whole pearls, turquois, sapphires, rubies, garnets, sardonyx, amethyst, including all the birthstones. Try them on. Match them with these illustrations. *Then* remember—

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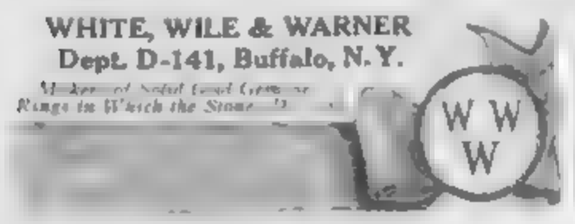




Western farm loans round State or Milk Street you will probably notice a frost in the air.

I say this field of investment—in developed, income-paying city real estate—hasn't yet been extensively opened up to the small man. But a good many more or less interesting experiments in that direction are being tried out, and in the nature of the case I believe some experiment in this direction is bound to succeed.

A voluntary association in Boston, for example, began by issuing a million dollars of certificates—roughly equivalent to so much capital stock—which it sold to investors. With the proceeds the association bought various developed, income-paying properties, such as a downtown store building, a hotel, some apartment houses. On purchasing a piece of property the association mortgaged it to a savings bank for about sixty per cent of the value. With the money raised on that mortgage and its own capital it bought another income-paying property which in turn it mortgaged for sixty per cent of the value. Thus with a million dollars it would be able to own two and a half million dollars' worth of real estate, subject to mortgages for sixty per cent of its value.

Suppose the property paid five and a half per cent net, above operating expenses, interest and taxes, and the average rate of interest on the mortgages was four and a half per cent. Then obviously the association would be making a profit of seven per cent a year on its certificates. If the value of the property, and the income derived from it, should advance by one-fifth, then the profit for the certificate holders would be nearly ten per cent a year—provided all of it was distributed to them.

### *Small Pieces of Big Mortgages*

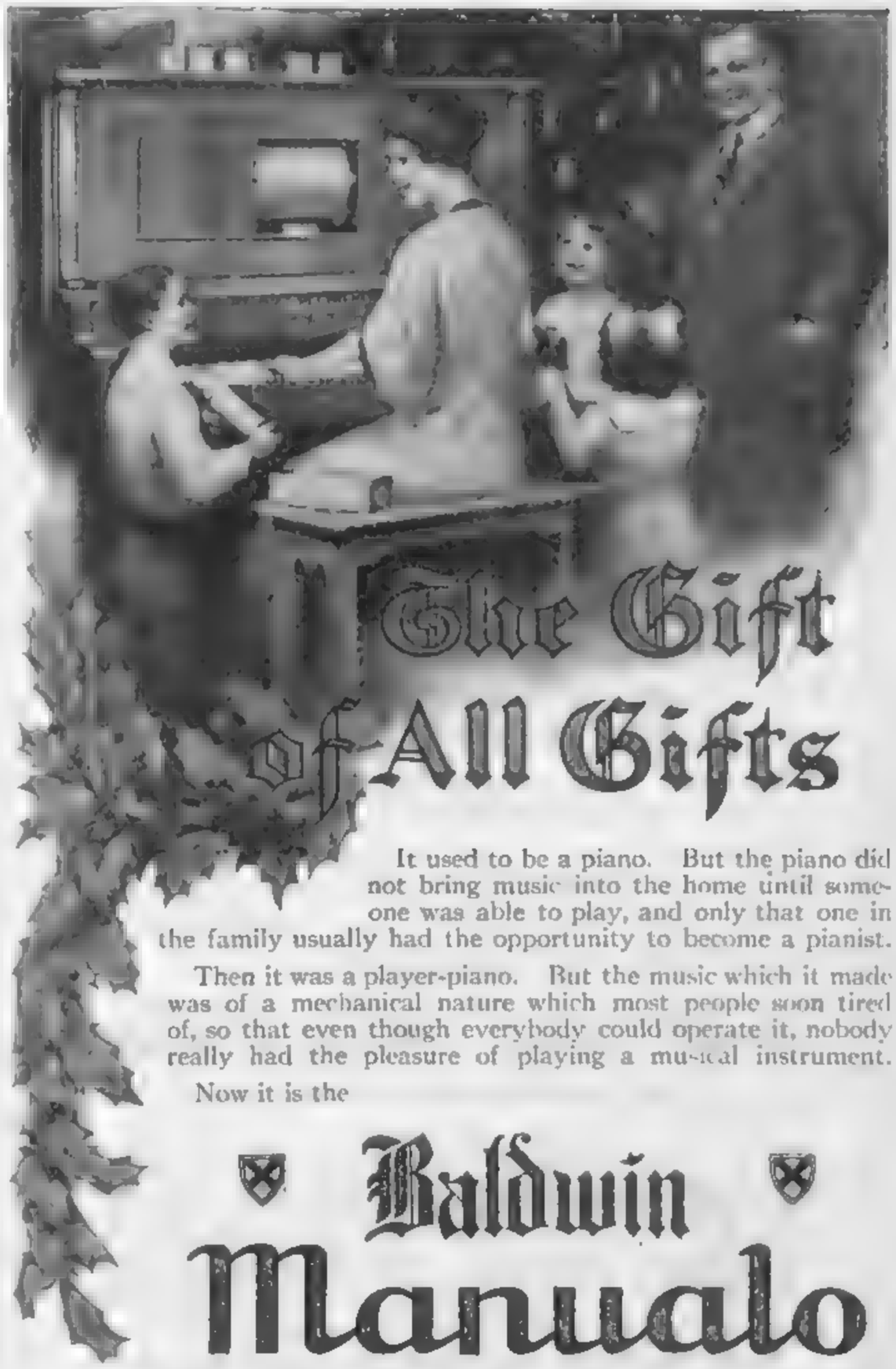
Lately this association has been selling to investors mortgage certificates in one-hundred-dollar units bearing five per cent interest. Briefly, with the money derived from sale of these mortgage certificates the association—through a trustee—buys back from the savings banks the mortgages held by the latter on real estate owned by the association. The trustee then holds the mortgages in trust for the mortgage certificate holders. Thus the mortgage certificates are based on first mortgages on income-paying property, while the other first-mentioned certificates represent the equity in the same properties. This association, however, is issuing no more stock certificates, confining itself, so far as investors are concerned, to selling the mortgage certificates.

In New York several concerns work on plans somewhat similar. But the prevailing device there is to sell investors a bond or debenture, bearing six per cent interest and no more, based on equities in the properties owned by the company. One such concern points to twenty-five years of successful existence without a default, and now has nearly thirty million dollars invested, over fourteen millions of it in developed, income-paying realty—mainly office and business buildings and apartment houses.

This company operates largely in the Borough of the Bronx, where rapid transit has brought an immense development. In the last ten years, for example, assessed value of realty in the borough has increased three hundred and forty per cent.

The company describes itself as a "manufacturer of real estate." Besides owning the income-paying properties referred to above, it buys unimproved land along what it regards as the line of most promise; then puts the land into condition to be sold in building lots—also, perhaps, putting up some buildings of its own there to be rented. It has been very successful and is well recommended. The same may be said of some other concerns operating on the same plan.

Yet this doesn't strike me as the ideal plan for opening up income-paying city realty to small investors. There are three stories in this structure. First, the first mortgages on the properties, which are held by savings banks, insurance companies and so on, and which amount—as to the income-paying realty—to about two-thirds the total value; next there is the investment of the company's bondholders or debenture holders, which represents the equities in the properties over and above the first mortgages and the return on which is limited to six per cent; third, there is the investment of the company's own stockholders—the amount of capital stock being one hundred


It used to be a piano. But the piano did not bring music into the home until someone was able to play, and only that one in the family usually had the opportunity to become a pianist.

Then it was a player-piano. But the music which it made was of a mechanical nature which most people soon tired of, so that even though everybody could operate it, nobody really had the pleasure of playing a musical instrument.

Now it is the

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**The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human**

because the Manualo instantly gives you really lifelike music and because it enables everybody to have the pleasure of giving the same complete expression to the musical feeling as one who plays by hand.

With the Manualo you play every selection as your musical feeling directs. You are in absolute control of it because it is actually controlled from the one point where you are in constant contact with the mechanism and where you naturally express your musical feeling—the pedals.

The Manualo responds to your wishes as instinctively expressed to the pedals because every little change in your pedaling affects to like degree the working of the little air fingers which make the piano hammers strike the strings. When you pedal vigorously they work vigorously. When you pedal lightly they work gently. When you accent a pedal stroke they accent the same stroke of the hammer.

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So make this a Manualo Christmas. There is no reason why you should not for you have a choice of the Baldwin Manualo, the Ellington Manualo, the Hamilton Manualo and the Howard Manualo, each the gift of all gifts at its price.

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*You really endow your home with a perpetual, inexhaustible fund of finest entertainment.*

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Equal in playing qualities to Brunswick Regulation Tables, used exclusively by the world's Cue Experts.

The "Baby Grand" is the supreme attraction in hundreds of the most exclusive homes. Our "Convertible" Styles, which serve also as Library Tables, Dining Tables and Davenports, meet the requirements where space is at a premium. Can be used in any room.

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A new edition of our famous book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," is now ready. Describes and illustrates in *actual colors* all styles of Brunswick Home Billiard Tables. Gives Special Factory Prices, Easy Terms and other valuable information.

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thousand dollars, with a surplus fund of two millions, which absorbs the profits over and above the six per cent paid to debenture holders.

A somewhat parallel case exists, of course, in many industrial companies—for example, United States Steel—with their bondholders, preferred stockholders and common stockholders, this realty company's bondholders or debenture holders corresponding to the industrial company's preferred stockholders. But I think a more satisfactory arrangement from the investor's point of view would be to give the investor in the equity whatever earnings the equity produced, as in the nature of the case he must take a large part of whatever risk the equity holder assumes.

An association in Toledo has worked out and is successfully operating a plan that strikes me as being decidedly in the right direction. This concern, whose directors are experienced business men, finds a piece of improved downtown realty that looks like an attractive investment. The company then sells stock at par to an amount sufficient to pay for the property—or, rather, sufficient to pay for the equity above what a savings bank or insurance company will lend on the property on first mortgage. It doesn't sell stock first and then look round for a place to invest the proceeds; but first finds what it deems a good investment and then sells stock to realize the purchase price.

At its last report the company had about six hundred stockholders, with a waiting list of persons who wish to subscribe as soon as another issue of stock is made. The stock is of the par value of a hundred dollars a share and subscriptions are taken in units of six shares each, but the amount of stock any one subscriber can take in a year is limited to forty-eight shares. The intention is to make the company a popular institution. Stock may be paid for in full at the time of the subscription or in installments—with a cash payment of fifty dollars for each six shares and deferred payments of twelve dollars and a half each month.

### *The Gradual Payment Plan*

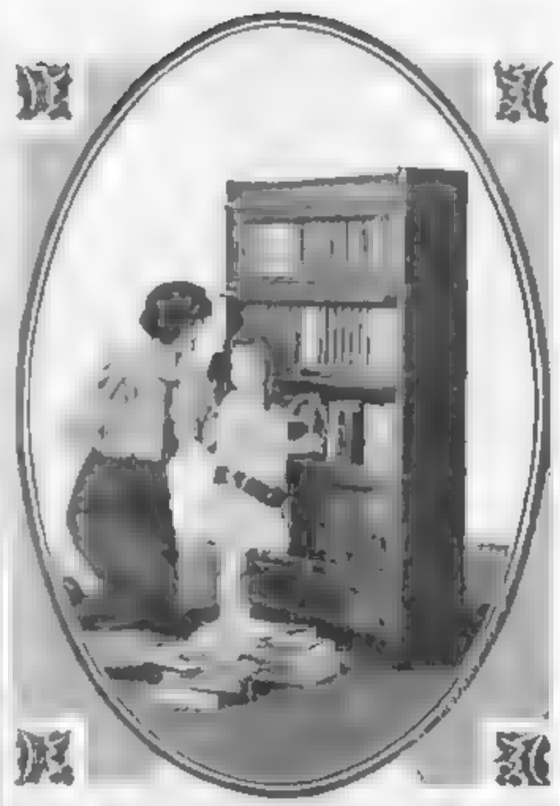
By-laws provide that the company cannot pay a cash dividend except out of cash actually derived from the rental or sale of property, but it may pay stock dividends for the purpose of equalizing the value of its stock. Suppose, for example, that property which the company has held for some time advanced ten per cent in value and the company was about to make a new issue of stock to buy additional property. It would hardly be fair to give subscribers to the new stock a share of the profits accruing from the enhanced value of the old property. So the company would pay its old stockholders a stock dividend of ten per cent, then issue the new stock at par.

Having purchased a property the company proceeds to put it in first-class condition and develop its earning power as far as possible. This takes time and usually requires some investment in addition to the purchase price—for repairs, remodeling, and so on. The company looks to the long haul rather than to immediate profits.

At the date of its second—and latest—annual report it had made five issues of stock, all of which had been oversubscribed. It charges a penalty of ten per cent on all monthly installments to stock subscriptions that are not met by the tenth of the month, and in two years its penalties had amounted to only five dollars for each ten thousand dollars of installment subscriptions. In other words the installments are almost invariably met promptly—indicating that investors appreciate the opportunity.

The investors, of course, hold only the equities, for the properties are mortgaged as soon as bought. But while they take the equity holders' risks they get all the profits that accrue from the properties—which seems to me the equitable arrangement, as contrasted with the New York plan of limiting investors in the equity to six per cent interest.

The company might no doubt find investors at home for the first mortgages on its properties, by issuing mortgage certificates on the Boston plan or some such device, and thereby open the whole field of downtown realty investment to the man of small means. It does now make investment in the equity of downtown realty available to the man of small means, and thus points in a direction where there will probably be an important investment development in the future.

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# THE LAME DUCK

### *Views of an Innocent Bystander*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Former Senator Chandler used to say the most inconsequential thing on earth was a man—on election day—who had voted; and that has some elements of truth in it, but it really isn't a broad, general definition, because it applies only once a year.

The most inconsequential thing in the world is the daily gossip of the progress of a big bill through a committee of Congress. That is the sublimation of pifflarious piffle—especially if the committee happens to be a Senate committee. And we get all excited over it. We rise up and hop round when we read that Senator So-and-So objects; that Senator This-and-That rejects; and that Senator Here-and-There projects—forgetting that in every case the bill which comes out of the committee rarely resembles the bill that goes to the president for his signature, and overlooking the future manhandling it must receive, both on the floor and in conference.

This has been especially true with the currency bill, which, by the time you get this, may be in the Senate and up for consideration. At present it is being framed—framed is right in the ulterior sense—by the committee after long and conversational "hearings," wherein the hearing of the hearers was not much to boast about. We have trembled over the ultimate fate of this measure; have been reassured concerning its definitive form; have fretted at the opposition; have wondered at the delay; have been amazed at the dullness of certain framers and astonished at the obstinacy of others; and have alternated for weeks between a fever and a chill over the matter.

We have learned that the independent senators have been most arrogantly independent; that the dependent senators have crawled and cowed beneath the presidential lash. We have been told that the committee intends to do as it pleases and that it intends to do as it is told. We have been handed detailed descriptions of events that never happened, and there have been happenings a-plenty that have not been detailed. In short we have been all fussed up over a situation that we might have contemplated calmly had we taken a little stock of what has been going on.

#### *Amateur Money Sharps*

You see, Jim, this currency business is a complicated business, and there isn't anybody on the revision job who is any too sure of what the harvest will be. Hence, though the President has set his face for the Glass Bill and the House has passed that bill for him, the Senate thinks it is its cue to give both the bill and the country the benefit of the accumulated financial wisdom there existing.

Since currency got acute over there we have suddenly become aware that we have up on the Hill some ninety-six financial sharps, each one of whom is cocksure that his own original plan for reforming the currency is the only one that will bring our credit and our coin out into a calm haven of prosperity and peace. The fact is, most of the ninety-six financial sharps in the Senate would be at a loss to compute the interest on a note of hand running for sixty days, and think of regional reserves, credit expansions, trend of trade, balances—and all such truck—as terms from a foreign language describing an unknown series of transactions.

They messed in however. They had to do that to preserve their self-respect. They took the Glass Bill and they heard and reheard and heard again—and this after the House hearings and all the Aldrich hearings and the rest. Then they began framing. It was a bitter, bitter contest. There were the Democratic senators who supported the Administration, anxious to do what the President wants—but at the same time anxious to make a change here, stick on a frill or cut off a flounce so it would be apparent they are thinkers.

Then there was that trio of eminent Gloomy Gusses—O'Gorman, Hitchcock


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These factors have been developed to the highest degree in Manning-Bowman Electrics with the purpose of offering articles that, whatever the initial cost may be, it will prove really low when length of service and usefulness are considered.

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Behind this line of electrics, made up in attractive designs, is the famous Manning-Bowman reputation for highest quality, and which is thoroughly exemplified in every article included in this line.

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Any cooking or heating device selected from the well-known Manning-Bowman Ware, whether for use with alcohol, electricity or on ordinary gas or coal range, will prove a most acceptable gift—one to be really appreciated. Selection can be made at jewelry, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.

*We will be pleased to send you an attractive and instructive booklet on our electric line. Write for booklet M-22, "Manning-Bowman Electrics."*

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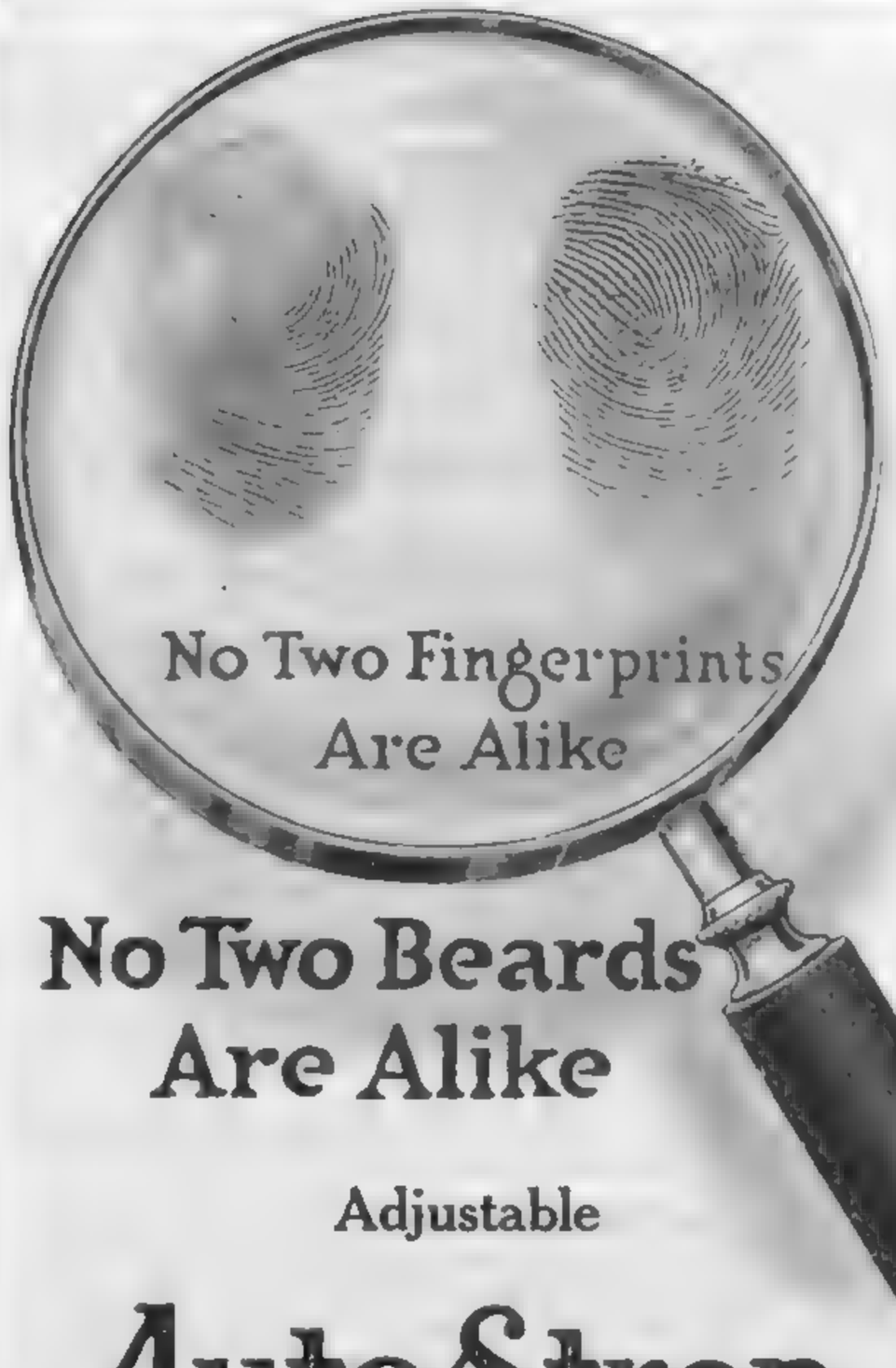
**Meriden, Conn.**



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If the AutoStrop Safety Razor did not have the exclusive advantage of *automatic stropping*, it would not be the *one razor* which guarantees 500 shaves from 12 blades.

Since this long life of blades means *low expense*—about five shaves for a cent—why not use the most *economical razor?*

***On sale at all dealers. Price $5. Send for catalog showing fancy and travelling sets.***

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and Reed. They opposed the President's bill and his program, and for reasons that on the Hill are thus designated: O'Gorman, because he had his orders from New York: Hitchcock, because he hates Bryan, who has had a hand in the Glass Bill; and Reed, because he is always "agin" the Government.

Also there were several Republicans; and they had their ideas and their politics to play. Thus the turmoil continued; and thus, day after day, we read: President Defeated!—President Sustained!—Favor Central Bank!—Central Bank Impossible! Reserve Banks Reduced to Four!—Reserve Banks to Number Ten!—and so on and so forth.

Talk about your tempest in a teapot! This was a tempest in a teaspoon or a thimble. Or, to put it another way, did you ever see a lot of bluebottle flies buzzing and bumping against windowglass? Well, all this tumult and shouting was about as conclusive as the efforts of the bluebottles considered as scientific-shop-managed expenditure of energy. And for this reason: The currency bill that shall be finally placed on the statute books will not be the Senate's currency bill, nor yet the House's currency bill; but it will be the bill that comes out of the conference committee, where the House—or Glass—Bill will be thrown into the hopper with the Senate—or Owen—Bill; and the resultant hamburger financial steak will be the measure under which our financial system will operate until some other medium is provided.

The President knows that. I haven't observed him throwing any fits over these reports of what they have been doing to him in the Senate committee and what they intend to do to him on the floor of the Senate. He is more of a politician than you think, and he is committed to the principle of the Glass Bill, not to its exact technical form. He was for twelve regional reserve banks and so was the House; but if the Senate should put the number at four, and the House throw against that four its twelve, the safe bet will be that a compromise somewhere between the two will be about the final number—and that will be enough. And so on.

### *The Chances of a Central Bank*

All this chatter and clatter about defeat, or impending defeat, or partial defeat, or rebuff for the President is as premature as an announcement of what T. Roosevelt intends to do. The only way the President can be defeated so it will hurt much on this currency business is to have Congress establish a central bank and give that central bank over to the control of the bankers. And there is about as fat a chance Congress will do that as there is that Congress will cede Texas to Germany.

The President will stand for the spirit of the currency program outlined in the Glass Bill, and so will most of the Democrats in the Congress; and the technical features will be fixed by the conferees, who will meet in some dark and hidden recess and endeavor to compose the differences between the House version of our needs and the Senate version.

"Endeavor to compose"—that's the most fragrant of all congressional phrases. Mostly conferees do not endeavor to compose. They endeavor to decompose, and they usually succeed largely and odoriferously; but whatever the outcome is of the battle to be fought, after all the skirmishing is over, unless Woodrow Wilson has shifted suddenly overnight and is a changed and weak man, you will discover that outcome is satisfactory to him in principle and in the large essentials—or he will not sign the bill.

This Congress may toddle along, thinking it can put something over on the President; but I doubt whether it can. Furthermore I doubt whether it has the nerve to try very hard. There are two certain things about Mr. Wilson, so far as Congress is concerned: Congress—meaning the majority, or Democrats—does not like Mr. Wilson, because Mr. Wilson is presidenting according to his own ideas, along his own lines, as he sees fit, and with the exertion of every prerogative he has and all the power—and not as Congress feels it should direct; and the second is that Congress is afraid of Mr. Wilson and getting more scared every day. So be calm about the currency, Jim.

If, however, there is any shenanigan you turn an eye toward the White House and watch W. Wilson perform; or, turn an eye toward the White House and watch him

No Wonder He Smiles

SO will you when you get as nice a Christmas present as a genuine King Repeating Air-Rifle.

You'll think of happy afternoons when school's over for the day, and of target practice with the other boys on Saturdays.

Best of all, you can be sure of the most improved construction, accurate shooting and beautiful gun-like lines of a real KING.

Write for free booklet, "The Story of the Air-Rifle." It tells how the first air-rifle was invented in our factory, how they are made today, and all about the different sizes, from the 1000-Shot Lever-Action Repeaters down to King Pop-Guns for the youngsters.

**Two New Lever-Action Guns**

There are two new KINGS with lever action—the KING 350-Shot and the KING Single Shot. They look just like the famous 1000-Shot and 500-Shot, but are a little smaller and lighter.

Sold by Sporting Goods, Hardware and Toy Stores. Always look for the name "King" on side-plate or barrel. If not sold in your town, send us the money and we'll ship direct from factory.

THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE CO.
Plymouth, Michigan
U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Office,
717 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
Paul B. Bekeart Co., Managers

KING AIR RIFLES

King No. 5
1000-Shot
Lever-Action
Repeater
$3.00

Give Him the Fountain Pen that Fills Itself

*—a Gift He Needs Every Day in His Work*

"Christmas comes but once a year." Don't give presents of mere passing interest. Make them practical—of year-round daily usefulness. Nothing could be more welcome to a man than—"The Pen That Fills Itself."

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

needs merely to be dipped in the nearest inkwell, the little "Crescent-Filler" pressed and in four seconds pen has filled itself! (See lower illustration.)

It takes the ink *direct* from the inkwell—no dropper, no muss. The Conklin never leaks and writes as smoothly as your finger glides over velvet.

Exchangeable after Christmas if point doesn't suit.

*$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up, at Stationers', Druggists' and Jewelers'. Write for catalog showing hundreds of styles and sizes.*

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.

277 Conklin Building
Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

NEW YORK
13-15 W. 42nd Street

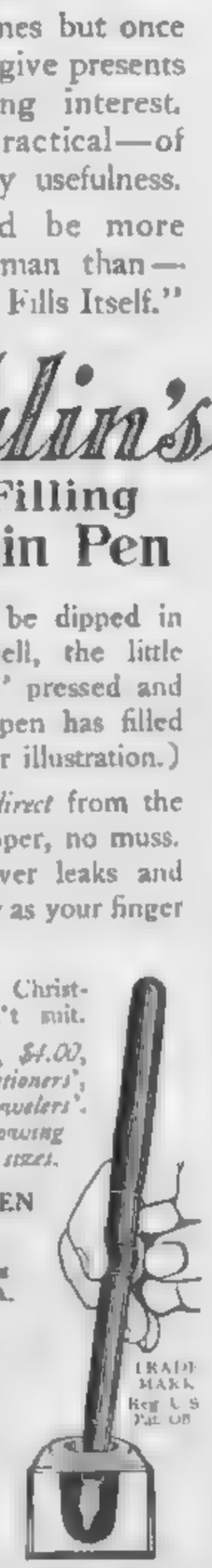
BOSTON
50 Temple Place

CHICAGO
700 N. American Building
State and Monroe Sts.

DENVER
700-728 E. & C. Building

SAN FRANCISCO
570 Market Street

WINNIPEG, CANADA
960 Donald Street




"It Fills Itself"

Conklin's

*In Handsome Xmas Boxes*


fail to perform—as the case may be. Only, if he doesn't perform and there should be anything hippicanarious about it, the Democracy will be put to it to search the outlying districts for another White Hope.

Did you note that further and vital blow struck at the customs of other days by the Comptroller of the Treasury? I refer to his ruling that visiting-cards are not a chargeable item in expense accounts. It really seems, Jim, that we have fallen on times when the precedents of years immemorial are being rudely shoved aside by a lot of men who can see no reason why, when a patriot gets on the payroll, the Government should provide said patriot with as many of the luxuries of official life as he can think to put down in his expense account!

For years and years we have gone along charging up visiting-cards; and here comes a person named Downey, from Indiana, who will not stand for it, and says crassly that if an officeholder wants to go out peddling pasteboards about Washington to increase or establish his social standing he should pay for the pasteboards himself instead of allowing a friendly government to do the paying.

If you stop to consider what a big part in our social activities is played by visiting-cards you will see how depressing is this blow struck at our liberties and our graft. Every time mother goes out to pay calls—and that is mother's principal business, let me tell you—she leaves two cards for father to one for herself at each place she stops.

If mother is at all on to her job she can make forty or fifty calls of an afternoon.

You know mother never sees the persons on whom she calls. She just leaves the cards and bobs on to the next place.

### *Senatorial French*

I reckon this rush for patronage under the new Administration will cease rather abruptly once the news gets abroad that men—and women—holding jobs are to be held down to a pestiferous understanding that all there is in it is so much work for so much pay.

Of course I do not mean the clerks. They work hard enough and get little enough for what they do. I mean the incumbents of appointive offices who want to swank, and who feel it is a slight on their party loyalty if they are urged to do something for their pay.

However, all is not lost. I observe the new persons in the near-Cabinet set—the under-secretaries and so on—and some of the Cabinet members too, have caught on early and hard to a few little wrinkles that are useful. You will discover that the negro messengers are still valeting, and butlering, and waiting, and barbering and footmanning—and all such—if you take the trouble to look; and here and there can be seen a government automobile that scurries about on social duties and diversions, freighted with ladies of the official households where the autos are retained.

Time was when the boys all had carriages of their own. I remember when they cut off the carriages for the under-secretaries in the Treasury Department. It was pretty tough for the under-secretaries to press drayhorses from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing into duty, but not so tough as it would have been to hire from the livery stables; and many a gay party of social leaders careered about town drawn by Percherons that at odd times were used in hauling the printed money from the bureau to the vaults.

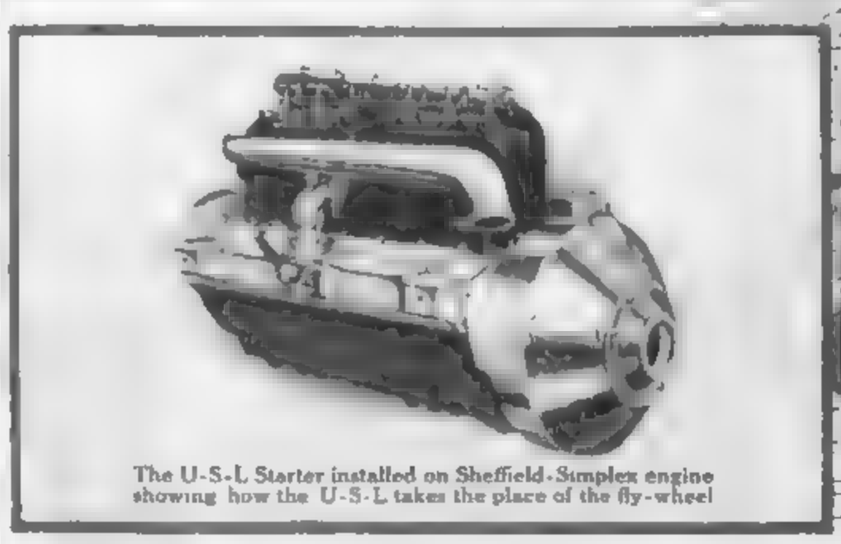
If the time ever comes when they issue a ruling that near-Cabineteers must shave themselves instead of letting the negro messengers who stand outside their doors do the shaving, I look to see an instant exodus of under-secretaries loudly complaining that their rights are infringed on and that the Government is cruel and heartless in the extreme.

And speaking of shaving reminds me of that night, not so long ago, when a distinguished and somewhat jingled United States senator, at a dinner, referred to Ambassador Jusserand and Madame Jusserand in the course of a few postprandial remarks. Desirous of exhibiting his complete mastery of the French language, he did not speak of their excellencies as the Ambassador and Madame Jusserand, but said: "Mongswor Jusserand and Masseuse Jusserand."

Rubbing it in, so to speak!

Bongswor, BILL.


USL USL



The U-S-L Starter installed on Sheffield-Simplex engine showing how the U-S-L takes the place of the fly-wheel

# "Across the Seas" for the U-S-L

In all the world there's no other Starter like the U-S-L. Hence the Sheffield-Simplex, a noted car of England, adopts this masterpiece. Therein lies a lesson.

USL TRADE MARK
THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

## Electric Starter and Lighter for Gasoline Automobiles

The Sheffield-Simplex is one of the world's highest priced cars. The bare chassis sells for $5,000.00. Its fame circles the globe.

The U-S-L is the most costly of Starters. It was chosen for the Sheffield-Simplex on record. Merit alone was considered. Past performance won the selection.

The cost to the car maker is *more*—yet not to the public. Note that, please.

The only gain to the Sheffield-Simplex lies in being able to offer the best. That is the sole reason for "crossing the seas" to get the U-S-L.

In this country you will find the U-S-L as standard equipment on these progressive cars:

**Jeffery · Garford "Six" S. G. V.**
**Moyer Edwards-Knight**
**Rochester Motor Fire Pump**
—the last, 8 cylinders, 6 in. x 6 in.

Each of the makers pays the highest starter price for the U-S-L. Yet none charges *you* a penny more. They all equip with the U-S-L that they may lead the field in the Starter and Lighter class. There can be no other motive. The facts are plain.

Each of these makers recognizes that the U-S-L system is the right principle for starting automobiles.

Not only is there but one rotating part in the U-S-L but this part is utilized by the engine as a fly-wheel in place of the common cast iron wheel. This rotating member is fastened directly to the engine shaft.

Thus there is no need to employ gears or chains and sprockets, either to spin the engine or to derive power from the engine to generate current. This is the reason that the U-S-L does not add a single running part to the car—adds no excessive weight—does not disturb the balance of the engine—has not even one bearing to oil. This is why, finally, "the U-S-L Starter is the Silent Starter."

*Great in power*, the U-S-L turns the engine over at 150 to 400 revolutions a minute—and at once—1000 times out of 1000.

There is no noise—no jerk—no jar. The motion is smooth, even. Your start is free as the Summer breeze—with as little fuss.

The U-S-L is automatic perfection—yet simplicity itself. It is endorsed by leading engineers.

In the U-S-L you also have a *complete lighting plant*. When the engine reaches a certain speed the starter automatically becomes a generator, supplying current for recharging and lighting. Even for display signs on commercial vehicles, no other lighting system is needed.

For *your* car—choose the U-S-L equipped.

**U-S-L Batteries** U-S-L Storage Batteries, for pleasure or commercial electric vehicles, are the first to be sold with a *definite mileage* guarantee without extra price.

*Write for Booklet* Send the Coupon

**The U. S. Light & Heating Co.**

*General Offices:* **30 Church St., New York**

*Factory:* **Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

*Branch Offices and Service Stations:*
**Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis**

USL

S. E. P.—12-6-'13

**The U. S. Light & Heating Co.**
**30 Church Street, New York**

Gentlemen:—Please send me the U-S-L Bulletins checked below:

**501—U-S-L Starter and Lighter for Automobiles.**
111—Automobile Electric Light and Engine Ignition.
505—U-S-L Storage Batteries for Automobile Starters.
110—U-S-L Storage Batteries for Independent Electric Lighting.
101—U-S-L Storage Batteries for Stationary Service.
102—Power for Electric Vehicles—Pleasure and Commercial.
207—Electric Light for Railway Cars.

Name

Street

City State

# Gift Hosiery

That incites admiration long after Christmas

Give Black Cat Hose this Christmas

They make a most acceptable gift Months after, they will be highly appreciated because of their solid comfort, unusual wear and rich beauty. Their intrinsic cost will be entirely lost sight of.

You can get them for men and women in pure thread silk or silk lisle; attractively packed in holiday boxes.

# Black Cat Hose

Since 1883 we have been making hosiery. Black Cat Hose today are the culmination of 30 years' experience.

Black Cat Hose were always famous for wear. Millions of mothers the country over recommend Black Cat as the one hosiery for children.

In addition, Black Cat are the hose of comfort and beauty. The toes are elastic—can't bind. Black Cat Hose fit smoothly—no wrinkles, no bunching to irritate the foot. We buy the finest yarns. Our knitters are all experts. We employ the best dyers and use only sanitary fast dyes. The result is a light, gauzy, comfort hose that wears.

Include Black Cat Hose in your gift list. Wear them yourself. See how they wear. Note their comfort—their beauty. 8,000 dealers in all parts of the country sell Black Cat. If your dealer doesn't, we will supply you direct upon receipt of price and your favorite dealer's name.

**For Men**
Silk Lisle 25c
Thread Silk, 50c

**For Women**
Silk Lisle, 50c
Thread Silk, 50c to $1.50
Cotton, 25c

**For Children**
Silk Lisle, 35c
Cotton, 15 to 25c

**CHICAGO-KENOSHA HOSIERY CO., Kenosha, Wis.**

Chicago Office, 237 S. Fifth Ave. Boston Office, 68 Chauncey St. New York Office, 31 Union Square



# Bridging the Years

The difference between the working models of a bridge, Ferris wheel or aëroplane that any boy can make of Meccano, and a *real* railroad bridge or machine, is one of degree only. The boy's imagination sees the same locomotive thundering across the draw, or the same wheel revolving with its merry-makers. In a few years he may be building gigantic steel structures by the same principles he learns today in his play with Meccano.

Get That Boy of Yours A Set of

# MECCANO

Meccano is more than a toy. The hundred different forms in which its miniature beams of nickeled steel, its braces, brass bolts and other pieces, can be put together, develop the creative instinct in every boy. Its possibilities are inexhaustible.

Do not wait for Christmas. There's many an evening before the holidays that will be made profitable as well as delightful by a gift of one of these wonderful outfits. You'll enjoy it, too, for its never-ending fascination knows no age.

Most good toy stores and dealers in sporting goods have Meccano. Examine a set. Glance through our instruction book and see a few of the many designs that can be made with these wonderful pieces of metal. Look for the name *Meccano*—on boxes and literature.

If your dealer hasn't Meccano, write to us for our free booklet and further information. We want you to know more about these unique outfits. "The Best Toy for any boy."

**THE EMBOSSING COMPANY**
25 Church Street, Albany, New York
MAKERS OF
Toys that Teach


## AT THE CRISIS

(Continued from Page 15)

and other delicacies—and all the time we kept making an appeal for the general trade. It was done at first by the distributed cards or with slips put into packages.

I believe the main secret of it lay in Bess' intuitive art of suggestion. In ordinary advertising matter the goods we exploited would not have attracted much notice; but through Bess' subtle touch the things took on a sort of magic. Trade came in—not so much for the exact combinations as for bigger orders. Housewives wanted reserve stocks of the toothsome edibles Bess artfully made them hungry for. By the end of two months I had paid off a third of the obligations that had been crowding me to the wall.

Meanwhile I hadn't forgotten what that wrathy customer had said about my ratty old store. I got after it hard and slapped on the white paint. My credit was better now, and I was able to get some new equipment. The store had always been on a strictly cash basis so far as my customers were concerned—thank Heaven! Otherwise I should have been up against the difficult problem of making it such. Other men may think what they please about the importance of a cash basis, but I believe in it for small stores. I should never attempt giving credit without ample capital back of me.

It did not take me many months to see the great importance of going after trade by dissecting it into its elements with even greater analysis than we had hitherto used. We specialized in inventing bills-of-fare for children's parties. We went after the sick-bed and general-invalid trade in foods; we got out and clinched the hospitals, sanatoriums and dyspeptics.

### *The Food That Fetched Father*

A great deal of this work we did through personal solicitation—some of it we did by our combination cards and by circulars; gradually we began to work into the newspapers. As specialists in good food we began to be known all over West Pointville. It was on that rock we took our stand; but all the time I kept getting into more minute specialties.

"Bess," I said one evening, "I am going to study up on diabetic foods, for one thing. Old Dr. Fitzmaurice told me today that at least three hundred people in this town have diabetes, and five hundred more think they've got it. Among the latter class he named my own dad."

Not many weeks later I'm hanged if dad himself didn't walk into my store, just as coolly as if he'd been in the habit of coming in every day!

"Nat," said he, "I want some of your diabetic flour—the kind you sell to Lon Widdowson. He says it has helped him a lot and I've been trying to get some. That's it—how much is it?"

"You're welcome to it, dad," said I as I wrapped it for him. "And say, dad," I went on, "I've got some diabetic tea-biscuits and barley. I'll put some into the package and you can try 'em."

He accepted the gift, but I could see a sort of hangdog look on his face. He was ashamed of the way he had treated me.

"How are you getting on, Nat?" he inquired.

"Fine!" said I. "Why, my sales have more than doubled in the last eight months in the general grocery, and in the delicatessen and special departments things are simply booming! I'm specializing on appetites, dad. I'm making the people of this town want my stuff and come after it. I take each article in my store as a thing by itself and figure out the best way to make people hungry for it."

"You've turned out to be smarter than I thought you," he conceded. Then he asked, with a queer note in his voice: "How are the folks up home, Nat?"

Now dad had been pretty mad at Bess ever since the elopement; and when the baby came he never even sent her a spoon. So this was quite a concession from him.

"Fine!" said I. "I've got the prettiest wife and the smartest youngster in West Pointville! Little Bess looks like you, dad—sure, she does. Wait till you see ——"

Just then the door opened in his face and in walked Bess, carrying the baby. Well, sir, I thought dad was going to run! Instead, he shook hands with Bess. Then he took little Bess; and I'm hanged if he didn't kiss her and cry! The baby cried too. Next

IT will be easy for every mother and her children to have soft, smooth skin all winter by using

# Hinds

HONEY AND ALMOND

# Cream

A very small quantity, applied morning and night, will keep the complexion fresh and clear. It will prevent *chapping*, and will quickly restore irritated, sore skin.

Men prefer Hinds Cream after shaving, as it promptly relieves the smarting and tenderness.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c. Do not take a substitute; insist upon HINDS.

Samples will be sent if you enclose 2c [illegible] to pay postage

A. S. HINDS
227 West Street
Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP; highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.



## A MAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

is not always easy to select—but you'll be sure to please him if you give him one of the

KREMENTZ GIFT BOXES

containing four of the well known

**Krementz Collar Buttons**

one each for front and back of neck and two for sleeves. Three grades to select from

| | |
|---|---|
| Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate | $1.00 |
| 10-K Solid Gold | 4.00 |
| 14-K Solid Gold | 6.00 |

They are backed up by the Krementz Guarantee: A new button [illegible] in case [illegible] genuine K[illegible] case [illegible] that is broken or damaged [illegible]

You can buy Krementz Gift Boxes at the leading dealers. If not sold in your neighborhood, will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of price.

**KREMENTZ & CO., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.**

Ask jeweler to show our Cuff Buttons

# Champion Priming Plugs

Open needle valve slightly (you needn't remove glove) and inject gasoline. Passing through its own channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark point.
CHAMPION PRIMING PLUG
New steel needle valve hardened and ground to a perfect compression tight seat

## Sure Starters For Cold Cylinders

Low grade fuel won't give you any trouble if you have these priming plugs.

They will start your motor—on the coldest, rawest day—with one quarter turn.

You can run your car or motorcycle any day and every day, without any winter starting nuisance.

To do that you must—of course—prime your cylinder. Our way is the easiest and surest way.

**Champion Priming Plugs** give you a rich gas right at the firing points—then shoot a sizzling hot spark into it.

They do what ordinary priming cups can't do; bring the gas and the spark together.

They are necessities on the hundreds of thousands of cars that have not priming cups. They are worth many times their cost on cars that have priming cups as well.

You are not taking any chances on the **Champion,** judged solely as a **spark plug.**

There are no better spark plugs made. They are factory equipment for three-fourths of all the cars made in America.

**Champion Priming Plugs** are guaranteed absolutely as perfect spark plugs and prime-rs.

**See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain.**

**Sold everywhere at $1.25 each. If your dealer is not yet supplied, use the coupon and send us $5 in any safe form, for a set of four Champion Priming Plugs, prepaid.**

They are made in a special size for motorcycles. Disregard the coupon when ordering them for that purpose. Send the name of your motorcycle with your remittance.

**Champion Spark Plug Company**
105 Avondale Ave. Toledo, Ohio
TRADE CHAMPION MARK

**Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio**
Herewith find $5 remittance for which send me four Champion Priming Plugs, prepaid.
My car is a_____ ____ of the year
Address_____
My regular dealer is 105


night we went over home for supper my old home up on Fern Hill.

In a few months more I moved into a new downtown store, put up for me by Asa Eigemann, our biggest capitalist. I had caught him as a customer with a certain dietetic group of foods I put out—not diabetic this time, mind, but dietetic. I had studied up the properties of foods and was educating the public to buy the stuff they most needed for their health. Of course I went into the matter only superficially—just enough to make my point. For instance, I tripled my cheese trade by driving home the fact that cheese contained practically all the casein of milk, and formed a strong nitrogenous or flesh-forming food when properly used.

I'll bet there isn't one grocer in a hundred who can tell the effect peas have on the human system—or tomatoes, corn, beets and asparagus. They might add ten, twenty, or even one hundred per cent to their trade in canned goods by concentrating on real canned-goods salesmanship from time to time as I did. Take canned peas, for example: In two days I sold twenty additional cases by having a special display in my store and by talking the truth that peas are rich in protein, which, I explained, was a vital necessity in all animal tissues. I drilled this into my customers by both talk and placards.

### *The Secret of Selling*

There are certain grocers I might name which have canned stuff on their shelves with the dust a quarter of an inch thick on it. Also there are merchants who have stock chucked away out of sight and wound round with cobwebs. Yet all these goods would have moved quickly enough if the hidden selling points within them had been exploited in a reasonably intelligent way. But first you've got to learn those points yourself.

The people want to be shown—that's one secret of selling groceries and other things.

Some weeks I hustled chiefly on flour—"flour weeks," I called them in my announcements and solicitations. I dug out the best selling points in the particular brands I carried and pounded these points home. Thus I had a demonstration of bread in my store—beautiful, firm, white home-made bread; and I gave away five hundred sample loaves. Well, sir, my flour began to move; and in two days I sold forty barrels. That was the beginning of my prestige in flour. At times I had special "quantity" sales, when I made a lower price and delivered many a barrel and sack direct from the cars, without handling them at all in my store.

I did the same thing with potatoes and other heavy goods. I bought only stuff that had good selling arguments; and then I worked those arguments forward and backward and round the circle.

All the time Bess kept up her combination idea and gave it new directions. As I went into newspaper advertising by degrees I followed out the combination scheme there. Nothing was too small to be worked into a tempting combination of things to be bought at my store or made in the home kitchen. If I mentioned shredded cocoanut, for instance, I often suggested its use for making creamy, delicious cocoanut fudge—a delicacy that could be made very quickly and easily when unexpected company happened in.

I might go on indefinitely citing instances of how we tempted people to buy, but I should have to write a book to do it. I think I have said about enough to show you how I met our big crisis.

Little Bess is six years old now and we have a new baby. The second one is a boy, and I named him after my dad—Dunbar Scott Livermore. His grandfather thinks he's the best thing that ever happened and hopes that some day he'll be head of the Livermore legal firm. You see, dad has long since given me up for that honor. Poor old dad! But he didn't have diabetes after all; he has cut out the diabetic flour and gone back to ordinary food, which he buys altogether at the main Livermore store.

There are five Livermore grocery stores now, located in three towns; and the five of them together paid me last year about twelve thousand dollars net.

Of course another crisis may come along sometime; but, if it does, I believe I can get over it somehow. The two I have gone through have taught me the way!

# The Arrival of the New Assistant Sales Manager

MAKE the Multigraph your Assistant Sales Manager, and it will bring into your organization the greatest of all salesmen—Mr. Postage Stamp.

The use of the United States Mails and the Parcel Post—one or both—has a relation to business building that the far-sighted executive can not afford to despise or overlook.

Direct-mail advertising is not limited to those who sell their wares or their service direct to the user. It is used in well nigh every business, trade or vocation.

*Through the mails* great factories, retail stores, banking and investment houses find new customers and retain old ones.

*Through the mails* the farmer builds up a private market.

*Through the mails* the small store finds a wider field and grows great.

*Through the mails* professional men win success.

*Through the mails* old established concerns pave the way for salesmen; ginger up the salesforce; inspire and coöperate with dealer and jobber; drive in the wedge that opens great markets at home and abroad.

## Why is the Opportunity so Often Neglected?

One of the chief reasons is lack of knowledge. Some fear the inconveniences, expense and delay of carrying out such work thoroughly and effectively. They do not know that today there is a new and better method of using the mails.

—a method that is as easy for the small concern as for the big one;
—a method that practically eliminates fuss, bother, delay and inconvenience;
—a method that saves from a third to three-quarters of the cost;
—a method that is applied in the privacy of your own office, that works without interruption, that gets results on short notice.

That method is Multigraph System.

## The Multigraph but a Means to an End

Naturally we have studied the application of Multigraph Equipment to varied lines of business—*for we determined at the outset that no man should buy a Multigraph who didn't really need it.*

In years of that study and investigation we learned more and more of the great power of the Multigraph and the mails—working together—*to build up business, increase sales, expand commerce.*

The fact that it saves every year thousands of dollars on typewriting and printing is subordinate to its value as a salesman.

The one great question is "How to use it and what can you do with it in *your* business."

Let us help you answer that question. We are equipped to do so, for we have the knowledge gained by the successful experience of Multigraph users big and little.

A two-cent stamp may bring you the greatest salesman that ever joined your organization.

**The American Multigraph Sales Co.**
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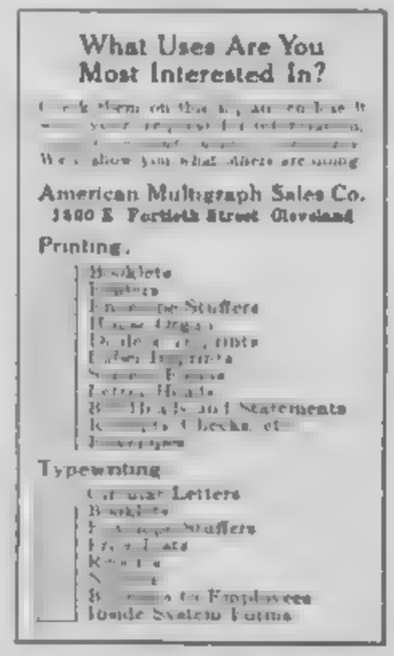
Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory
European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co. [illegible]




THE MULTIGRAPH
*Produces real printing and form-typewriting, rapidly, economically, privately, in your own establishment*

Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 4

# Let The Rexall Store Settl

More than 7,000 leading druggists of the United States, Canada and Great Britain have organized co-operatively in order to buy and manufacture in enormous quantities. That is why The Rexall Store in your town can sell you the articles shown here

## Sweetness

HERE is a hint to you, gallant gentlemen, and to you, fair maids and matrons, whose slightest preference expressed will govern many a choice of Christmas remembrance—just two words—important to remember and potent in delightful suggestion,

## Liggett's Chocolates

Meaning a day or so of pleasure, of sharing with the home folks and friends; this is what makes Christmastide complete.

Liggett's Chocolates are as good as the best and purest ingredients and the skill of expert confectioners can produce.

Liggett's come in a wide assortment of delicious flavors and blends and nut and fruit centers. The chocolate coating is the finest that can be made.

*In handsome, ribbon-tied, embossed boxes, sold at only one store in your town, The Rexall Store. A few suggestions—ask to see them*

Liggett's Chocolates, Assorted. In pounds up to five pound boxes.
Liggett's Fruit Cordials, Chocolate Coated. In pounds
Liggett's Butter and Milk Bitter-Sweets. In one and two pound boxes.
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CAN you imagine than a great, big, paper, a hundred sheet envelopes, in white or sizes for different kinds bon to match the tints— in a glacine wrapper that opened? This is not ordi holiday-trade paper—it is

## Sympho Writing

—stylish, of best quality, exquis
Here is a perfect gift—on *useful* for months to come.

Sympho able view who posse You m white, or *Twilight Old La* —and yo if you wis Costs y to qu bor

Christmas Gifts Week begins to-day at all

*The Rexall Stores*

*These Christmas Gifts Are Sold Onl*

# e Your Christmas Gift Problems

Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 4

at such low prices. Make up your Christmas lists from these suggestions and go to The Rexall Store and see the goods. If you do, you will want to buy them, because they mean sensible and satisfactory gifts at prices you can afford.

## brance

more acceptable gift
beautiful box of writing
s of paper and a hundred
assorted tints—different
of letters—all tied with rib-
—the whole box enclosed
keeps it clean and fresh till
nary, cheap-quality-just-for-
the

## ny Lawn

## g Paper

ite in finish and goodness.
e that will give pleasure and be

ony Lawn is correct from the fashion-
oint. Your use of it stamps you as one
sses refinement and good taste.
ay have Symphony Lawn in clear, pure
n the following tints:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Gray* | *Surf Green* | *Shell Pink* |
| *ender* | *Boudoir Blue* | *Champagne* |

may have it in smaller boxes, also,
n.

ou from 40c. to $2.50, according
antity in the box and style of
der you select.

## Fragrance

IF you know some one who loves violets, and if you could bring arms and baskets and automobiles full of violets and literally smother her with their soft petals and divine fragrance—then you would not be able to give as much pleasure as you can by a gift of one or several of the

## *Violet Dulce*

### Perfumes and Toilet Preparations

Because in them is the *lasting* fragrance of choicest, freshest French violets—their sweetness captured and imprisoned in extracts and toilet waters and sachets, and other dainty toilet accessories, that give pleasure every day throughout the year.

For a single ounce of the essence from which Violet Dulce is made more than two tons of the wonderfully-sweet Parma Violets are required.

Violet Dulce Perfumes and Toilet Preparations are made in our own perfume laboratories in Boston, which are said to be the finest and most up-to-date in the world.

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Violet Dulce Sachet, ounce, 50c.
Violet Dulce Toilet Water, 75c. and $1.25.
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Violet Dulce Dry Rouge (Theatrical No. 18), 10c. and 20c.
Violet Dulce Toilet Soap, the cake, 25c.
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Violet Dulce Vanishing Cream, 50c.

In The Saturday Evening Post on January 10 will appear "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 5" on Maximum Rubber Goods

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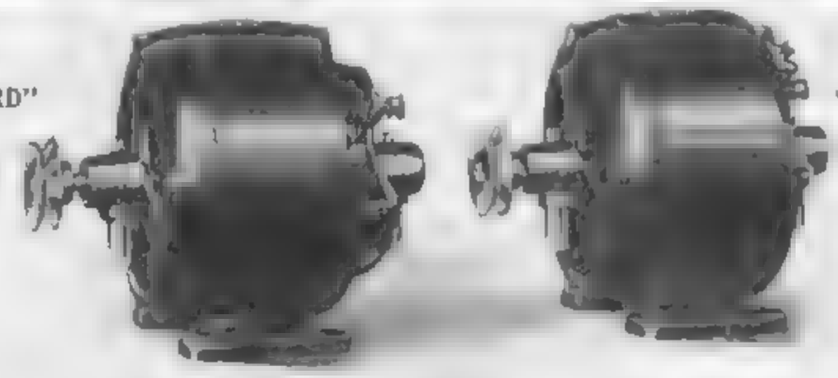

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We now make Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors interchangeable in fractional horsepower ratings. Either Direct or Alternating Current motors of the same rating and speed can be used on power-driven devices without altering the supporting base, gears, or pulleys of the driven apparatus. This is a feature of distinct value to anyone interested in devices operated by small motors.

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Now Used in Over 2,000 Classes of Mechanical Work

We have specialized for 18 years in making small motors and have standardized frames for practically all ratings.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors are of strong, rugged construction insuring freedom from vibration. They stand hard usage under most trying conditions. Their high efficiency lowers operating costs. They are cool, clean and quiet in operation. For use in every conceivable industry.

**Write for Full Information**

Tell us your requirements. You will receive prompt and courteous assistance, and without charge. The collective experience of our Engineering Department is at your service without obligation of any sort. 87

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Ready for *real* sleep

Be prepared to invite the refreshing slumber that gives renewed energy for the tasks of to-morrow.

**Faultless**

**Pajamas Night Shirts**

SINCE 1881

are soft, soothing, roomy and comfortable. And they introduce *style* in nightwear.

Pajamas $1 and up. Night Shirts at all prices dependent upon material.

Write us for Faultless "Bed-time Book".

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Makers of Faultless "Day Shirts" with Neck-Band.

Jaeger

WOOL is Nature's own fabric for retaining warmth, repelling cold and equalizing temperature. It takes up perspiration, permits circulation and guards the body against sudden changes. Thousands have learned the benefits of wearing Jaeger Made Woolen underwear, sweaters, stockings, coats, caps, etc. Famous for 33 years.

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*Protect Yourself* At Soda Fountains *Ask for* ORIGINAL GENUINE

*The* Food-Drink for All Ages

Nourishing Delicious Digestible

*Others are Imitations*


# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN

*(Continued from Page 23)*

Missouri. With us it broke before daybreak one midweek morning, from a heavy, dull, leaden sky that had been ominously still for two days; but farther south it was not raging in full force until late in the afternoon, when school-children were setting out for home.

I had seen plenty of storms in the city when not a vehicle would stir out for a couple of days; but the walls of houses along the streets broke the force of the wind in the town and none of us ever stayed in for a storm.

As the days shortened, the family where I boarded would place the breakfast on the table the night before and leave a very handy hired man to fry ham and eggs and have them on the table before three of us tumbled downstairs in haste to swallow our breakfasts and hurry off for school in a jumper sleigh.

On this particular morning I felt the house rocking to the wind and there was a peculiar long, low, whining moan to the storm. Barefooted and still in my nightdress I looked out through the frosted window, rubbing a little clearing in one corner of the pane. Snow was driving fine as pepper and salt, and the drifts were just beginning to puff up in little whiffs of white smoke.

I suddenly recalled that the boy who opened the school lived five miles away. If the storm grew worse he might not come or might be late. There was one little girl who had no sleigh and who sometimes got a chance ride and sometimes did not; and she was so regular in her attendance you could be sure she would come through fire or water.

What if that youngster came and the boy had not arrived to open the school! The prairie was literally dotted with tragedies from just such simple mischances. Only the year before a woman and her boy had been frozen to death trying to reach a neighbor's shanty to obtain aid for a sick man.

### *Battling With a Blizzard*

By this time I was dressed and downstairs. None of the children of the house had risen. It was half-past eight and there was no jumper sleigh at the door. If I had lived longer on the prairie I should have known that neither diamonds nor rubies could tempt a true plainsman out of doors in a blizzard; but I did not know this and kept thinking of that little girl.

I had sense enough to run back upstairs and cast off all impediments in the way of superfluous skirts and to draw on an extra pair of waist-high close-knit stockings. Then I put on a pair of heavy rubber wading boots; and I wore, as nearly all Westerners do, a coon coat buttoned right up to the eyes, with gauntlets, and a wedge cap drawn down over my ears.

Running downstairs I unbolted the front door and was off. The family told me afterward that they never dreamed any human being could be so foolish as to dare a bad blizzard—the very dogs and coyotes knew better; but, you see, the young girl did not—and that, too, is typical of the young girl wage-earner's attitude to life. In sheer ignorance of facts, mistaking her own headstrong determination for the favor of God—believing that good intentions are a Jacob's ladder to angel deeds instead of a well-paved path to a certain unspecified pit—your young girl wage-earner rushes headlong into dangers that the oldest campaigner would not touch for love or money.

The storm caught me and nearly lifted me off my feet. It was fun at first. The wind pumped the lethargy out of one's lungs like bellows, the blood went racing and the nerves tingling, and you did not walk on earth at all, but on air, with an intoxication of sheer youth sizzling in your brain that set you humming and singing before you knew it.

I was pretty sure I could not get lost, for barbed wire lined both sides of the road for the first mile. Then there was a diagonal cut across the open prairie for perhaps a quarter of a mile; but you could not see the fence on either side, and I presently came to a dead stop, pushing with all my force against the wind, bent almost over, and gaining not a foot against the force of the white hurricane.


ISLE D'AMOUR

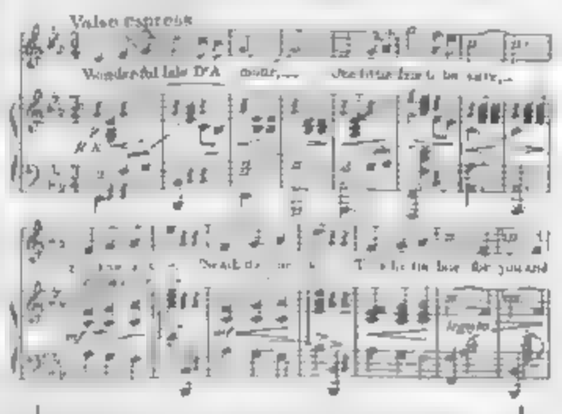
**CARUSO**

Has a Copy of "ISLE D'AMOUR"

The beautiful song, *on sale everywhere today*, was written by Earl Carroll and Leo Edwards Carroll is the youthful collaborator of Enrico Caruso Caruso thinks "Isle D'Amour" one of the best songs his protégé has ever written.

It is a waltz-ballad that is the dream and delight of every singer. Miss Jose Collins introduced it with great success in "Follies of 1913"; more real artists have taken it up than any popular song written.

"Isle D'Amour" is the craze of Broadway—the Hesitation Waltz of Newport—the haunting melody you hear everywhere. The finale is the brilliant portion, but here are a few introductory measures of the song. Try them on your piano.

Isle D'Amour.

The regular price *should be* 25c. *The introductory price is only* 10c—*on the Pacific Coast* 15c. *Get it today at any Kress, Woolworth, Kresge, McCrory or any other* 10 cent store, *or at* any music dealer or department store. If your dealer doesn't have it, send us six 2c stamps, and we will mail it direct; Pacific Coast orders, eight 2c stamps.

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| Hesitation Waltz | Isle D'Amour |
| Valse Boston | The Old Wedding Gown |
| One-Step | A Rut Along! (As You Please) |
| Tango Argentine | Ecstasi (Extasy) |
| Turkey Trot | The Gobbler's Gambol |
| also | Two new and beautiful Reveries introducing the fascinating chime effect on the piano. |
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The Midnight Masquerade (N Y Winter Garden)
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Nellie's Christmas Prayer Three Christmas Songs
A Note to Santa Claus that will make the children happy
Katie's Christmas Dream

"Isle D'Amour" as well as most of the other pieces mentioned above may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano.

Arrangements for Band or Orchestra, 15 cents.

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Copies of each of the 18 pieces mentioned above, in a handsome Christmas Box will be sent for any Music Lover, postage Not to be



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Made of a closely woven, knitted fabric lined with thick gray wool fleece. ... fasteners ... Ask your ... sent postpaid on receipt of $4.50

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# This is The Bissell Electric Suction Cleaner

IT does its work just as well as $500 to $600 built-in suction cleaners, yet costs much less than any portable cleaner that even approaches its power, size and efficiency.

It moves 80 cubic feet of air a minute at high speed, picking up everything from the finest dust atoms to ravelings, lint, big cuttings and heavy refuse that less efficient cleaners cannot lift.

**It's The Speed and Volume of Rushing Air**

That give the measure of a suction cleaner's quality. The Bissell Electric Suction Cleaner excels because it has the most powerful motor ever put in a portable suction cleaner of anything near its lightness.

Its 1½ in. hose has four times the suction space of the usual ¾ in. hose. It has an 80 ft. circle of operation from any lamp socket. Is easily carried up and down stairs by any woman.

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It runs lightly beside the operator on large, rubber-shod wheels without conscious effort. It's not like pushing a heavy motor on a stick. Both tube and flexible rubber hose are extremely light, though large and strong. The tool slips easily over rug, hardwood floor, draperies or upholstery, requiring much less exertion than the handling of a broom.

*You need not hesitate a moment* in ordering by mail. The name "Bissell" has stood for extraordinary efficiency in high grade electrical machinery for over twenty years.

We will pay the freight and let you test this wonderful cleaner for a month for a ridiculously small payment, without any obligation on your part. Decide leisurely—there. Then you can own it, if you wish, for

**Only $1.75 Per Week**

Practically unbreakable, it gives complete satisfaction in the largest office buildings, churches, hotels, theatres, restaurants, etc., as well as in private homes.

With special appliances, which are furnished free, the Bissell Electric Suction Cleaner polishes silver, sharpens knives, etc., and at slight extra cost can be equipped to run washing machines, meat choppers, bread mixers and other light machinery.

**Write today. Ask about our Easy Payment Plan.**

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325 Huron Street, Toledo, Ohio

Western Offices 501 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.
608 So. Olive St. Los Angeles, Cal.

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NOTE—Make no mistake. This is the [illegible]

I was breathless, hot, and suddenly most fearfully tired—a sleepy tired. I turned my back to the storm for a minute just to get a breath, and then felt my way through the white, howling funnel of air, in a cyclone of fine, frosty particles that stung like whip-lashes or salt, to the post of the barbed-wire fence on the right. I hung on to this with my back to the wind until I got a breath, and became aware that my toes were stinging and numbing.

I knew by this time that I ought not to have come out; but I kept thinking of that little girl—she was such an ill-favored, naughty, find-me-in-the-wrong-place little monkey too; it would be just like her to be huddled up on the doorsteps of the schoolhouse dead!

I loosened my collar to get a breath, turned, faced the storm and beat ahead. This time I came to a stop only four or five fence-posts farther on; and I did not want to sleep—oh, no; you never want to sleep in the frost death! But I did most terribly want just to sit down and rest for one minute—for only one minute.

My feet did not sting any more; but the wind had beaten my lungs until they felt raw with pain, and each breath felt as if my throat had swollen up and I had no room left to breathe—as if I could not get a clean, clear sort of water-drink, satisfying breath.

I know now it is the feeling a patient has under an anesthetic before the last drop into the dark of unconsciousness. It was the dull, sort of dead pain in my feet—as if they did not belong to me—that warned me what the sleepy exhaustion meant, what the desire to sit down for only one second's rest meant.

I have known frontiersmen at this stage to beat a companion up with their fists—to slap him across the face in order to make him go on; so I turned and bowed my head to the storm, and ran again with feet that felt like clumps of clownishness. But when I pulled up at the next fence-post for a breath I knew I was far past halfway; and I did not let myself rest so long, but rested oftener.

On the last lap of the race against the storm it came to the point where I had strength to spurt only from post to post. You did not sink through the drifts—they were packed as hard as earth; you skimmed up over them like a swimmer breasting billows. The prairie between the drifts would be blown bare to the earth; then you would clamber a rolling drift as high as the fence-top, and the storm would catch you and hurl you down in a cataract of snow.

### *I Win My Snowfight*

At the last post I tried to face forward and get the exact location of the schoolhouse in my head for the final spurt across the open prairie. The air ahead was just one white shrieking Walpurgis of blizzard demons. They moaned; they screamed; they laughed; they ran up and down a gamut of fiendish glee, wailing off into a moan as the wind lulled for a fresh burst. And through the white tornado I saw a dark form—then the drifts again, in billows that rocked the earth; and stamping my feet to try to bring them to life, with a weight of sleep like lead above both eyes, and lungs so sore I felt as if they would bleed, I broke into a lame run across the open prairie, where there was neither fence-post to hold me up nor wire to keep me on the trail.

This last quarter-mile was the most dangerous; but two things helped me—I got my back to the northwest wind, and I have always had a kind of sure-footed instinct of finding my way in the dark. But I had no breath. Both feet were dead. The leaden sleep above my eyes had a trip-hammer beneath beating in my temples—I suppose it was exhausted heart-action—and the white squall was beginning to swim black. I ran like one falling; I did, in fact, fall with a slamming thud right into the school porch; and there was no little rat of a freckle-faced girl lying huddled up dead, as I had feared.

The drifts had blown into the porch as high as the doorlock. I kicked through them. Thank Heaven, no youngster's body lay under them. I ran round the schoolhouse and hallooed through the storm. Not a pupil had come! There was not a track to the sod stable.

I did not wait to unlock the door. I sprang at it with all my might on my dead feet and burst it in. The schoolroom was blue white with frost and snow that had


# A Splendid Business Opportunity For Wide-Awake Men and Women

WE need a live, bright man or woman in every community in which we are not now represented. Your own community may still be open. The amount you can earn will be measured by your own efforts. The possibilities of the proposition are shown by three reports just received from three men in different sections of the country, showing a net earning for each man of over $100 a week. This is not unusual. Every week some of our men make over $100. (Names and addresses furnished on request.)

The article on which we want you to represent us is a sanitary convenience of vital concern to millions of families that are suffering inconveniences and discomforts and facing dangers to their health because they have no satisfactory, sanitary system of sewage disposal. School boards, owners of hotels, stores, factories, custodians of public institutions and building contractors are also deeply interested. Many schools in rural districts and towns throughout the country have already installed our sanitary appliances and highly endorse them.

For years there has been a rapidly growing interest in the question of sanitation. Big magazines, farm papers, newspapers, physicians, medical associations, health boards and the Government sanitation experts are turning the people's attention to the importance of sanitary conditions in all communities and about the individual home in particular. Legislative bodies all over the country are passing laws to ensure sanitary conditions around all premises where anything is produced or prepared for human consumption.

The "Swat the Fly" campaign that has enlisted the support of millions of people,—men, women and children all over the country,—is one result of the work done by sanitation officials and health commissioners, supported by the press, in educating the public to the menace of the germ carrying, disease-spreading fly. The installation of sanitary conveniences in homes that are not within reach of municipal sewerage systems will greatly help in eventually making the fly extinct and reduce human suffering and deaths from contagious diseases.

All this public interest is creating a tremendous demand for just such a sanitary convenience as

## THE WATERBURY SANITARY CLOSET
ALL METAL-CHEMICAL

A handsome, well-finished piece of furniture,—can be placed in any room in the house,—guaranteed absolutely odorless,—no plumbing necessary,—practically no installation cost. Made of steel and iron, it cannot absorb moisture or odors and cannot warp. If not abused, will last a life-time.

We offer you an article of proven merit, for which every home that is not modern is a prospect,—an article of demonstrated salability, backed by a strong advertising campaign in leading magazines and farm papers.

Territories given to first desirable applicants. Sales experience is not really necessary. We want ambitious, red-blooded people of good character,—energetic, industrious, determined. We co-operate in every way possible and turn over to you the prospective business in your community secured direct from our extensive advertising. Write today if you want to better your situation or are out of employment.

## This Book FREE

It discusses in a clear, non technical style the most serious sanitary problem of those living in rural districts, villages and towns not having municipal water works or sewerage systems, and how the problem has been solved in a most satisfactory and practical manner. Everybody living in unmodern houses should have a copy of this book. Write for it.

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**1123-37 Jackson St., N. E. Minneapolis, Minn.**

We also have a few openings for good men, experienced in handling salesmen, to manage open territories.

# 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with 12 Blades

YOU can shave yourself best with an "EVER-READY" safety razor. You can shave yourself safely—expertly and luxuriously—the first time you use an "EVER-READY". If you don't think so after a trial—you get your dollar back.

The keen—smooth "EVER-READY" blade glides over your face, removing the beard cleanly and without a pull or scratch. It will do it repeatedly.

12 of these marvelous, triple tested "EVER-READY" blades—each one guaranteed—together with safety frame (guaranteed 10 years)—metal handle and handsomely made case costs you $1.00 complete

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*Extra Blades 10 for 50c*

Don't ask for a dollar razor but the "EVER-READY"—it's the one with 12 blades.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

driven through the window-sashes. Of course there was no fire there. I could not wait to gather wood. I seized every schoolbook piled up on my own desk, and any other book in sight, tore the leaves out, dumped them into the big box stove and set a fire roaring.

Then I jerked off those rubber wading boots—the spurt of the last quarter-mile run had brought my feet alive all right! There was no mistaking they belonged to me—they belonged to me to the very roof of my head, with sensations something between inflammatory rheumatism and a toothache getting up speed. If I had been in a house the pain was so acute I am sure I should have plunged my feet in warm water to get relief—and so probably lamed myself for six months; but as there was no hot water I did the only thing possible—I cut the overstockings off at the feet and, with a fur gauntlet, rubbed snow against the understocking. This prevented a break or burn of the flesh, which so often leads to gangrene and blood poisoning from bad freezings; then, when the pain grew too sharp to be endured, I got up and danced and pounded my feet, and hurled good wholesome lively maledictions at the climate, where "it's cold but you don't feel it"—which was the very best possible thing to get life back into dead feet.

It was midday before I had myself and the schoolhouse properly thawed out; and I made up my mind that if I had to sleep in that schoolhouse a week I would not go home through that storm.

Back at the farmhouse the people were frantic with anxiety. They had been out the night before and did not discover that I had gone until the hired man came in from the barn. He followed me down the lane as far as the road, then rightly concluded that if I had "got through," as he expressed it, I should be safely in by that time; if I had not I would be too deep under the drifts to be found.

The blizzard raged until five that night, then fell like a spent fury, with surly sharp whistlings and shrill complainings, and little tossings of wisps of curling drifts. By six o'clock the moon was up and we were in for one of those clear, sharp, hard, forty-below-zero nights that nearly always follow a bad blizzard.

### *Camping in the School House*

I looked out from the schoolhouse door. I was hungry; and I could see the smoke of the farmhouse curling low and purple on the offing like the funnel of a ship at sea. There was no sign of the barbed-wire fence. It had been buried feet deep under the drifts. A coyote came up to the crest of a snow hillock and howled mournfully at the silver sickle rim of the cold moon. How do they know—those sinister bandits of the prairie—when to come out and seek the dead after a storm?

That settled it—I was going home. Getting hold of a shinny stick—we call them hockey sticks today—I set off over the drifts. I remember letting out a halloo that sent the coyote skulking; but I have no doubt he ran abreast on the other side of the fence drifts all the way home. The drifts were as hard-packed as ice—you could glissade down the long slopes of them; but I followed their crests over the tops of the fence-posts. My feet were aching, but no longer painful.

Halfway home I met the farm family coming out to seek me. They had a funny look on their faces—half contempt, half admiration—as if I were a fool, but not a half-bad one.

"What did you do it for?" demanded the old Irish mother, her buxom arms akimbo on her hips.

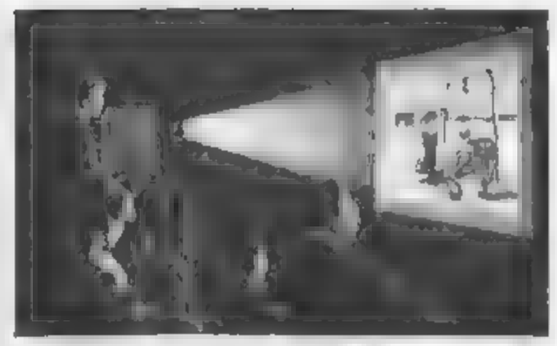
"I was afraid some of those poor kids who had no jumpers would be there," I apologized.

She rubbed her nose so vigorously back and forward on her fur sleeve that I thought she would wrench it off.

"Then I guess it's like Paddy when he ups and dies—we'll forgive you because you won't do it again."

They treated me to a great deal of rough, cordial tenderness that night, of which I did not in the least understand the why. I heard Johnny, the hired man, confide to his boss: "That kid is a corker, but she is so green she'd better go home to her maw."

When I sent in returns for the government grant, including that day, I had actually to prove that I had opened school. As the treasurer was a crusty, penurious old fellow suspected of pocketing off-day

## A Perfected Picture Machine for Home Entertainment

The foremost lens makers of America have solved the problem of satisfactorily projecting enlarged pictures from the pictures *themselves* as well as through lantern slides.

# Bausch and Lomb HOME BALOPTICON

Shows colored pictures, photo prints, type matter or solid objects, such as coins, minerals, etc., with a clearness and brilliancy heretofore impossible except with lantern slides.

**Shows Type Without Reversing.** With no other popular priced instrument can you project written or printed matter without the extra expense of a reversing mirror. You will realize how this increases the opportunities for pleasure and entertainment.

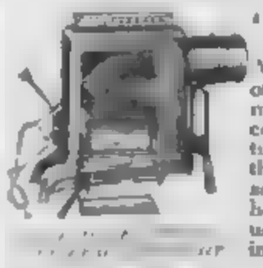
**Shows Solid Objects.** Owing to the fact that the object holder is on the *floor* of the light chamber rather than on the wall as in other home instruments, it is possible to show solid objects. The works of your watch, pieces of jewelry, botanical specimens are all subjects possible to project readily in the Home Balopticon only.

**Scientific Illumination.** The fact that the Home Balopticon is equipped with one of the famous B & L. *achromatic* lenses and that years of laboratory experiment are behind its wonderful system of illumination and reflection, accounts in a large measure for the superior clearness and brilliancy of its pictures.

Another advantage is that each outfit includes two adjustable picture holders and an aluminum coated wall screen which makes the image many times more brilliant than can the ordinary sheet.

That this is the best of all home picture machines will be apparent if you compare demonstrations with any other similar projector at any price. At photographic dealers—not toy stores.

*For lantern slide users the Home Balopticon can be supplied in a model combining lantern slides with opaque pictures giving instant interchange between the two.*



**"Fun—and Better" *Free***

A book about the possibilities of original home entertainment with the Home Balopticon. If you doubt that this picture machine is to the eye what the talking machine is to the ear, send for this book and read how the Balopticon can be used for pleasure and profit in scores of different ways.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 570 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

# Shirley President Suspenders

50¢

*"A pair for every suit"*

makes a man's whole year merry—saves time and temper every day. Try it and see! Choice of 12 beautifully designed gift boxes. At stores or postpaid, 50c.

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

# Parlor Golf

Here's a wonderfully popular game that the whole family will enjoy. Everyone who plays PARLOR GOLF becomes a member of the exclusive Francis Ouimet set, and can play PARLOR GOLF with the children as well as with the grown-ups.

PARLOR GOLF COMPANY
95 River St., Hoboken, N. J.

# Henley Rollabout

New and Novel

If you cannot get it from your dealer send direct.

Greatest Toy Ever Made for Children

For circulars and prices address

Patented

M. C. HENLEY and SON, Richmond, Indiana

## A Partial List of Westinghouse Electric Christmas Gifts

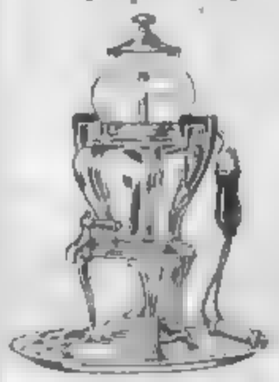
HERE are some helpful holiday suggestions. Every woman who has used Westinghouse electric household devices wants more. The woman who has not will appreciate one of these gifts.

**Electric Toaster-Stove—$6.00**

Thousands of breakfast tables use a Westinghouse Toaster-Stove. As a gift it will be appreciated and *used*. It has two interchangeable tops—one a wire grid for toasting, the other an aluminum griddle which when inverted is a frying pan. Price includes tray and connections.

**Electric Coffee Percolator**

3½ pint Colonial—$20.00
3½ pint Empire—$16.00
2½ pint Empire—$15.00



The graceful Westinghouse percolator is an ideal gift. It makes eight cups of delicious coffee for one cent, and begins to percolate in less than two minutes. Comes ready for use.

**Electric Tea Samovar—$14.00**

The Westinghouse Samovar makes perfect tea by the tea-ball method. No odor of alcohol, no fire danger. Always ready for use. Comes fully equipped, nickel or copper finish.

**Electric Irons—$3.00 up**

No woman wants to be without an electric iron. Saves steps to and from the stove, stays hot, and never becomes dirty with soot. Comes ready for use.

**Electric Sauté Pan—$12.50**

The universal cooking utensil. Will fry, stew, boil or bake. Useful for preparing luncheons and suppers. Perfectly safe and very convenient. Comes fully equipped for use.

These devices are all on sale in your city. Send for Westinghouse catalogue 1529. It makes a fine Christmas list.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
Dept. H P East Pittsburgh, Pa.


allowances for himself, the incident caused a good-natured laugh.

The storm, which broke with us in the morning, did not reach the state south of us until two in the afternoon. Many of the country teachers saw it coming and had dismissed their charges at noon. One young girl, not many years older than myself, had a dozen pupils all muffled up to the eyes and ready to start home when the storm broke, roaring down the ravine like a cloudburst. She called the children back and told them they would all camp in the schoolhouse for the night. Her children were all very young. Toward eight o'clock at night the wind became so violent that the frail roof began to creak and wrench and heave. She got her youngsters up off the floor and muffled them up to the eyes; then she tied each kiddie's arm to a long knitted scarf. There was no panic. She did not tell them what she feared.

There came a wilder swish—the roof lifted and whirled off like a hat. Down smashed the stovepipes and over rolled the coal stove. Everything was flaming in a second. She grabbed the scarf and led her little line of mere babies out into the white whirl of the wild night. Holding the head and tail of the scarf she led the little line in a half-circle through the storm down the ravine to the nearest ranch-house, without the freezing of as much as an eyelash.

There were no Carnegie medal-givers in those days. If you had suggested such a thing you would have been ridiculed. Medal! Why give a medal for doing the day's duty or the day's job?

So the term drew to a close—happy days of being "only a teacher," which have made me look twice ever since when I hear a man or woman use that epithet. It was not an "only" proposition at all. Why do they call themselves an "only this" or an "only that"? What drew the gray cataracts across their eyes, and gave the droop of self-pity to the corners of bitter lips, and injected the vinegar of discontent into the souls?

Thousands, tens of thousands, are doing for a lifework what I was doing as a substitute; and they find their vocation leading down the trail of ageless adventure—which the feet of youth have ever sought—to the big, open world; to freedom; to opportunity for service; to independence and security.

Multitudes of boys and girls on the frontier, "bach'ing" it in ten-by-twelve shanties, with soapboxes for washstands and biscuit-boxes for bookshelves, have put in their homestead duties while teaching a frontier school. What if the wolves did howl all night, drawn by the odor of ham and eggs? The jewels were on the dew in the morning and zest edged every light, and life was a good sporting proposition worth all the odds of effort and pain and trial.

If I could have stayed and homesteaded a farm, and lived a life in the open, chains could not have drawn me back to city life; but at that time we did not realize that a girl could do that kind of thing—and I was needed in my own home.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles giving the Autobiography of a Happy Woman. The fourth article will appear in two weeks.

## Clocks That Run

CLOCKS are now being sold that will run without winding until their metal parts are worn out. Though it sounds like the old fallacy of perpetual motion the principle of the mechanism is far from it, for the clocks utilize the energy of the rise and fall of daily temperature.

Metal bars, which are very sensitive to temperature changes, are so arranged that when the thermometer goes down and the bars shorten in length the slight motion of the bars will be fully used; and again, when the temperature rises and the bars lengthen sightly, this motion also will not be wasted.

The motion from the bars serves to lift little steel balls from a lower reservoir to an upper reservoir, and these balls are used to turn a wheel, much like the old-fashioned waterwheel action. It is only on such a slight demand for power as in clocks that the energy of temperature expansion and contraction is likely to be used.

On the assumptions that an ordinary small clock will run twenty-four hours on the energy represented by dropping one pound one foot, and that it would cost one dollar for enough metal rods to develop this amount of power, it would cost to develop one horsepower $47,520,000!

Hotel La Salle
Chicago's Finest Hotel
RATES:
One Person: Per Day
Room with detached bath $2 to $3
Room with private bath $3 to $5
Two Persons: Per Day
Room with detached bath $3 to $5
Room with private bath $5 to $8
Two connecting rooms with bath:
Two persons per day - $5 to $ 8
Four persons per day - $8 to $12
The only hotel in Chicago maintaining individual floor service throughout
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice Pres. & Mgr.
La Salle at Madison St.

Whether you come to Chicago on pleasure or on business, you will find HOTEL LA SALLE the ideal place to stay. It's easiest to reach and closest to every place you want to go.

One of the chief charms of Hotel La Salle is its atmosphere of comfort and genuine hospitality.

*Everybody Likes Hotel La Salle*

# Mail the coupon below today

*For a "week's size" cake of this famous skin soap*

IF YOUR skin is not the healthy, radiant skin you would like it to be, mail the coupon below today. By return mail we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, enough to last over a week—and tell you how it can aid you to correct or prevent the most common skin troubles.

Unless you have used this famous skin specialist's soap you do not know how beneficial a soap can be. For thirty years, John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin and its needs. He treated thousands of obstinate skin troubles, made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for the now famous Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Mail the coupon below today, and begin at once to get the benefits of Woodbury's Facial Soap for *your* skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that finer texture and better color which the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.

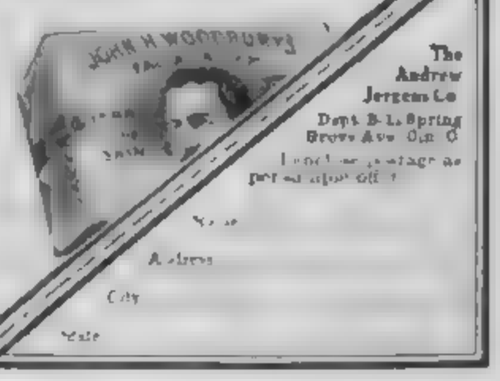
# *Woodbury's Facial Soap*

*For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada*

**Write today for samples**

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book—67 pages, cloth-bound—and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. B-11, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

*In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. B-11, Perth, Ontario.*



The Guaranteed Flour
OCCIDENT
For the party sandwiches and cakes for the daily bread and biscuits always The Guaranteed Flour Occident.
Your grocer refunds your money without argument if you are not satisfied.
Costs a little more than others —worth it!
Russell Miller Milling Co.
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# What Next?

## Rest in Action

A QUEER discovery has recently been made by psychology that is of real use in snapshot photography. It has been found that in order to get a photograph of a moving person or thing to show real action—one that does not look like a pose, but shows evident energy—one must not snap the button when the motion is in progress, but either at the beginning or at the end of the action, or at some resting-point in that action.

A striking example is Frederic Remington's sculpture of a bucking bronco. It is all action, yet it shows the buck at the instant when it has reached its climax and is pausing in that pose for the fraction of a second—in other words at a resting-point. The psychologist shows that an attempt to show the bucking halfway in progress at a second when the action really was liveliest, would have failed to give anything like the same impression of vigorous motion.

A snapshot photograph of a man walking shows more action if it is taken at the instant when both feet are on the ground than when one foot is in motion in the air. The most realistic picture of a baseball pitcher throwing is one showing him at the instant of delivering the ball, not in the midst of his winding-up or throwing action; and, of course, he poises for a second just as he delivers the ball.

So also with a batsman—a snap of him just at the end of a swing at the ball, taken in that fraction of a second when he pauses at the end of the motion, is much more active than a picture of the actual swing, with the bat blurred.

The newspaper photographers who take the pictures for the sporting pages seem to have learned this principle on their own account, though the photographers who do the other kinds of snapwork for newspapers seldom apply it.

Prof. H. H. Hollingworth, of Columbia, has worked out the principle by psychological methods, and the rule he has worded to cover the case he calls the law of the resting-point. It sounds very much like a paradox: "To suggest activity pictorially, the moving object must always be caught at an actual point of rest. To suggest pose or arrest, it must be caught at a point of actual motion."

### Getting the Most Action

The proof of the rule is to have people who never heard of it take a batch of photographs supposed to depict motion and mark them in the order of the greatest suggestion of activity. One set of pictures he suggested included an athlete hurdling, a woodman felling a tree, a pugilist striking a blow, a brakeman jumping a train, a pole-vaulter, an archer shooting, a rattlesnake striking, a man pumping, a man shoeing a horse, and a bronco-buster.

A group of persons sorting out pictures like these in the order of the greatest depiction of motion will pick as the best those that have been taken at resting-points. The negative part of the law works out equally surely; for it is the awkward poses, such as a running horse with two feet off the ground, that look the most stilted—a snapshot of a horse actually at the point of greatest motion.

The few apparent exceptions to the general law really are not exceptions when given consideration—as, for instance, the hurdler. A picture taken of a man hurdling a fence shows most action when taken at the climax of his jump, high in the air; but, on consideration, it will be appreciated that there is less speed in his jump at that stage than at any other, and so it is a resting-point.

The explanation for the queer rule is simple: The human eye cannot see motion clearly, but only resting-points. The swing of a batsman, for instance, is not seen clearly, but the beginning and the end of the swing are seen.

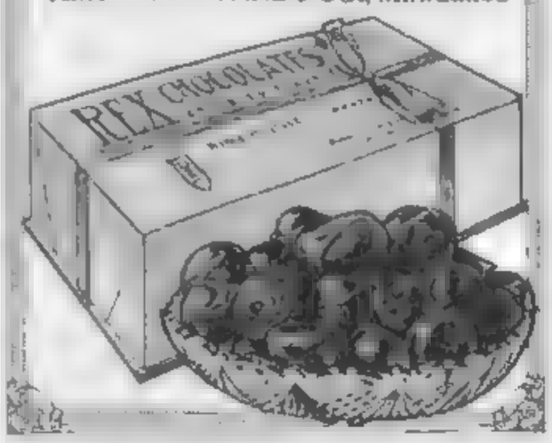
Thus the brain comes to know that the attitude of a batsman at the end of his swing means that he has just swung, and it supplies the thought of the action. A snapshot of him in the middle of a swing is strange to the brain and calls up no such experience in the brain. A snap picture of him at the end of his swing is unconsciously recognized as an essential part of a vigorous motion.

One reason sister is so popular

These excellent chocolates appeal alike to the youngsters and grownups

REX
CHOCOLATES
"KING OF BITTER SWEETS"
35c, 60c and $1—the Box

Milady CHOCOLATES
"Every piece a surprise"
50c, 85c, $1, $2, $3—the Box
*At your dealers or sent direct on receipt of price*
AMERICAN CANDY CO., Milwaukee




*We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm*

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

Your grocer can supply you with our real country sausage, shipped fresh from our Wisconsin farm in *net weight* packages. If he cannot, write direct to us and we will see that you are supplied. If you like country sausage, real country sausage, and have not tried ours, do so—one more delightful surprise for you. In the old farm house (pictured below) where Jones Dairy Farm Sausage was made in the kitchen for many years, you will find us still living. Just across the pasture to the left you will find the building in which we now make it.

Milo C. Jones, Jones Dairy Farm
Box 605, Fort Atkinson
Wisconsin

Boys Are Kept Amused and Instructed by the Hour

with the wonderful new mechanical game. The boys in the picture are playing with a R R Signal Tower which they have just completed. Note the intent, eager faces. While playing they learn mechanics—how to build in miniature, models of the great steel structures of this mighty steel age.

"The American Model Builder"

is composed of beams, girders, angle irons, wheels, bolts, etc., in miniature made of [illegible] and steel; also the necessary [illegible] printing presses [illegible] etc. Endorsed [illegible] where. Seven sizes $1.00 [illegible] to at any time. Nucleus [illegible] and parents. For sale by [illegible] and toy stores.

Write today for free illustrated Catalog 26

The American Mechanical Toy Co.
426 East 1st St. DAYTON, O

For Christmas a Pennsylvania Knit-Coat
With the Unbreakable NOTAIR BUTTONHOLE
is just the right thing

THERE is no garment more comfortable—more capable of true service—more useful. Men, women and children who feel the need of looking well and feeling well should have one. There are many models and colors to choose from and all are skillfully made of the very finest of yarns.

Look For This [Pennsylvania Knit-Coat Notair] Trade Mark

The "NOTAIR" buttonholes cannot tear or fray out, thereby insuring perfect fit and lasting shapeliness. These garments are sold by better stores everywhere and the prices are very reasonable. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

*Our interesting new book of styles sent upon request. Write to-day.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA KNITTING MILLS
1010-12-14 Race Street Philadelphia, Pa.

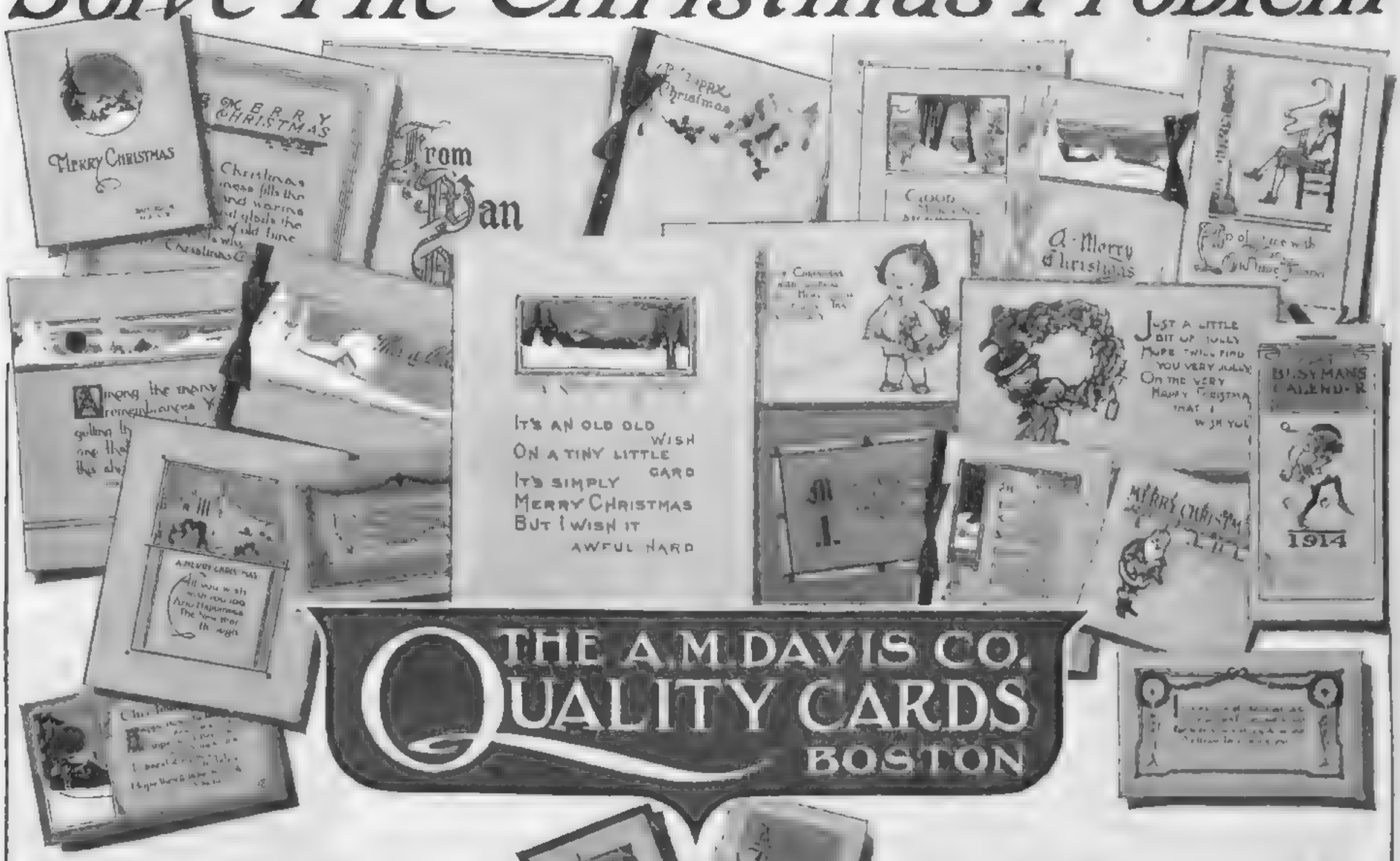
Rite-Lite ADJUSTABLE SHAVING AND DRESSING GLASS

Price Delivered
6 in. Diam. $2
7 in. Diam. $3
7 in. Dble $5
(magnifying)
Money back if not satisfied
Special Xmas Proposition

Raises and lowers 8 in. Slides 14 inches in front of window. Nickeled fixtures. Beveled plate mirror. Turns on swivel. Excellent Xmas Gift for Men and Women

Rite-Lite Glass Co., 244 N. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

# Solve The Christmas Problem




SOLVE the Christmas problem with **Davis Quality Cards.** They are always a delight to the recipient because they express *your* thoughts and wishes in an individual way. The greeting you would send to that old friend or school chum, the new acquaintance or the folks back home is here expressed a little better than you could do it yourself.

Free from the usual "mushy" sentimentality, **Davis Quality Cards** sparkle with friendly enthusiasm. They are different, original and exclusive—a refreshing relief from the old-fashioned highly colored Christmas booklet with its meaningless sentiment.

**Davis Quality Cards** are the *original* American Christmas cards of high quality. New and different every season, they are printed, engraved or embossed on quality paper in a quality way, making cards you are proud to send to your most exacting acquaintance.

THE cards shown here and hundreds of others are sold separately at good stores. If you want to make your Christmas shopping easy, ask for a dollar box of

**"Quality Cards for Quality Folks"**

containing an assortment of 19 distinctive Christmas cards for your various friends. Or ask for the dollar box of

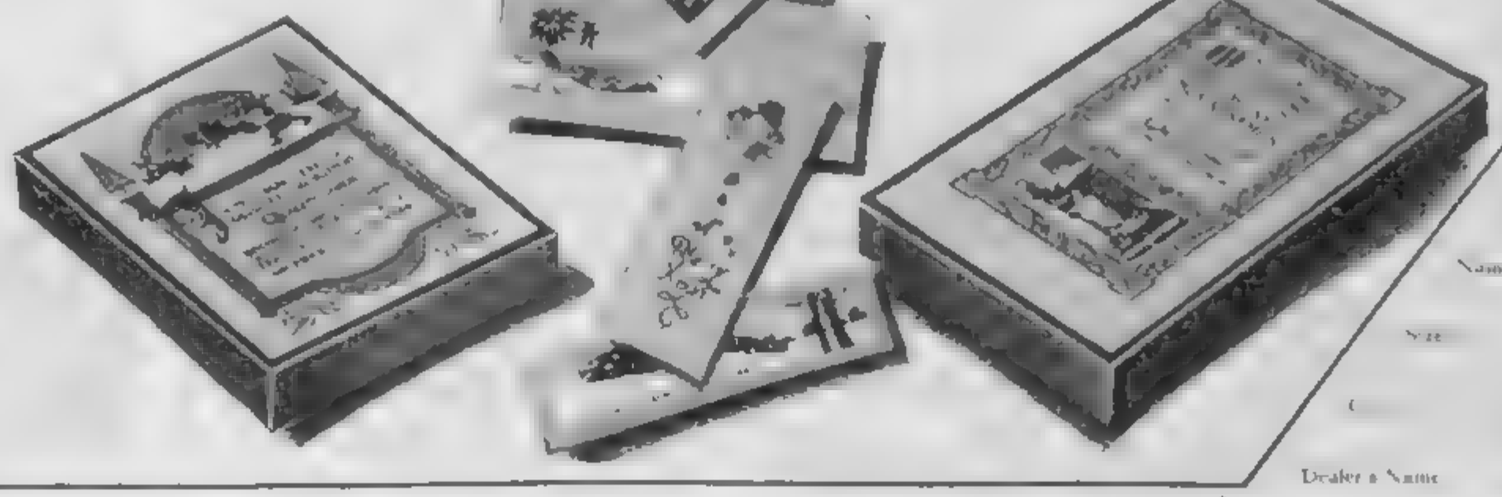
**"Quality Cards for Business Men"**

containing an assortment of 12 cards—such cards as a man likes to send to his friends. If your dealer can't supply you

***Send Us the Coupon Below***

with one dollar for each box ordered and we will mail you direct the box designated, together with booklet showing our complete line. Or send a post card for booklet only.

**The A. M. DAVIS COMPANY**
**529 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.**



THE A M DAVIS CO. QUALITY CARDS BOSTON

**Ask your dealer for Davis Quality Cards. As they have proved themselves good enough to be imitated, look for this Trade-Mark on the back.**

THE
A M DAVIS
COMPANY
529 Atlantic Ave.
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed please find
$ Send me
Davis Quality Cards
Business Men's
Davis Quality Cards
(If you want only one box cross
the one you do NOT want.)

Name

Address

Dealer's Name

# Hello Boys!

## Make Lots of Toys

Hurry and Write for My FREE BOOK

I know what boys like. It's great fun to build machine shops that run lathes, saws, fans, etc.; to make steel towers, railroad bridges, motor engines and cars that run themselves. But best of all, boys, this is the *only* steel model builder that has a real electric Mysto Motor included without extra charge. It's dandy to have a motor to make things move—isn't it?

Besides—the Mysto Erector has 1-5 more parts than any similar toy, so you can build bigger, better models. You can build faster, too. Its girders are square and look just like those on railroad bridges and steel buildings. They stand up stiff and strong.

# The Mysto ERECTOR

**The Toy that resembles Structural Steel**

**PARENTS:** Many a happy hour is ahead for the boy who owns a Mysto Erector. It's nickel plated on stiff steel and durable. He doesn't get discouraged working with it because its parts are larger; builds faster because it requires less bolts and screws to fasten.

Building with the Mysto Erector develops your boy's mechanical skill—trains him in engineering principles. It educates as well as fascinates.

It's a good investment at any time and a splendid Christmas gift. Get him one. Prices from $1 to $25. Sold by toy dealers. If your dealer hasn't it, please write us.

Write today (giving your toy dealer's name) for my Free Booklet filled with interesting pictures of the scores of big, interesting models you can build with the Mysto Erector.

**Girder Bridge**

*Just see how many models you can build!*

| | |
|---|---|
| Aëroplane | Lighthouse |
| Bridges | Machine Shop |
| Buildings | Motor Car |
| Derrick Balloon | Structural Steel |
| Elevators | Wagons |
| Inclined Railway | Wheelbarrow |
| Windmill | |

and hundreds of other models pictured and described in my Free Book.

A. C. GILBERT, President
The Mysto Mfg. Company
50 Foote St., New Haven, Conn

*Dealers: Write us for our extra liberal selling proposition*

We also make Puzzles, Magic Tricks. Send for big catalog of hard and easy ones.

## THE ONLY CHILD YOU KNOW

(Continued from Page 10)

ever told me stories, and I am sure I never told my sons stories except when they were very young; but my father's visits to my house were looked forward to eagerly by my sons, because he told them such fascinating stories about pioneer days in the Middle West and of the Civil War. I myself hope to be a competent grandfather; but I wonder now why I did not practice a little for the part on my own children.

Of course my father, himself an inveterate smoker, told me I must not use tobacco; and I myself—smoking pretty constantly—laid the same injunction on my sons. That is one of the ever-standing bugaboos of parenthood. To read some of the literature on the subject one might suppose that the only really important fact about any boy is whether or not he surreptitiously uses tobacco. I suspect that if I had devoted as much attention to telling my boys interesting things as I did to telling them they must not smoke I might have had influence enough with them to keep them from smoking.

How clear and indubitable it is, when you look back on your own boyhood, that a system of mere prohibitions will never succeed with a boy! It is exceedingly clear to me—now that my sons are grown. If you have nothing but Don't! to tell your son it is quite as well not to tell him anything at all. But the prohibitory system is easiest for father—hence its popularity.

What a scandalous thing the actual selfishness of a father is—how, in spite of all pious pretensions to the contrary, he shapes his relationship to his children very largely with a view to escaping bother!

My son, aged thirteen, runs in aflame with excitement. He and three pals are going to take a boat and some blankets and grub and make a three-day excursion down the river. They will sleep on the bank at night and build a campfire. They are going to start within an hour. Please get the grub ready instantly—and where's his blanket?

True, they have no tent; the boat is somewhat small; the season is advanced and the nights frosty; the current is strong and they will have trouble rowing back. They may be drowned; they may catch cold; they may get lost; they may set the woods afire. His mother, behind his back, anxiously shakes her head at me—being only a female and therefore a stranger to the delights of nomadic life.

### *Life in the Present Tense*

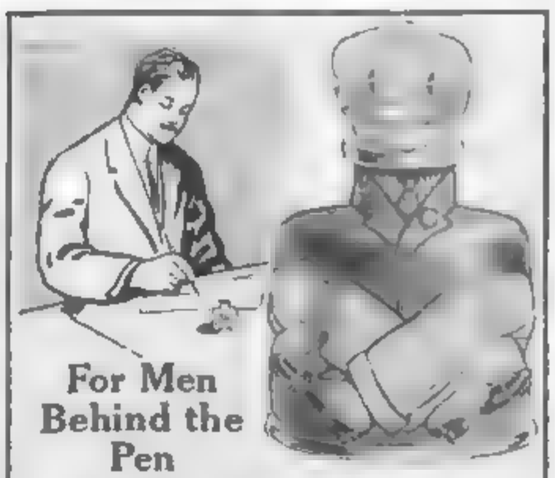
I point out the weighty objections. If they had a larger boat and a tent, and more provisions, and a better way of getting back, and the nights were warmer—the scheme might be feasible. Next summer they can make ample preparations and have a fine excursion; but now it is quite out of the question.

I have forgotten that to a child there is no next summer or next month—or even next week. This present moment is the only time for doing it that ever was or will be. To answer a boy's flaming eagerness with "Next summer" is the same as answering it with "Never!"

There were some risks and objections, but they were not very weighty. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred the boys would have taken care of themselves very handily. My refusal is simply the reaction of my nerves—a shying-off from prospective anxiety and remotely possible pain. I will be much more comfortable with my son safely at home. That is really why I refuse—and no doubt he knows it.

Father, of course, is deeply concerned about a school—really anxious to discover the best institution to hand his son over to—the likeliest place to shunt him off. Only a part—and the smaller part at that—of a boy's education is derived from any school. The remainder he gets himself or derives from unpedagogic persons with whom he comes in contact. Father certainly is a person with whom he is continually in contact; but the educational results to the boy are usually quite pindling compared with what they might be.

Do not your grammar-school and high-school children frequently ask you astonishing questions, showing an ignorance of things with which you supposed them to be quite familiar? As—Who owns the street

**For Men Behind the Pen**

To men whose signatures make people look twice—leaders of men and moulders of thought—Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx have come to inspire. These jovial, gleeful little figureheads on the prow of your desk will banish the jinx on concentration and add a touch of happiness to your writings.

They smile when they hold Carter's Inks. But ordinary ink gives them indigestion, because they know its marks are not so brilliant—so clear—so permanent—so satisfactory to *you*. Carter care, Carter skill, Carter quality are in

# Carter's Inks

—*no wonder* the "Inx" *know* their superiority.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx are at home with all the best stationers, and may be secured for adoption with a purchase of a given quantity of Carter's Inks or Adhesives.

THE CARTER'S INK CO.
Boston, Mass.
New York, Chicago
Montreal

*Manufacturers of writing inks, adhesives, typewriter ribbons and carbon papers.*

# RIGHT TEMPERATURE IN THE HOME

With this perfect device you can determine exactly the temperature during the day, indicate at bedtime the temperature for the night, and secure automatically at the getting up hour a resumption of the daytime temperature.
All adjustments made instantly from thermostat placed on the wall in the living room.

"MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

## And 8-Day Clock

Clock feature and [illegible] alone to secure [illegible]

Used with any heating plant. Sold and installed by heating trade under positive guarantee of satisfaction.

Write for booklet. Shows all models, explains details and gives prices.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
2750 Fourth Avenue So
Minneapolis, Minn.

**Give Him Something *Choice* this Christmas**

A gift which will stand out from conventional trumpery and reflect the giver's thoughtful judgment.

The New

**Kerr Adjustable Belt Buckle**

*Of Silver or Gold*

has a patent adjusting device. No unsightly tongue and eyelets. A handy snap permits quick change from black to tan or colored belts.

Sterling Silver $5 14-K Solid Gold $25 [illegible] All good [illegible]

*Write for booklet of artistic designs*

The Wm. B. Kerr Co.
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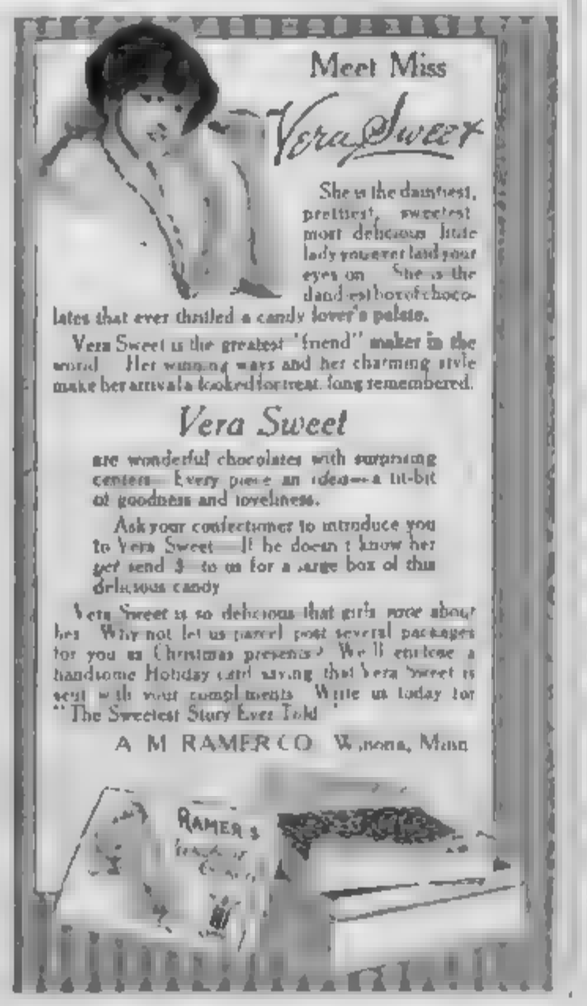

Meet Miss *Vera Sweet*

She is the daintiest, prettiest, sweetest most delicious little lady you ever laid your eyes on. She is the dandiest box of chocolates that ever thrilled a candy lover's palate.

Vera Sweet is the greatest "friend" maker in the world. Her winning ways and her charming style make her arrivals looked for treat long remembered.

*Vera Sweet*

are wonderful chocolates with surprising centers. Every piece an idea—a bit-bit of goodness and loveliness.

Ask your confectioner to introduce you to Vera Sweet. If he doesn't know her get send $ to us for a large box of this delicious candy

Vera Sweet is so delicious that girls rave about her. Why not let us parcel post several packages for you as Christmas presents? We'll enclose a handsome Holiday card saying that Vera Sweet is sent with your compliments. Write us today for "The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

A. M. RAMER CO. Winona, Minn.





**Keep Your Feet Warm**

If you have steam or hot water you can always keep your feet warm and be comfortable with our patented Radiator Foot Warmer, easily applied, fits any radiator. Looks well. Can also be used in the dining room keeping dishes warm or in sick room [illegible]

*A-1 Agents Wanted*

The Radiator Foot Warmer Co
[illegible] State St
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used as a Foot warmer

cars? Could the president of the United States fire the mayor if he wanted to? Does Japan own Russia now, having defeated her? Who says how much a pound sterling shall be worth in our money?

Very likely the child has read an answer to these surprising questions in some textbook at school—reading in that dead-alive state in which most children deal with textbooks, and under a general impression that the things in the textbook have no tangible relationship to the things in life. The questions disclose alarming areas of ignorance and, at the same time, a lively appetite for knowledge.

Do you answer them perfunctorily? Or—much worse than that—do you refer the questioner to some book on the subject? Frankly I generally answered perfunctorily or referred to a book, because I was otherwise engaged at the time and that was the easiest way out of it. Thereby clearly I overlooked a very important educational opportunity.

Of course you will make nothing by a pedagogic method. A schoolchild has all the pedagogic method he can absorb away from home. If you make it a lesson to be learned, with an examination on the subject next day, you miss the point; but by companionable talk you may do much. Boys have pretty good intuitions. Undoubtedly a boy whose father is ready to explain things interestingly will go to that father with a great many questions that come up in his mind; whereas the boy whose father puts him off perfunctorily will mostly keep his questions to himself.

### *What Boys Want to Learn*

Throw out some questions yourself as the occasion naturally arises, and you will probably discover plenty of openings for educational information. We have been rather going on a theory that the boy was being taught in school all the useful information he could absorb; but we know well enough there is no ground for any such a theory.

As I recollect it, when my boys were ten to fifteen years old I actively interested myself in them only when they were in trouble. If they were in good health and no bad reports came from school or from the neighbors I took it for granted they were getting on well and really troubled myself very little as to what was occurring in the universe behind their blue eyes.

If they were eating and sleeping regularly their bodies must be doing well; if there were no bad reports from school their minds must be progressing satisfactorily—and with an easy conscience I could settle down to my book or whatever other occupation invited my attention. My father and myself got on in about the same way; and, so far as my observation goes, that is the commonest relationship between a father and his pre-adolescent son. Of course the moment any trouble arises father intervenes—usually in a manner more or less disagreeable to the son. The point is, a continuous, real, active interest would furnish a better basis for negotiations when trouble appears.

How much do you really know of what goes on in your son's mind? Perhaps you are taking it for granted that the school is steadily packing that mind with all the educational matter it can hold, and, for the rest, that the boy is simply playing with his mates. But by recalling your own boyhood you will know that every normal boy is constantly absorbing education from older persons outside the school; in fact he is always consciously trying to imitate some older person, and usually that older person catches his attention by exhibiting an accomplishment the boy considers manly. The accomplishment may be of a purely muscular nature or consist of boldness or of only a stock of indecent conversation; but it is not true that normal boys are attracted exclusively by things of that sort.

I remember very well that we prodigiously admired a stocky, redheaded woodchopper who could bend a horseshoe or seize a young tree with both hands and swing his body out at a right angle with the tree; but we had exactly the same abounding admiration for a little Jew clothier who was said to be able to speak five languages, and we would stand before him round-eyed as long as he would take the time to tell us what dog and horse and coat were in his various tongues. We wished to be as strong as the woodchopper, but we wished equally to be as learned as the clothier.

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—from California

—A unique, novel Christmas confection. The gift from California that is wanted the world over, that is welcomed by the most discriminating, and a Christmas treat that will be new to your friends.

Calarab
CANDY FIGS

is a fig confection—packed like pressed figs—has a rich fig flavor—tender to bite. Calarab—the candy figs that are made where the figs grow, that have a distinct, individual, fascinating taste.

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BISHOP & COMPANY
Los Angeles, California

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

"SWAN" SAFETY PENS

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The Christmas Gift

Give "Swans" this Christmas

MABIE TODD & CO.

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339 South State St., CHICAGO
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# A BURROUGHS for Every Business

## A PRICE for Every Man

Some people don't realize that they can buy a Burroughs for as low as $150

Perhaps you, too, didn't know that we have scores of different styles from $950 *down*, like some of those described here—made to suit your business.

Perhaps you think you don't need a Burroughs? Well—a Massachusetts grocer boosted sales 400% with his Burroughs! A Pittsburgh general storekeeper lets his Burroughs take care of his books while he takes care of the sales! A Western wholesaler saves $1,560 a year in reduction of time and labor, by getting out statements which bring in 6,000 remittances *on time*—with his Burroughs! A manufacturer we know saves $372 weekly by using a Burroughs!

Don't be like the man who wrote us, "After I had used it one week, I was sorry I hadn't bought it five years ago." Ask us—Now—to give you a free demonstration, to put a Burroughs in your office at our expense and without obligation and *prove* that it will do for your business what it has done for 150,000 others.

Send for the new Burroughs book called "A Better Day's Profits, and learn how Retail Business benefits by Modern Methods and Burroughs Department of Systems Service

**A** 9-Column Burroughs (Style 120) $325—Visible adding dials and visible writing [illegible] for wide sheets, total, sub-total, error, repeat, non-add and column correction keys.

**B** 7-Column Visible Burroughs (Style 310) $175—Paper carriage for roll paper, visible printing, adding and writing, total, sub-total and repeat keys.

**C** 7-Column Burroughs [illegible] $250

**D** 9-Column Visible Burroughs with Column Correction Keys $325 [illegible] print, repeat and column correction keys.

**E** 7-Column Visible Burroughs (Style 210) $225—Paper carriage for wide [illegible] visible printing, adding, writing [illegible] both sub-total print.

**F** Duplex Shuttle Carriage Burroughs $500— [illegible]

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO., 99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

European Office: 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

*Makers of adding and adding subtracting bookkeeping machines listing and non-listing adding and calculating machines, visible printing* [illegible]

*These are U. S. Prices*


In spite of anybody's theory to the contrary boys have a tremendous respect for knowledge—until it is offered them in a textbook under the prisonlike regimen of a school. They consider it a manly accomplishment. A boy will boast of his father's knowledge as naturally as of his physical prowess, because it will evoke as much admiration from the boy's companions—provided, of course, father has exhibited that accomplishment to him.

I am confident that in a great number of homes a very large educational opportunity is mostly going to waste—the father's opportunity to inform and inspire his son. We are insisting now on the importance of practical or vocational or industrial education—on instruction that not only has an immediate applicability but which is tangibly and directly related to the man's world of affairs toward which the boy is naturally looking. That is precisely the sort of education father might impart.

One trouble is that we associate education too much with the printed page. If a boy wants to know we are too apt to send him to a book—both because that is easier for us and because we imagine that information derived from print is in some way more educational; but the printed page, like strict veracity, is an acquired taste. The easiest way to learn is by an object-lesson and the spoken word. A reasonably intelligent man who knows something about any physical object, from a dining-room chair to a constellation, can hold a boy's attention indefinitely while he explains it.

I admit it is quite a bore. Probably it will bring down on you a flood of questions, many of which will seem foolish. To answer them takes patience and time you might be devoting to a more amusing pursuit; but the inquisitive ignorance that prompts the questions is bound to get itself satisfied somehow.

### *The Parable of the Cornsheller*

The grain elevator in our town had a new cornsheller. A farm wagon delivered a load of corn on a platform; the platform tilted up and the load shot down into a mysterious abyss, where it was promptly resolved into clean cobs, which poured from a chute at one side, and shelled corn, which was elevated into the bins above. That mysterious abyss quite fascinated us. We speculated a good deal as to what happened there. Finally to test one of our theories we surreptitiously slid a rock down with the descending corn. Thereby we found out what we wanted to know—but incidentally wrecked the cornsheller.

I am sure we should have been as well satisfied if the elevator man had exhibited his cornsheller to us and explained how it worked. We should hardly have ventured to ask him—and probably he would have chased us away if we had; but, as it was, he chased us twice as far and so saved no time, besides losing a valuable portion of his machine.

The overwhelming importance we attach to the printed page as the great medium of a boy's education makes the normal boy's reading a great anxiety to the normal father. I used to read dime novels, and my father was much concerned about that—finally placing an absolute prohibition on them—with the result that I did my reading in the barn instead of in the sitting room.

My sons drove me to despair by an exclusive literary appetite for trash. They had not even the taste of goats; for a goat would as lief eat a sound vegetable as a decaying dishrag.

Now my father read a great deal and so did I. No doubt both of us set some store by our judgment of books. If we could not influence our pre-adolescent sons in this really important matter there was certainly a very imperfect contact between their minds and ours. The fault, of course, was on our side—not on theirs.

If about seven normal boys out of ten, even among those in whose homes good books are habitually read by the elders, have their dime-novel periods, during which they will voluntarily read nothing save what their parents know to be injurious rubbish, it simply shows that men have not understood boys as well as they should. Otherwise the craving for strange, adventurous excitement, which sends them to Deadwood Dick, would be more wholesomely satisfied.

Frankly, as a father I was a pretty flat failure; yet I am satisfied a father can be quite useful to a son if he will take the time and have the patience.

We *give* you a "Satisfaction Box" of Nobility Chocolates—confidently knowing their quality will make you always a "Nobility girl."

# Nobility Chocolates

Because greater candy care or more expensive goodies can't go into candies. Write for your box *now*—each candy in it's different.

Just send 10c to cover postage and packing—tell us where you buy your candy. "Nobility" is dollar a pound chocolate—$1.25 on the Pacific Coast.

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY

248 Washington Street, North, Boston, Mass.

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## ROOK

*The Game of Games*

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Price 50c at your *Dealer's*, or by mail from us.

# PLAZA

*The Newest Parker Game*

The brightest liveliest, newest game for many years. It is absolutely fascinating. The best fun for 2 or 3 or many players. Patented two-colored pack of 60 cards, handsomely designed [illegible]

50c at your *Dealer's*, or by mail from us.

Send for list of our 12 more Pastime Picture Puzzles for Adults, Ping Pong and 50 other good games.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.

SALEM, MASS. [illegible] NEW YORK

ROLL MAKERS OF [illegible]

# *Keep Warm on Cold Days—wear*

# Brown's Beach Jacket

Has a wind-proof, knit exterior of dark blue-gray strong cloth and a warm fleece lining. Wears like iron; washes without shrinking; comes with or without sleeves. Warmer than a sweater and costs only half as much as a good one. Endorsed by all classes of wearers who work or play in the cold; such as lumbermen, farmers, motormen, mountain climbers, R. R. men and truckmen. Vest retails at $2.00; coat without collar at $3.50; coat with collar $3.75. Ask your dealer for BROWN'S BEACH JACKET. If he cannot supply you write us, and upon receipt of price we will see that you are supplied.

*Send at once for Catalog No. 1*

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TRADE MARK

*A new game by the author of Flinch and said to be better*

The most elaborately and artistically designed card game ever published. Each card beautifully illustrated in colors.

Great for two players, Still better for more.

Embodies a combination of luck and skill which delights children and fascinates experts. You'll like Roodles—it's irresistible.

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. G-55 CHICAGO

G-E Uni-Set complete with Cord and Plug $22.00
Uni-Set Chafing Dish $4.00 with Stove $10.50
Nursery Outfit $7.50 with Stove $14.00
Egg Rack with nursery outfit and Samovar
Uni-Set Samovar $5.00 with Stove $12.00
Uni-Set Percolator $6.50 with Stove $13.00
Uni-Set Stove with cord and Plug $6.50

# G-E Uni-Set

WINTERTIME at home—Christmas-tide—the season of giving. What gift could be more modern or more appropriate than an electrical comfort?

Toast in the morning, afternoon parties, late suppers—all the cozy delights of "intimate cookery" are made more enjoyable with G-E Electric Ware.



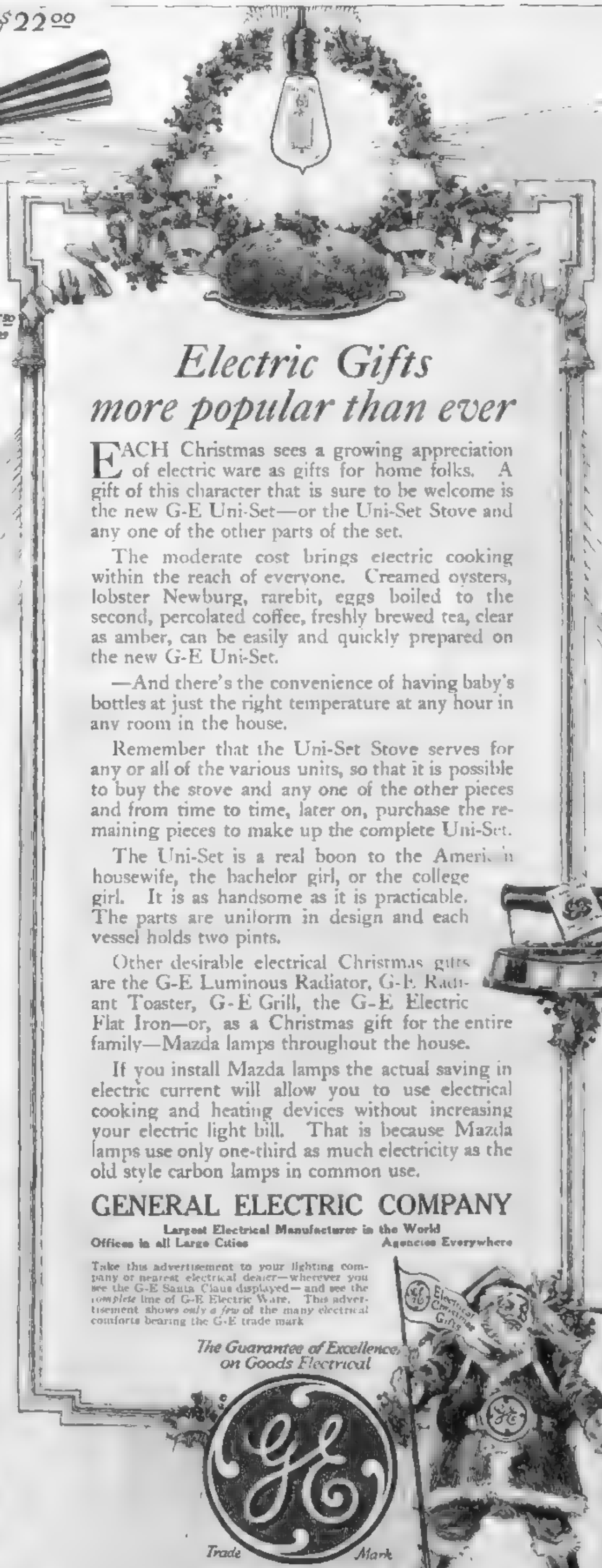
G-E Radiant Grill $7.00



G-E Radiant Toaster $4.00



G-E Twin-Glower Luminous Radiator $6.00



# Electric Gifts more popular than ever

EACH Christmas sees a growing appreciation of electric ware as gifts for home folks. A gift of this character that is sure to be welcome is the new G-E Uni-Set—or the Uni-Set Stove and any one of the other parts of the set.

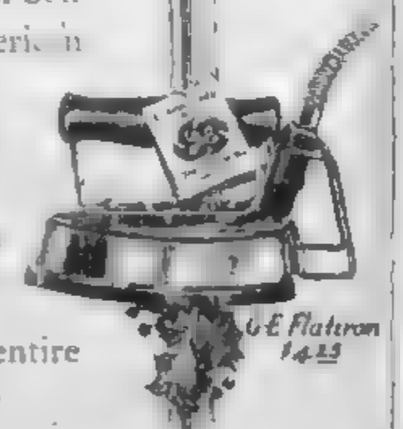
The moderate cost brings electric cooking within the reach of everyone. Creamed oysters, lobster Newburg, rarebit, eggs boiled to the second, percolated coffee, freshly brewed tea, clear as amber, can be easily and quickly prepared on the new G-E Uni-Set.

—And there's the convenience of having baby's bottles at just the right temperature at any hour in any room in the house.

Remember that the Uni-Set Stove serves for any or all of the various units, so that it is possible to buy the stove and any one of the other pieces and from time to time, later on, purchase the remaining pieces to make up the complete Uni-Set.

The Uni-Set is a real boon to the American housewife, the bachelor girl, or the college girl. It is as handsome as it is practicable. The parts are uniform in design and each vessel holds two pints.

Other desirable electrical Christmas gifts are the G-E Luminous Radiator, G-E Radiant Toaster, G-E Grill, the G-E Electric Flat Iron—or, as a Christmas gift for the entire family—Mazda lamps throughout the house.




If you install Mazda lamps the actual saving in electric current will allow you to use electrical cooking and heating devices without increasing your electric light bill. That is because Mazda lamps use only one-third as much electricity as the old style carbon lamps in common use.

## GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

**Largest Electrical Manufacturer in the World**
**Offices in all Large Cities** **Agencies Everywhere**

Take this advertisement to your lighting company or nearest electrical dealer—wherever you see the G-E Santa Claus displayed—and see the *complete* line of G-E Electric Ware. This advertisement shows *only a few* of the many electrical comforts bearing the G-E trade mark

*The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical*

Trade Mark

**It's a matter of taste**

Style isn't a matter of dollars and cents. The most expensive gown often belies its cost.

**Ladies' Home Journal Patterns**

are the first step to genuine style, for they are modish, intelligently drawn, and easily followed. They show the taste that separates economy from mere cheapness.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, 629 West 43rd Street, New York

*Get a copy of The Criterion of Fashion, the new dress magazine . . 5c*

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INDELIBLE COPYING
**PENCILS**

Anything worth copying is worth writing with a Mephisto Copying Pencil. Smooth writing, clear copying, long wearing—outlasts three ordinary copying pencils.

Two grades of lead—medium and hard. Take your choice—at any stationer's.

L & C Hardtmuth
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**FOR HIS CHRISTMAS**

Give him a Rockwell Reminder for 1914. A daily calendar (twelve monthly pads) on board paper, and leather cover holding two months at a time. In-

Genuine Pigskin or Seal $1.00
Fine Black Leather .50
Name on cover in gold (extra) .25

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Get This FREE BOOK

WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
Dept. 114 Detroit, Mich.

# GOD'S FOOL

*Continued from Page 13*

"I think you will be sorry you said that," said the Probationer stiffly. And she went down the staircase, leaving him alone. He was sorry, of course; but he would not say so even to himself. He thought of the Probationer, with her eager eyes and shining hair and her warm little heart, ringing the bell of the Avenue house and making her plea—and his blood ran hot in him. It was just then that the parrot spoke on the other side of the chimney.

"Gimme a bottle of beer!" it said. "Nice cold beer! Cold beer!"

The interne walked furiously toward the sound. Must this girl of the streets and her wretched associates follow him everywhere? She had ruined his life already. He felt that it was ruined. Probably the Probationer would never speak to him again.

The Dummy was sitting on a bench, with the parrot on his knee looking rather queer from being smuggled about under a coat and fed the curious things that the Dummy thought a bird should eat. It had a piece of apple pie in its claw now.

"Cold beer!" said the parrot, and eyed the interne crookedly.

The Dummy had not heard him, of course. He sat looking over the parapet toward the river, with one knotted hand smoothing the bird's ruffled plumage and such a look of wretchedness in his eyes that it hurt to see it. God's fools, who cannot reason, can feel. Some instinct of despair had seized him for its own—some conception, perhaps, of what life would never mean to him. Before it, the interne's wrath gave way to impotency.

"Cold beer!" said the parrot wickedly.

IV

THE Avenue Girl improved slowly. Morning and evening came the Dummy and smiled down at her, with reverence in his eyes. She could smile back now and sometimes she spoke to him. There was a change in the Avenue Girl. She was less sullen. In the back of her eyes each morning found a glow of hope—that died, it is true, by noontime; but it came again with the new day.

"How's polly this morning, Montmorency?" she would say, and give him a bit of toast from her breakfast for the bird. Or: "I wish you could talk, Reginald. I'd like to hear what Rose said when you took the parrot. It must have been a scream!"

He brought her the first chrysanthemums of the fall and laid them on her pillow. It was after he had gone, while the Probationer was combing out the soft short curls of her hair, that she mentioned the Dummy. She strove to make her voice steady, but there were tears in her eyes.

"The old goat's been pretty good to me, hasn't he?" she said.

"I believe it is very unusual. I wonder"—the Probationer poised the comb—"perhaps you remind him of some one he used to know."

They knew nothing, of course, of the boy John and the window.

"He's about the first decent man I ever knew," said the Avenue Girl—"and he's a fool!"

"Either a fool or very, very wise," replied the Probationer.

The interne and the Probationer were good friends again, but they had never quite got back to the place they had lost on the roof. Over the Avenue Girl's dressing their eyes met sometimes, and there was an appeal in the man's and tenderness; but there was pride too. He would not say he had not meant it. Any man will tell you that he was entirely right, and that she had been most unwise and needed a good scolding—only, of course, it is never the wise people who make life worth the living.

And an important thing had happened—the Probationer had been accepted and had got her cap. She looked very stately in it, though it generally had a dent somewhere from her forgetting she had it on and putting her hat on over it. The first day she wore it she knelt at prayers with the others, and said a little Thank You! for getting through when she was so unworthy. She asked to be made clean and pure, and delivered from vanity, and of some use in the world. And, trying to think of the things she had been remiss in, she went out that night in a rain and bought some seed and things for the parrot.

Prodigal as had been Father Feeny and his battalion, there was more grafting needed before the Avenue Girl could take her scarred body and soul out into the world again. The Probationer offered, but was refused politely.

"You are a part of the institution now," said the interne, with his eyes on her cap. He was rather afraid of the cap. "I cannot cripple the institution."

It was the Dummy who solved that question. No one knew how he knew the necessity or why he had not come forward sooner; but come he did and would not be denied. The interne went to a member of the staff about it.

"The fellow works round the house," he explained; "but he's taken a great fancy to the girl and I hardly know what to do."

"My dear boy," said the staff, "one of the greatest joys in the world is to suffer for a woman. Let him go to it."

So the Dummy bared his old-young arm—not once, but many times. Always as the sharp razor nicked up its bit of skin he looked at the girl and smiled. In the early evening he perched the parrot on his bandaged arm and sat on the roof or by the fountain in the courtyard. When the breeze blew strong enough the water flung over the rim and made little puddles in the hollows of the cement pavement. Here belated sparrows drank or splashed their dusty feathers, and the parrot watched them crookedly.

The Avenue Girl grew better with each day, but remained wistful-eyed. The ward no longer avoided her, though she was never one of them. One day the Probationer found a new baby in the children's ward; and, with the passion of maternity that is the real reason for every good woman's being, she cuddled the mite in her arms. She visited the nurses in the different wards.

"Just look!" she would say, opening her arms. "If I could only steal it!"

The Head, who had once been beautiful and was now calm and placid, smiled at her. Old Maggie must peer and cry out over the child. Irish Delia must call down a blessing on it. And so up the ward to the Avenue Girl; the Probationer laid the baby in her arms.

"Just a minute," she explained. "I'm idling and I have no business to. Hold it until I give the three o'clocks." Which means the three-o'clock medicines.

When she came back the Avenue Girl had a new look in her eyes; and that day the little gleam of hope, that usually died, lasted and grew.

At last came the day when the alibi was to be brought forward. The girl had written home and the home folks were coming. In his strange way the Dummy knew that a change was near. The kaleidoscope would shift again and the Avenue Girl would join the changing and disappearing figures that fringed the inner circle of his heart.

One night he did not go to bed in the ward bed that was his only home, beside the little stand that held his only possessions. The watchman missed him and found him asleep in the chapel in one of the seats, with the parrot drowsing on the altar.

Rose—who was the stout woman—came early. She wore a purple dress, with a hat to match, and purple gloves. The ward eyed her with scorn and a certain deference. She greeted the Avenue Girl effusively behind the screens that surrounded the bed.

"Well, you do look pinched!" she said. "Ain't it a mercy it didn't get to your face! Pretty well chewed up, aren't you?"

"Do you want to see it?"

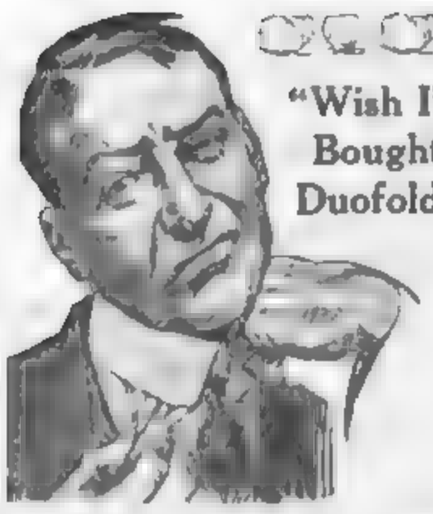
"Good land! No! Now look here, you've got to put me wise or I'll blow the whole thing. What's my little stunt? The purple's all right for it, isn't it?"

"All you need to do," said the Avenue Girl wearily, "is to say that I've been sewing for you since I came to the city. And—if you can say anything good ——"

"I'll do that all right," Rose affirmed. She put a heavy silver bag on the bedside table and lowered herself into a chair. "You leave it to me, dearie. There ain't anything I won't say."

The ward was watching with intense interest. Old Maggie, working the creaking bandage machine, was palpitating with excitement. From her chair by the door she could see the elevator and it was she who announced the coming of destiny.

"Here comes the father," she confided to the end of the ward. "Guess the mother couldn't come."



"Wish I'd Bought Duofold"

That's what men always say, when tortured by itchy, scratchy wool, or shivering in clammy cotton. And the wise man finds relief from underwear discomforts by investing in a suit of

Improved Duofold Health Underwear

For In this *Patented* scientifically-knitted underwear, you get *All* the *Comfort* of softest cotton with *All* the *Warmth* of [illegible]

Two separate distinctive fabrics the [illegible] of wool [illegible] DUOFOLD [illegible] *less bulky* and *far more* [illegible] and *comfortable* than any single winter garment of cotton or wool

DUOFOLD solves the annual perplexing problem [illegible] man—how to secure utmost warmth with perfect comfort [illegible] heated office and on icy street.

*Write today for free sample of Duofold material and name of Duofold Dealer nearest to you. Underwear [illegible] All sizes. Several Weights.*

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
12-42 Elizabeth Street, Mohawk, N. Y.

# You Can Get

this dainty lamb's-wool puff filled with Freeman's Face Powder and contained in a suède leather case, for the cost of postage and packing.

***Looks Like a Coin Purse***

We want you to *taste* Freeman's Face Powder. *We* can tell you how delightfully soft, clinging, fine and fragrant it is and what an aid to the preservation of the complexion. But if *you* *taste* it, you will *taste* for yourself. That is why we offer you this puff and purse. The puff is filled with a week's supply of

## *Freeman's Face Powder*

which sifts through when using. This purse puff would cost 25c if any more without the powder. To get it, buy a box of Freeman's Face Powder and send us the gold seal from inside the box and five 2c stamps towards paying postage and packing, and the next mail brings the puff

Freeman's Face Powder costs 25c, never more, never less. We assert that 25c is the top limit in real value in any powder.

**Our Guarantee**

Freeman's Face Powder has stood the test for 30 years. You can test it by buying a box for 25c, and one half. If you do not think it equal to any 50c or $1.00 powder you have ever used, return the other half to your dealer and get all your money back. You have nothing to lose in testing it.

Should your dealer happen not to have Freeman's, you may order direct from us. Samples gladly sent.

FREEMAN PERFUME COMPANY
Dept. 77 CINCINNATI, OHIO


It was not the father though. It was a young man who hesitated in the doorway, hat in hand—a tall young man, with a strong and not unhandsome face. The Probationer, rather twitchy from excitement and anxiety, felt her heart stop and race on again. Jerry, without a doubt!

The meeting was rather constrained. The girl went whiter than her pillows and half closed her eyes; but Rose, who would have been terrified at the sight of an elderly farmer, was buoyantly relieved and at her ease.

"I'm sorry," said Jerry. "I—we didn't realize it had been so bad. The folks are well; but—I thought I'd better come. They're expecting you back home."

"It was nice of you to come," said the girl, avoiding his eyes. "I—I'm getting along fine."

"I guess introductions ain't necessary," put in Rose briskly. "I'm Mrs. Sweeney. She's been living with me—working for me, sewing. She's sure a fine sewer! She made this suit I'm wearing."

Poor Rose, with "custom made" on every seam of the purple! But Jerry was hardly listening. His eyes were on the girl among the pillows.

"I see," said Jerry slowly. "You haven't said yet, Elizabeth. Are you going home?"

"If—they want me."

"Of course they want you!" Again Rose: "Why shouldn't they? You've been a good girl and a credit to any family. If they say anything mean to you you let me know."

"They'll not be mean to her. I'm sure they'll want to write and thank you. If you'll just give me your address, Mrs. Sweeney ——"

He had a pencil poised over a notebook. Rose hesitated. Then she gave her address on the Avenue, with something of bravado in her voice. After all, what could this country-store clerk know of the Avenue? Jerry wrote it down carefully.

"Sweeney—with an e?" he asked politely.

"With three e's," corrected Rose, and got up with dignity.

"Well, goodby, dearie," she said. "You've got your friends now and you don't need me. I guess you've had your lesson about going to sleep with a cig—about being careless with fire. Drop me a postal when you get the time."

She shook hands with Jerry and rustled and jingled down the ward, her chin well up. At the door she encountered Old Maggie, her arms full of bandages.

"How's the Avenue?" asked Old Maggie.

Rose, however, like all good actresses, was still in the part as she made her exit. She passed Old Maggie unheeding, severe respectability in every line of her figure, every nod of her purple plumes. She was still in the part when she encountered the Probationer.

"It's going like a house afire!" she said. "He swallowed it all—hook and bait! And—oh, yes, I've got something for you." She went down into her silver bag and pulled out a roll of bills. "I've felt meaner'n a dog every time I've thought of you buying that parrot. I've got a different view of life—maybe—from yours; but I'm not taking candy from a baby."

When the Probationer could speak Rose was taking herself and the purple into the elevator and waving her a farewell.

"Goodby!" she said. "If ever you get stuck again just call on me."

With Rose's departure silence fell behind the screen. The girl broke it first.

"They're all well, are they?"

"All well. Your mother's been kind of poorly. She thought you'd write to her." The girl clenched her hands under the bedclothing. She could not speak just then. "There's nothing much happened. The post office burned down last summer. They're building a new one. And—I've been building. I tore down the old place."

"Are you going to be married, Jerry?"

"Some day, I suppose. I'm not worrying about it. It was something to do; it kept me from—thinking."

The girl looked at him and something gripped her throat. He knew! Rose might have gone down with her father, but Jerry knew! Nothing was any use. She knew his rigid morality, his country-bred horror of the thing she was. She would have to go back—to Rose and the others. He would never take her home.

Down at the medicine closet the Probationer was carbolizing thermometers and humming a little song. Everything was well. The Avenue Girl was with her people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**The only sled with grooved runners**

It goes faster, steers truer, controls easier, and is safer than any other sled ever invented. Its famous steering bar does away with dragging the feet, and the consequent wear and tear on boots and shoes; prevents wet feet, colds and doctor's bills.

Promotes vigorous, robust health.

**Outlasts three ordinary sleds**

Strongly constructed yet light enough to easily pull up hill. Seven sizes, carrying 1 child to 6 grown-ups. If your dealer can't supply you send your order to us and give us his name. We will ship—express prepaid east of the Mississippi—upon receipt of price named.

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UNLESS IT BEARS THIS TRADE MARK IT ISN'T A FLEXIBLE FLYER

# Briggs' CHAINS FOBS & BRACELETS

**BRIGGS' JEWELRY**, made of fine gold-filled stock, has all the beauty of design and finish of solid gold, with a wear-value that gives permanent satisfaction. Every Jeweler is authorized to replace any piece of **BRIGGS' JEWELRY** that fails to give proper service.

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If your Jeweler doesn't sell **BRIGGS' JEWELRY** we'll tell you who does.

The D. F. BRIGGS CO.
Mfg Jewelers
Mills and Union Sts. Attleboro, Mass.

## Act the Part of Santa Yourself this Christmas

If you want to act the part of Santa this Christmas and be a bachelor's friend, buy "him" a box of these socks.

He will recognize their high quality, softness, silky feel and appreciate the guarantee that saves him the discomfort of the darned sock.

*Bachelors' Friend* SOCKS

are attractively packed in boxes of various combinations at $1.00 a box, according to quality. Sizes 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades.

**Put up in boxes containing 2, 3 and 4 pairs at *$1.00 per box*, according to quality.**

**Every pair guaranteed 30 days.**

SPECIAL. In addition to the above line we make the lightest weight guaranteed *gauze* socks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, $1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us the name and address of your dealer, so that we can arrange for your future wants.

Jos. Black & Sons Co.
York, Pa.


and at seven o'clock she was going to the roof—to meet some one who was sincerely repentant and very meek.

In the convalescent ward next door they were singing softly—one of those spontaneous outbursts that have their origin in the hearts of people and a melody all their own:

*'Way down upon de S'wanee Ribber,*
*Far, far away,*
*Dere's wha my heart is turnin' ebber—*
*Dere's wha de old folks stay.*

It penetrated back of the screen, where the girl lay in white wretchedness—and where Jerry, with death in his eyes, sat rigid in his chair.

"Jerry?"

"Yes."

"I—I guess I've been pretty far away."

"Don't tell me about it!" A cry, this.

"You used to care for me, Jerry. I'm not expecting that now; but if you'd only believe me when I say I'm sorry ——"

"I believe you, Elizabeth."

"One of the nurses here says —— Jerry, won't you look at me?" With some difficulty he met her eyes. "She says that because one starts wrong one needn't go wrong always. I was ashamed to write. She made me do it."

She held out an appealing hand, but he did not take it. All his life he had built up a house of morality. Now his house was crumbling and he stood terrified in the wreck. "It isn't only because I've been hurt that I—am sorry," she went on. "I loathed it! I'd have finished it all long ago, only—I was afraid."

"I would rather have found you dead!"

There is a sort of anesthesia of misery. After a certain amount of suffering the brain ceases to feel. Jerry watched the white curtain of the screen swaying in the wind, settled his collar, glanced at his watch. He was quite white. The girl's hand still lay on the coverlet. Somewhere back in the numbed brain that would think only little thoughts he knew that if he touched that small, appealing hand the last wall of his house would fall.

It was the Dummy, after all, who settled that for him. He came with his afternoon offering of cracked ice just then and stood inside the screen, staring. Perhaps he had known all along how it would end—that this, his saint, would go—and not alone—to join the kaleidoscope that ringed the inner circle of his heart. Just at the time it rather got him. He swayed a little and clutched at the screen; but the next moment he had placed the bowl on the stand and stood smiling down at the girl.

"The only person in the world who believes in me!" said the girl bitterly. "And he's a fool!"

The Dummy smiled into her eyes. In his faded, childish eyes there was the eternal sadness of his kind, eternal tenderness, and the blur of one who has looked much into a far distance. Suddenly he bent over and placed the man's hand over the girl's.

The last wall was down! Jerry buried his face in the white coverlet.

The interne was pacing the roof anxiously. Golden sunset had faded to lavender—to dark purple—to night.

The Probationer came up at last—not a Probationer now, of course; but she had left off her cap and was much less stately.

"I'm sorry," she explained; "but I've been terribly busy. It went off so well!"

"Of course—if you handled it."

"You know—don't you?—it was the lover who came. He looks so strong and good—oh, she is safe now!"

"That's fine!" said the interne absently. They were sitting on the parapet now and by sliding his hand along he found her fingers. "Isn't it a glorious evening?" He had the fingers pretty close by that time; and suddenly gathering them up he lifted the hand to his lips.

"Such a kind little hand!" he said over it. "Such a dear, tender little hand! My hand!" he said, rather huskily.

Down in the courtyard the Dummy sat with the parrot on his knee. At his feet the superintendent's dog lay on his side and dreamed of battle. The Dummy's eyes lingered on the scar the Avenue Girl had bandaged—how long ago!

His eyes wandered to the window with the young John among the lilies. In the stable were still the ambulance horses that talked to him without words. And he had the parrot. If he thought at all it was that his Father was good and that, after all, he was not alone. The parrot edged along his knee and eyed him with saturnine affection.


## "Mac, I've got a brand new corn-cob pipe!"

"Right there on the table, you'll find it if you want to smoke.

"Just a minute, don't fill it with that; let me show you a trick I learned from an uncle in Tennessee.

"You take a new pipe and hold it under the cold water tap for just a minute.

"Then start smoking while the bowl is still moist and that 'new pipe taste' isn't there.

"Now let me get you some Edgeworth—I keep *that* in the drawer. Recognize the blue box? This is Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed—the same as the good old Edgeworth Sliced Plug, only it's already rubbed up and ready for your pipe."

Suppose you were entertaining a pipe smoker in your home and had no Edgeworth to offer him—you would consider that as very serious if you were acquainted with Edgeworth.

Are you acquainted with Edgeworth, the tobacco that makes its smokers declare the pipe the best smoke of them all? If not, let us make you acquainted.

We'll send you a package of Edgeworth free—a sample. We wish that you would ask for it, get it and try it

Just send your request for this sample on a post card and mention your dealer's name. The more people we can get to try Edgeworth the more people there are who begin to smoke it. It's a very fine Burley tobacco, every package of which is guaranteed.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins, everywhere, and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Sliced Plug, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

If you want the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

## THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Can be carried in small bag, suit-case or pocket. Indispensable when traveling. Does away with the umbrella-carrying nuisance

AN UMBRELLA FOR EVERYBODY

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$1 Smart English Knockabout Hat

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Bring Back Your Summer Vacation

Beautiful Seal-Grain Keratol Cover.

Has nickel plated rings that open simultaneously. Fits a dollar bill

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You can count on this hot water bottle to stay hot *12 to 15 hours.* Easy to fill—bottom to stand on doesn't scald the hands in filling

The M. H. P. Aluminum Hot Water Bottle

For Sale by Druggists, Hardware Dealers and Department Stores. If yours can't supply you, write us for

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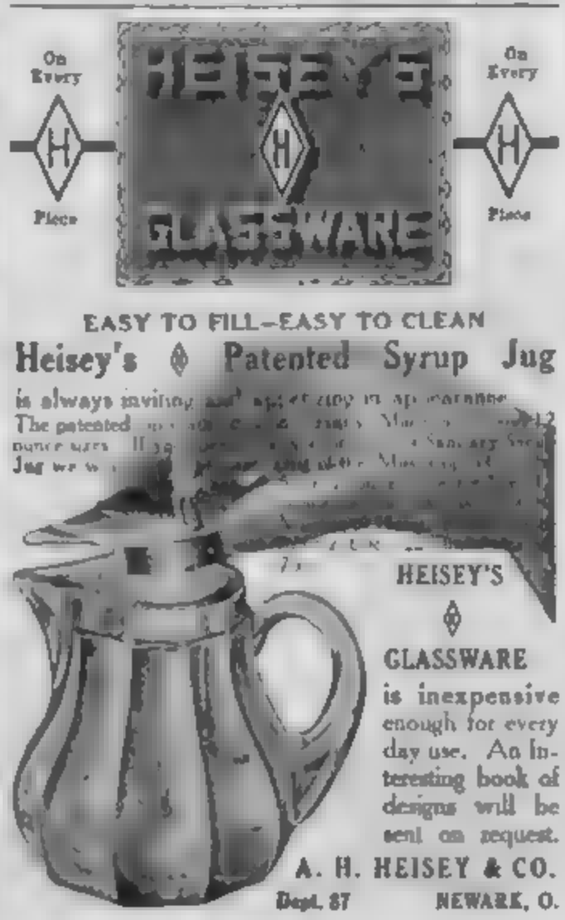


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HEISEY'S ◊ GLASSWARE is inexpensive enough for every day use. An interesting book of designs will be sent on request.

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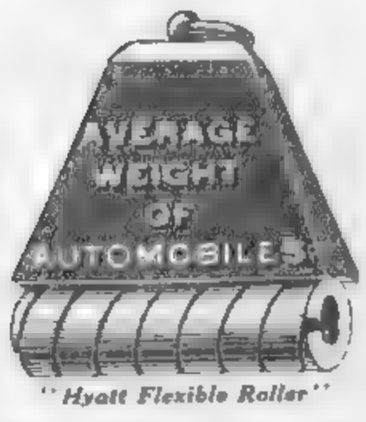
# WHY ROLLER BEARINGS ARE UNIVERSALLY USED IN AUTOMOBILES




*"Hyatt Flexible Roller"*

Showing how a load is better carried on a "full line of contact" or support, than on a point, because a line is made up of an infinite number of points.

*Ordinary Ball Bearing*

In a ball bearing the load is concentrated on a single point causing excessive strain, with the possibility of crushing and breakage.

Anti-Friction Bearings are divided into two general classes—Ball and Roller Bearings.

Fundamentally the only difference between the Ball and Roller Bearing is that instead of concentrating the load on a point as in a ball, the roller spreads it along an entire line as the illustrations plainly show.

When the load is carried on the point contact of a ball bearing, all the shock, strain and heavy duty that an automobile bearing has to withstand is transmitted to the surrounding mechanism through this point.

Just think of the load imposed at this point. The balls and races or tracks that the balls run in, have to be made so hard that they are often brittle—in fact every part is working at full capacity and there is no factor of safety left to withstand the excessive jolts and jars. For this reason ball bearings often split and crush, causing stripped gears, bent shafts and big repair bills.

There are two types of Roller Bearings—the first with solid rollers—the second with flexible hollow rollers—an exclusive Hyatt feature.

All roller bearings have the advantage over ball bearings of line contact. The hollow spiral rollers of the Hyatt Bearing are flexible, insuring "full line contact" at all times. This flexible roller cushions road shocks, absorbs vibrations—reducing noise, relieves the gears and shafts of excessive strains and materially lengthens the life of all surrounding mechanism.

Because the spiral rollers are flexible and give just a little under load they are less subject to wear, consequently the necessity of adjustment is entirely eliminated. Adjusting bearings too tight or too loose are dangerous—no adjustment of the Hyatt type is possible or necessary.

These hollow rollers retain a large quantity of the lubricant and the spirals alternating left and right spread the lubricant over the entire bearing surface.

Grit and dirt that ordinarily would grind between the surfaces is forced into the center of the rollers through the spiral slots. Hyatt Bearings are the one type that are self cleaning and self oiling.

# WHY MOST ROLLER BEARINGS ARE "HYATT QUIET"

The hollow spiral roller of the Hyatt bearing presents a "full line of contact" under all conditions.

This flexible roller gives under excessive shock just enough to conform to the load pressure; that is, the roller is always in full contact with the outer lining. This means that the load is always evenly distributed along the "line of contact" instead of being concentrated on a "point or a number of points."

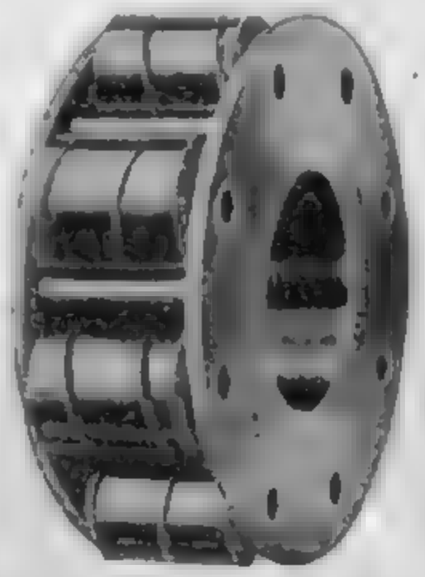
This "full line contact" with the flexibility means better support and more perfect alignment for the gears and shafts of the axles and transmission, in fact it tends to correct any irregularities in alignment, and reduces the noise arising from this source.

The first successful American automobile, completed many years ago, was equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings.

Since that time Hyatt Roller Bearings have been used by every prominent American manufacturer of motor cars with very few exceptions, from the small runabout to the heavy duty truck and luxurious six.

These bearings have fulfilled every requirement so perfectly that the average owner is unaware of their location in his car.

Hyatt Quiet Bearings give such "care free" service and possess so many advantages that today there are over 10,000,000 in use.



A Hyatt Quiet Bearing with outer lining removed, showing the flexible spiral rollers.

## HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

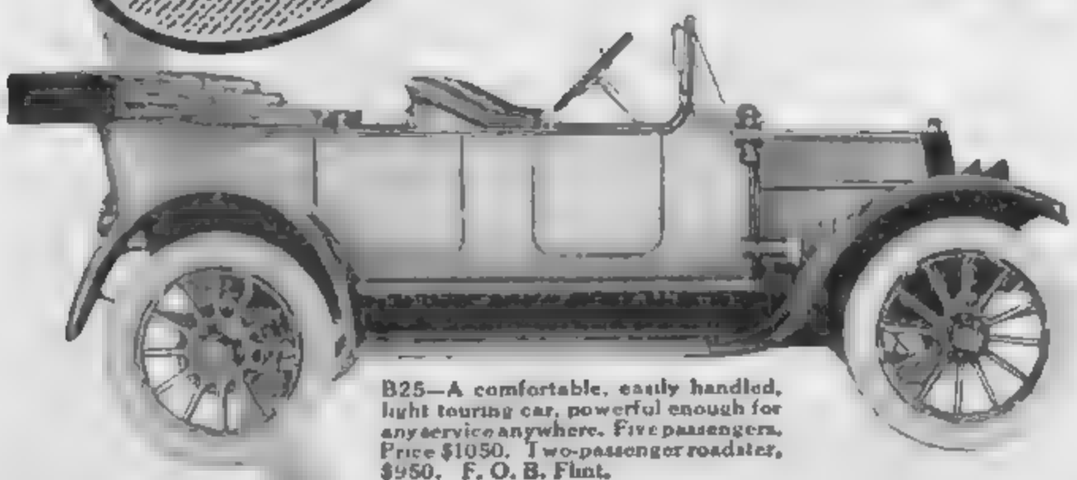
DETROIT. NEWARK, N.J. CHICAGO.

Two books, one about motor car bearings in general for prospective purchasers, the other for automobile owners, will be sent on request.

Buick

# Sells by Trainloads

## The Buick Contract with Dealers and the Buick Car Value to Owners Make Such Shipments Possible



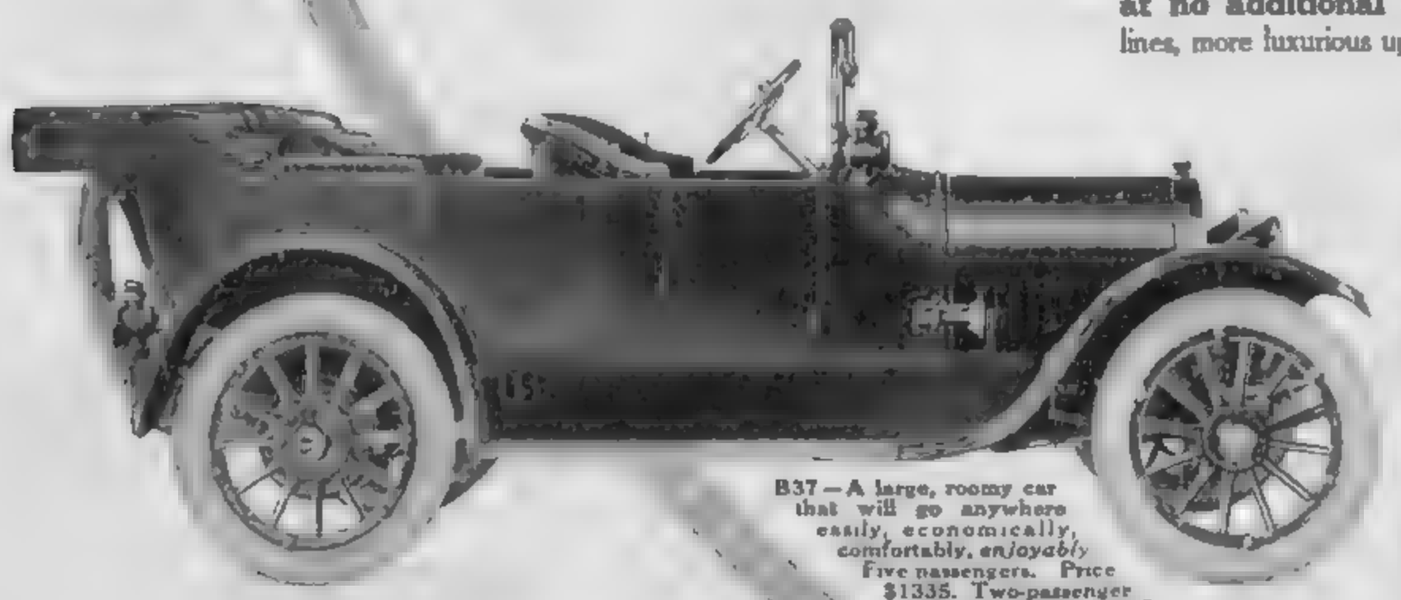
B25—A comfortable, easily handled, light touring car, powerful enough for any service anywhere. Five passengers. Price $1050. Two-passenger roadster, $950. F. O. B. Flint.

Trainload shipment has been necessary to meet promptly the huge demand growing year by year. Today 150,000 motorists drive Buick cars.

The multiplied power of the Buick, its reliability, economy and durability, have made enthusiastic owners everywhere, who feel that they have received the full value of their investment.

In the 1914 Buick you will find, in addition to those essentials of service which account for the Buick envied record of nine years, the choice of six models, fours and sixes, touring and roadster bodies, prices from $950 to $1985.

**Delco Self-Cranking, Lighting and Ignition System on all models at no additional cost.** Left side drive, center control. Beautiful body lines, more luxurious upholstering, supreme refinement everywhere.



B37—A large, roomy car that will go anywhere easily, economically, comfortably, *enjoyably* Five passengers. Price $1335. Two-passenger roadster, $1235. F.O.B. Flint.

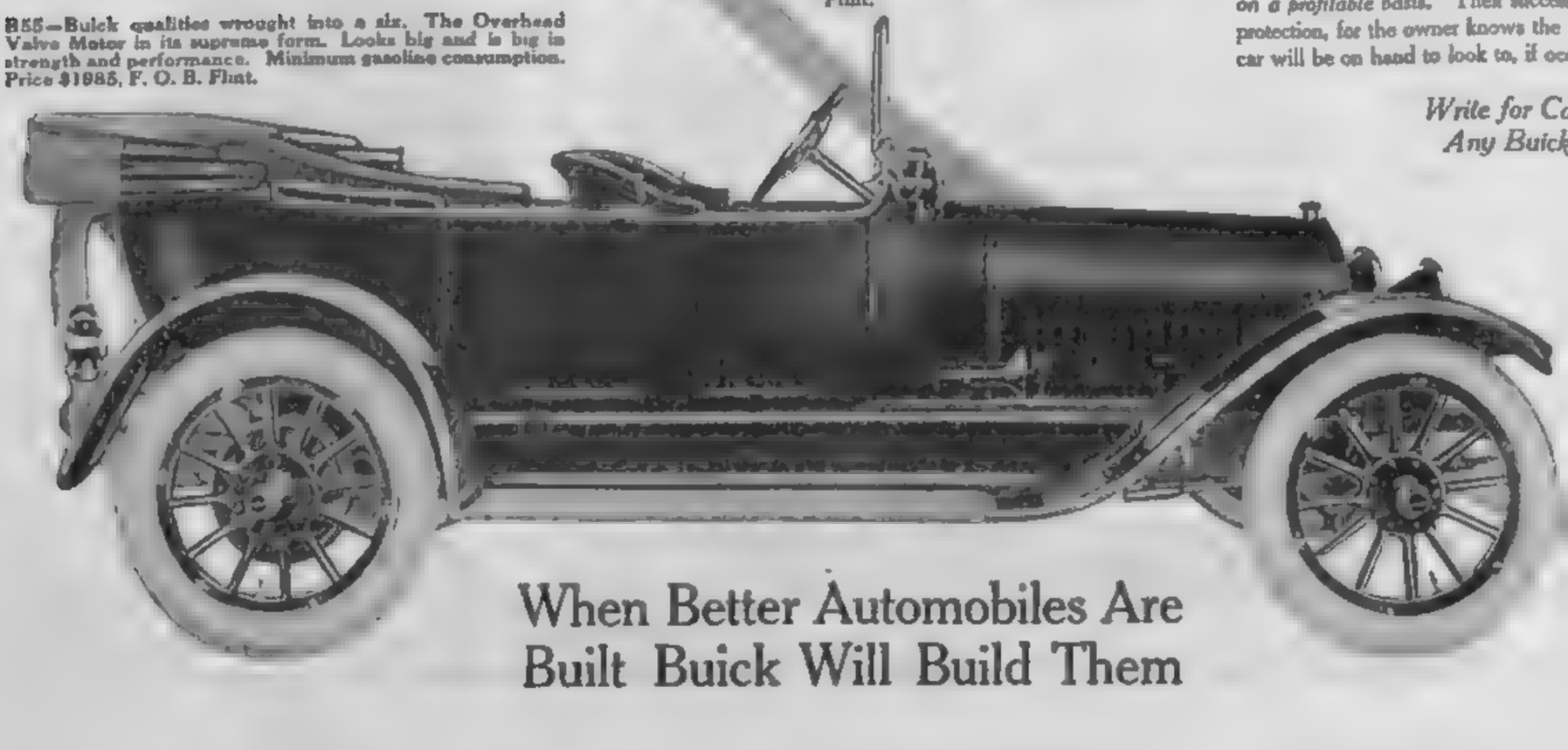
## Overhead Valve Motor Reduces Gasoline Bills

The Buick overhead valve motor is guaranteed to develop more power and give more mileage per gallon of gasoline than any other motor of its size, either American or foreign make.

## Buick Dealers

are shrewd, successful business men. Hundreds of them have sold Buicks since the first Buick was put on the market. Buick dealers don't change, for they recognize the value of a Buick contract. We built 30,000 Buicks last season. *And they were all sold by dealers on a profitable basis.* Their success is our success and the owner's protection, for the owner knows the dealer from whom he bought his car will be on hand to look to, if occasion requires.

B55—Buick qualities wrought into a six. The Overhead Valve Motor in its supreme form. Looks big and is big in strength and performance. Minimum gasoline consumption. Price $1985, F. O. B. Flint.



*Write for Catalog. Study the Models. Any Buick dealer will demonstrate.*

**Buick Motor Co.**
**Flint, Mich.**

When Better Automobiles Are Built Buick Will Build Them

# THE MEETING OF THE GREEKS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Lumly says it has to do with the nerves of my optics. Must have been the glare of the sea," groaned young Green. "I can't stir, and that rotten little jeweler will be peppering for his money. Dear old chap, would it be any bother to call and pay?"

Mr. Green drew fifty pounds from a bulging case. Robinson said it was no trouble. He called and paid, taking the jewels back with him. He advised a quiet stroll in the shade. He himself had letters to write, or he would have offered to go out with the sufferer and not speak.

"And if you could get me a hundred cigarettes," said Robinson—"Marshall's keeps them. It's some way off though. I find I'm just out of mine."

Melville Green thought the cool afternoon air would do him good; he went languidly out. Twenty minutes later the rest of the big roll of notes had left the wooden box which sheltered them, and Mr. Edgar Robinson, strolling downstairs in a light overcoat, was grumbling inwardly because he had not found his own diamonds with them.

Young Melville Green, for a man with an acute headache, walked very briskly once he was out of sight of his hotel. He went into another jeweler's shop, the best in Scarborough, but this time he was selling and not buying. He offered his pendant for sale, explaining that a lady had given him the mission. The manager was anxious to buy. His store was a branch of a big London shop, and the price asked for the pendant was so moderate, the setting so delicate, that the manager took the risk upon himself.

Mr. Green sold the star, also quite moderately well; then he took out one of the rings. It was a pink pearl ringed about by tiny opals. Melville Green looked at it; then he shrugged his shoulders, considered matters for a few seconds and, leaving the more prosperous streets, went to a pawnshop.

"A poor friend," said Melville Green, "has asked me to bring this here. It's his mother's, I believe, and he hopes to redeem it."

The man, a stunted specimen of the race of Israel, examined the ring carelessly at first. The neat flannel suit of his customer did not impress him in the least. As to what the people said, the pawnbroker merely observed that they opened and shut their mouths until it came to a question of price.

He looked again more closely and asked what was expected. Instead of offering a quarter with the trained contempt of his trade, he remarked that it was not worth all that and that he must consult the boss.

Before Melville Green could stop him the stunted Jew had vanished through a door at the end of the counter. The sound of a telephone bell came to his ears. Then the words: "Ring up London." And later: "Sharp, now!"

Mr. Green looked thoughtful; the undersized person came back.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, sir. You're asking thirty. The boss says he offers ten."

"A sum," said Melville Green, boyishly confidential, "that would be of no use to my poor young friend. Thanks, I'll take the ring to a jeweler. Only came here as he wanted it back."

"Twenty," said the little pawnbroker. "Twenty then."

Mr. Green took the ring and went off.

"I've enough to go on with," he said as he hurried away. Something had made him uneasy. He studied a little timetable as he almost ran along. On reaching the hotel he went more quietly; ordered a special brand of champagne to be put on ice for his dinner and a melon to commence with, then slipped upstairs and returned, carrying a small wooden box.

A glance at the clock reassured him; but he took a cab a short way from the hotel, and when he got to the station he took the evening train for London. Curiously enough, Mr. Edgar Robinson, late of the Elms, traveled by the same train, being modestly tucked away in the corner of a third-class carriage, where he had located himself directly the train came in. So also did a somewhat fussy man in blue serge, who sent telegrams whenever he could, and hopped out at each station they stopped at as if he expected to meet a friend.

The three travelers drew three several breaths of relief when the brakes gripped the wheels as the train slid into R. Mr. Melville Green gripped his box; Mr. Edgar Robinson slipped gently from his corner; and two policemen in plain clothes stalked down the platform.

"Don't make a fuss; come quietly," said one, his hand heavy with the dread grip of the law on Robinson's thin shoulder.

Robinson staggered a little; the color slid from his cheeks. "He showed them," he half whispered.

"Don't you talk; come along," said one of the men coldly.

The boyish looking Melville Green dived through the crowd, to meet the same heavy grip.

He turned paler still.

"The ass banked 'em!" he muttered.

Both men found themselves in a small office, dusty and dreary. There was not much boyishness left in Mr. Melville Green's face, no friendliness in that of Mr. Edgar Robinson, as the two men faced each other. Yet they both bore themselves with a certain defiance, as if they saw hope.

"Now what's all this?" said Melville Green angrily. "No use making a fuss, but this is quite a mistake."

"Always is," observed one policeman, scratching his nose.

"It is an outrage," said Robinson haughtily.

"Generally that too," said the second policeman, scratching his ear. "But——"

Just at this moment the fussy man who had traveled from Scarborough used a slim tool that pried open the wooden box. Mr. Melville Green's face turned paler; his fingers clutched. Next moment, with a look that was a blend of rage and sickly relief, he saw the Scarborough man pull out a quantity of neat rolls in paper with one of the dummy notes used on the stage rolled round each.

Green's face cleared; he put his head higher, and he snorted defiance because he was too dumfounded to speak.

The remark the detective made was: "What the—something!" And he looked almost as puzzled as that ingenuous youth, Mr. Melville Green.

"Nothing here," he said, rooting to the heart of the paper rolls.

"Now, you interfering idiots!" said Green, finding his voice, and one suspicious eye flickering balefully toward the pallid Edgar Robinson. "Now what's this, you police?"

"I arrest you, Green," said Inspector Dickenson crisply, "for selling some of the jewelry stolen from Mr. Moss, of Kensington, six months ago. Oh, steady there! Slip 'em on, Harris! Oh, of course you know nothing about it! Wait a bit."

Melville Green struggled as he protested, but his slim hands were powerless because handcuffs had been slipped into place on his wrists.

"Qui-et-lee," said Dickenson as his deft hands slipped into various pockets until he produced the pearl ring, the long chain belonging to the pendant and another ring.

"All as to 'descrip'," he said. "Well, now, my innocent!"

"You—you—you!" snarled Green, his face wet—"you can explain these things! You let me in for this! He——"

Mr. Edgar Robinson cut the youth short by shouting out hotly of the danger of hotel acquaintances, and he asked haughtily to be set free.

"And you," said the London man to Robinson, "you're in for passing flash money this morning at Scarborough. You pretty pair, hunting in couples!"

Mr. Robinson looked absolutely sick. Mr. Green gave an awful look at his wooden box.

"I'll swear," began Mr. Robinson, "this person—the notes——"

The inspector drew a huge roll from Robinson's handbag—the wealth which the boyish Melville Green had gathered to keep his mother and his love. They were magnificently done, but false as the hotel friendship of a counterfeiter and a burglar.

"They're the best I've seen," said Inspector Dickenson almost admiringly. "If a man hadn't been careless he might have passed a lot more of them. You got out a few in London. Also if the jeweler hadn't been a brother-in-law of the manager of the London and Cosmopolitan Bank, and hadn't taken the notes round when he went in to tea, you might have got these through."

Melville Green gritted his teeth. Mr. Edgar Robinson in stifled tones used several words beginning with s, swine, sharper and swindler being the most audible.

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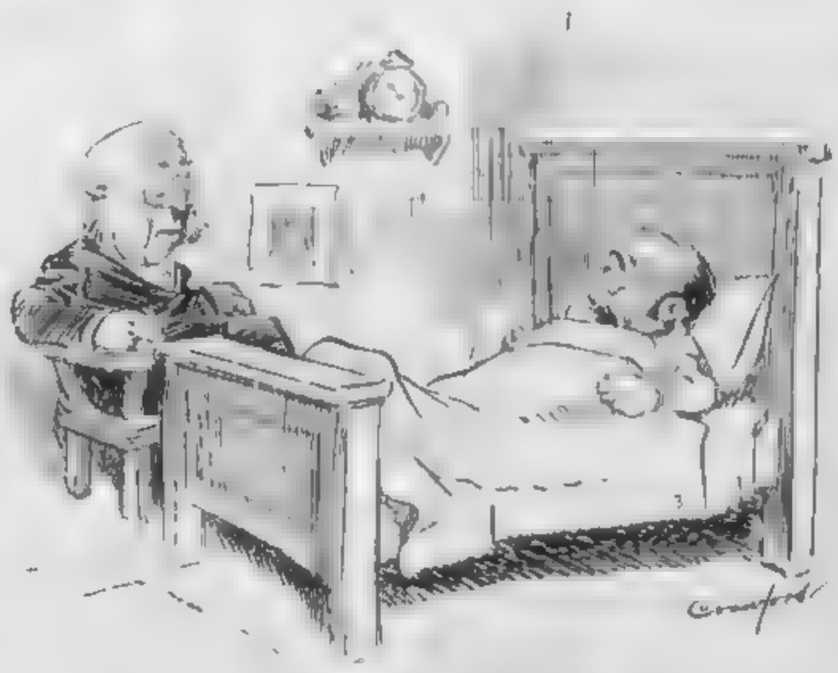

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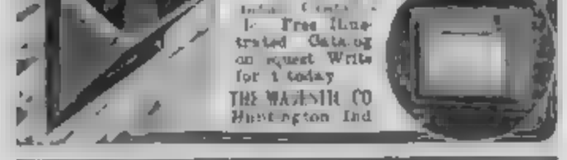

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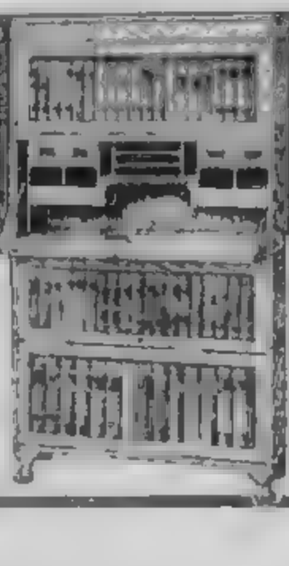

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"The bank rang up the hotel, and then wired us and put Mr. Notly on." The fussy man from Scarborough bowed. "And the jewels," added Mr. Dickenson, "are without mistake. Mr. Moss will meet us presently."

The two prisoners glared at each other.

"Oh! You—you ——" snarled Mr. Edgar Robinson to Mr. Melville Green.

"Oh! You—you ——" rasped the once boyish youth to his elderly friend.

"Only for you ——" they said simultaneously, and then stopped.

"These fellows," confided Inspector Dickenson to the impressed Inspector Notly, "are always blaming each other when things go wrong."

The two detected prisoners looked again at each other, and then at the mock notes and the flashing jewels. Then suddenly and simultaneously they burst into cackles of laughter. Mr. Melville Green said, "Cleverly done," apparently to his notes. Mr. Edgar Robinson observed, "Done—done brown," to the jewels.

"As well for one thing as another as we are up to it, and a better chance for one's own game when it's over," said Melville Green as they led him away to try to convict him for burglary.

"As well," said Robinson, smiling grimly, going forth as the utterer of counterfeit money.

Inspector Dickenson is a very astute man, but he often wonders what those two speeches meant.

The meeting Greeks had had their tug of war, and after a futile contest had both sat down in the mire.

# SHAKSPERE'S SEVEN AGES AND MINE

(Concluded from Page 19)

his brow at some period of his life, but they have long since retreated over the brow of the hill. Now when he wants to brush his hair he has to take his collar off. His waistline curves out prominently in front, and he has large and well-filled feet, which look as if internal injuries might ensue if he should mash one of them.

He is not up on guitar culture, his favorite instrument being a double-entry ledger. His idea of a pleasant evening is to put his slippers on and read about the produce market in the evening paper, after which a pleasant, open-faced nap is enjoyed as a preliminary to going to bed and sleeping in earnest. And so they live happily together ever after.

Then there is the girl who feels instinctively that she was intended for the rôle of the clinging vine. She has a mental picture of herself going through life looking trustfully up to a stalwart Hercules, who will ever interpose his rugged front between her and the rude buffets of the world; but often, so very often—in Chapter XVII we find her engaged in raising a family with one hand and taking in boarders with the other, while the husband of her choice sits behind the showcase at the corner drug store pointing out the mistakes of the Wilson Administration.

Perhaps she is just as happy as she would have been had she wed the sturdy oak. Certainly she is busier.

The maiden who, at sixteen, knows beyond the peradventure of a doubt that she could feel the mad, consuming passion only for some brawny giant who would save her from drowning or a runaway team is observed a little farther along in the act of leading to the altar a small, kind-faced person with a fine taste in neckties, whose most daring achievement in life is adding up four columns of figures at once.

And she who cares naught for dross and worldly goods, provided only she may have for a husband a man of intellect and mental powers, very frequently connects with a rich man's son, who can sign checks until the cows come home, but has not engaged in any arduous mental or physical exertion since self-starting devices for touring cars came into general use. When we see her in her box at the opera, however, spangled all over with the priceless rock alums of South Africa, we note that she seems reasonably well satisfied with the way things have turned out.

Observation leads me to believe that the early ideals of our romantic young men are subject to revision to an equal or even a greater extent. I once knew a man who in his adolescence confided to me that when the time came for him to take a wife he must have a loving yet timorous wisp of a woman, who would bend to his imperious will and tremble at his frown. Positively no other sort need apply; his mind was fully made up on this matter and he was not to be swerved. There could be but one head, one authority, one dominant personality under the roof where he lived—else discord would enter.

We parted and after years met again. In the interim he had become the silent partner of an iron-jawed lady, who did his thinking for him, and bought his clothes for him, and picked out his food for him. He did not have any more voice in selecting what he ate than if he had been a tapeworm.

Yet in one regard his original wishes had been gratified—there was only one head, one dominant personality, under the roof where he lived. And there was no discord either. Docility was as becoming to him as it is to guinea-pigs.

I might name a dozen such instances if I could only think of them—only what would be the use? The reader can probably think of a dozen such instances too. Maybe he is in the instance class himself.

Howsomever, in a majority of the cases these things appear to turn out for the best. Those of us who do not get the ones we wanted for our helpmates very often get the ones who wanted us, and the general result averages up very satisfactorily.

Meanwhile we may safely let the lover sigh his sighs and dream his dreams. There will be ample time later on for him to ascertain the great truth about this matrimonial proposition—which is, if it is love that makes the world go round, it is common sense that is on the job when the world stops for meals, as it surely must once in a while. Romance is a lovely thing, but in the long run not so filling as a steak with fried onions.

One steady provider in the hand is worth two guitar pickers in the bush—as our fair maid will one day learn if she does not already know it. And if three X's in a row mean kisses in the happy, happy days of courtship, but stand for a barrel of family flour later on—why, both symbols are entirely proper in their respective places; the kisses are apt to keep their flavor better if the flour comes along at regular intervals.

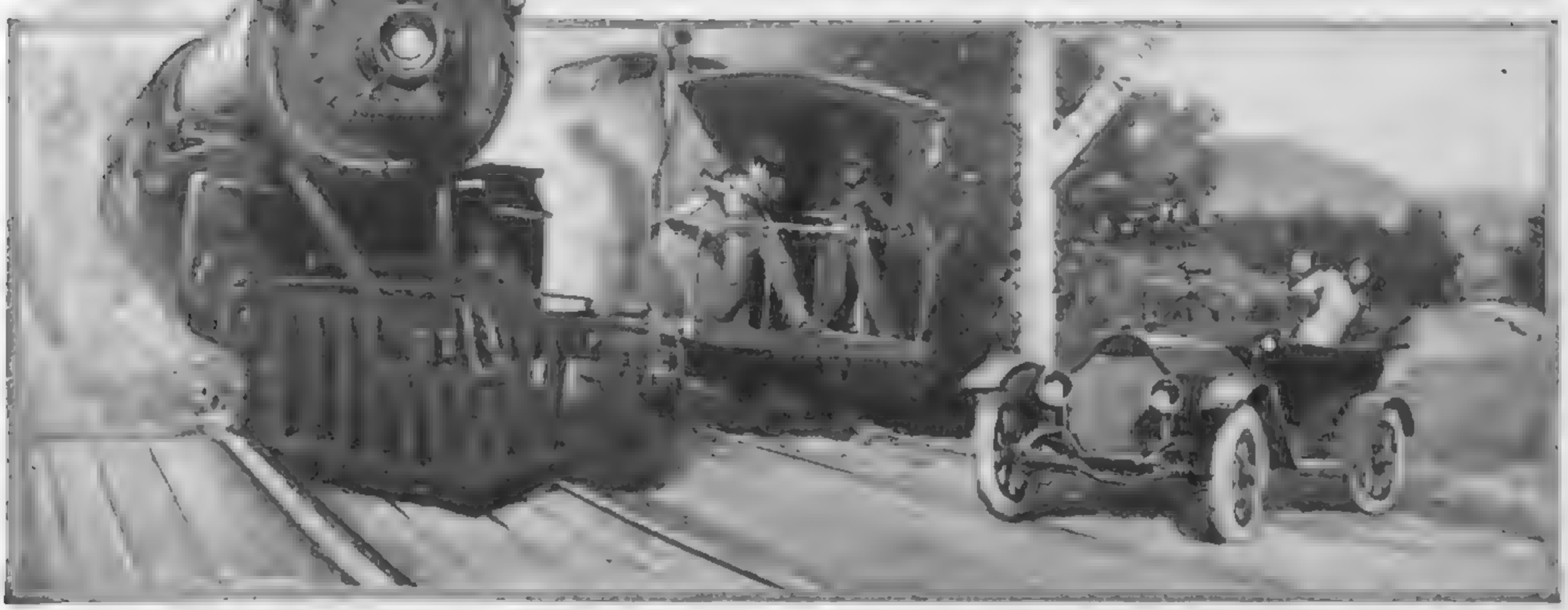
Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of six articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

## Nobody's Looking

THE feeling of being stared at is so common that most people believe they can really tell if some one is looking intently at them; but psychologists now insist that no reliance at all can be placed on this feeling. In order to find out why people have this belief an investigator in Leland Stanford Jr. University recently conducted some tests and found, as in the case of earlier experiments, that the belief is groundless. He selected ten normal men and women for the inquiry, and then at various times had them declare whether or not some one was staring at them and how positive they were of this feeling. Part of the time the subjects were being stared at and at other times they were not, and most of them believed they could tell the difference. A thousand guesses were made altogether and the guesses were right just 50.2 per cent of the times, or practically half. The subjects were just as apt to be wrong when they were very positive as when they were not very sure, or were only guessing whether or not some one in back was staring at them.

The investigation indicated that some idea or sensation or image which came up in the subject's mind led him to the belief that he was being stared at. So in ordinary affairs, if some image or sensation comes up in the mind to suggest somebody is staring, and the person promptly looks round and finds somebody looking at him, he remembers that as an instance where he had the feeling of being stared at; but if he looks round and does not catch a stare he thinks no more of it. The hits are remembered and the misses are never noticed, so the belief becomes conviction.

# Safety First!



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Possibly you who drive a car have not paid much attention to brake lining. To *brakes*, yes. But perhaps you have not appreciated your vital need for the best lining. If that is true, it is time you did.

Brake lining, to be 100%, should be brake lining *all through*. Not merely on the outside, but clear through. Then, it is *still* brake lining as long as any of it remains. Dependable to the last.

Break open a strip of ordinary brake lining. Now *cut* open some Thermoid. You can't break it. It is too *compressed*. It *clings* together too firmly. Its every atom is too tenacious. It must be cut.

*See* the looseness of the inside of ordinary woven brake lining. Note that it is stringy, straggling. That, when the outside is worn off, its braking power is gone.

Without friction, brake lining is useless. It might as well be greased and polished steel. It is as dependable as a knave. In emergency—demanding reliable brakes—it will fail you.

You find Thermoid the same inside and out. Line your brakes with it. It has the most uniform gripping power. Use it till worn paper-thin. The gripping power remains the same. It is like the friend you can trust.

Making Thermoid is no simple little matter. Most brake lining has asbestos as a base. But Thermoid is *more* than woven asbestos soaked in a coloring compound.

Thermoid is constructed of pure, unequaled Canadian asbestos. This is first interwoven and reinforced with solid brass wire. At a glance, this process would seem to make it woven solid. Yet this process is outdone.

Under giant heated rolls the interwoven asbestos and brass is permeated—*impregnated*—with a wondrous, secret friction-compound. These heavy rolls force this special compound clear through every pore of the asbestos body.

Then it is compressed and cured on special hydraulic presses for one hour at 320° Fahr. under 2000 pounds pressure. Pressure that would crush ordinary brake lining. The result is Thermoid—a single, solid substance—instead of the separate several. Compressed and welded into one solid mass—inseparably one.

This hydraulic compression is the reason Thermoid is brake lining *all through*. It explains why its density is fixed—unvarying. Why it cannot be burned out nor destroyed by any heat generated in service. Why it cannot be affected by oil, water, gasoline, dirt. Why its wearing life is greater. Why it has a seven years' record of success. Why it is used on more high-grade cars than all other linings combined. (And the automobile manufacturer *knows*.)

Thermoid contains *50% more in actual material*, size for size, than ordinary woven brake lining—because of the hydraulic compression—because that much more material is compressed, forced, crushed into every square inch of it. A comparative test of weight will show you that.

*Sixty per cent. more labor* is required to make this 100% perfect lining. It means seven operations—as against three.

We *could* do away with the extra material—the extra labor—the four extra operations—and still offer you as good brake lining as the ordinary. Such a product we probably could sell cheaper.

But it wouldn't be Thermoid.

*When you have your brakes re-lined pay yourself future dividends in wear, value and dependability by insisting on Thermoid. When you buy a new car, demand it.*

*Supply dealer or garage owner! Your jobber can supply you.*

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# COMMUNITY SILVER

BEST PLATED WARE MADE

CHRISTMAS
in your community?

Then—"Community" in your Christmas
Beautiful but not extravagant—as

# MAKING GENERALS OUT OF MUD

(Continued from Page 20)

linked closely with the development of the American automobile. Ten years ago gears stripped easily, after leading the owner of a domestic car to scorn Yankee superficiality and sign for an auto of European make; but today our auto gears are so tough—if properly made—that only a skillful machinist could break a tooth out of one of them with a sledge hammer, and so hard that they stand up under tremendous loads and strains.

The metallurgists, the machine-tool men and the automobile manufacturers worked to this end together, first getting the special alloy steels that would yield such gears, and then the special machinery to cut, grind and finish them in the obdurate metal. Multiple-head milling machines of the planer type, heavy vertical drilling machines, new welding processes and other improvements in machine building are credited chiefly to the great demand for automobiles at reasonable prices.

When the automobile makers went into the manipulation of materials and tools it was only natural that presently they should learn that labor must be adapted and improved as well. Men of nearly all the old standard trades find something to do in an automobile shop. Molders, blacksmiths, machinists, sheet-metal workers, carpenters, upholsterers, harnessmakers, painters, wheelwrights, electricians, electroplaters—and even jewelers—are utilized.

Their trade knowledge has to be applied in new ways, however, and the need for faster, cheaper methods, as well as the great demand for workers, soon showed executives that it was easier to teach good average men how to do what was wanted than to find exceptional men who already knew. The workers themselves quickly became interested in this view of their jobs, because the rapidly growing industry gave them almost unlimited possibilities for advancement.

The employer who growls about the ability of his workpeople nowadays is coming to be classed with the bungling workman of the proverb who swears at his tools; for it is recognized that men are tools of wide adaptability and that intelligent use of them is strictly up to the boss—who has always maintained that his function in the business was to do the thinking.

Many of our industries have been built up without any foundation of workers with standard trades, but have grown on the teaching of parts of processes to such employees as were available. Very often the available workers were an unpromising lot to the outer eye and seemed to deteriorate steadily.

### *Stepping-Stone Occupations*

In one of the largest factories in the city of New York the management began with Americans, Englishmen and Scotchmen years ago, most of whom had learned to build the product as a trade. By and by, however, the workers were German and Irish; and after them came in succession Scandinavians, Jews, Italians, Hungarians, Bohemians and Greeks.

While nationalities followed each other the industry was changing. Machines took over the old hand processes, the original trade disappeared, and the continuance of the factory depended on teaching any kind of worker that was available.

Today this factory recruits at the door of Ellis Island. Giovanni brings round a cousin in a flowery vest, sash and earrings; and Janek or Jonkuttis brings a brother-in-law in sheepskin clothes. The superintendent starts them through a course of teaching; and by the time they are able to take out citizenship papers they may be earning twenty to thirty dollars a week.

In other industries teaching has become absolutely necessary, because there were no skilled trades upon which to draw for workers originally, or because some condition of the business makes it essential to instruct a constant succession of new recruits.

Trolley-car operation is characteristic. Hardly any trade a man can learn previously will fit him to run a trolley car—he has to be taught from the ground up. Demand for men changes with the seasons—an electric railroad system with numerous lines to summer resorts may need twice the number of men during hot weather that can be carried on the payroll in winter.

Also, men use such occupations as mere stepping-stones to something else, entering the service with the fixed purpose of leaving it as soon as a better job offers; so the trolley superintendent has to take candidates pretty much as they come, winnow out the most promising by physical and mental tests, and transform them into competent motormen in two or three weeks.

The coming of girls and women into the industries has also been an important factor in the development of teaching, for these workers remain only a few years and the constantly changing supply must be trained.

Technical, accounting, executive and selling functions blend together in the single job today more than was ever the case in the past. The salesman for an electric-light company needs much technical knowledge, and the operator in charge of such a company's substation for the distribution of current needs ability with figures, diagrams, daily reports, and in the securing of new customers. The only way to get such men is to train them.

Since it began making its generals out of mud the business world has modified all our ideas about education. Employers have complained of the general course taught in our public schools, saying that pupils learn little upon which to develop practical ability when they go into factory, store or office to work. To meet this need the educators have established vocational and trade schools, where they try to prepare boys and girls for industrial life.

### *Company Instruction*

Thus far, however, these schools seem to teach chiefly the industrial generalities—that is, boys are made familiar with the use of carpenters' or metal-working tools, or given a smattering of trades like printing, bookbinding, blacksmithing and bricklaying.

Equipment and tuition in such a school are apt to lag far behind the keen progress in actual industry, however, and heated controversies have arisen between the educators and the employers. The latter maintain that pupils from the vocational schools have little upon which to build when they come to them, and the educators retort that an employer's idea of a well-trained pupil is one who has been taught the particular kind of work done in a certain factory. There seems to be reason on both sides, and the interest that has been roused in the subject is certain to lead to better things.

Another form of training that more nearly meets the aims on both sides is that known as "part time," under which pupils in the public vocational schools spend a certain number of hours each week working in some shop or factory, so that their technical studies are broadened by actual experience with tools, processes and workmen; or the employer makes arrangements whereby his apprentices leave the shop to attend the school a certain number of hours weekly, learning the technical theory of their work and strengthening their general knowledge.

By far the most successful teaching thus far, however, from the standpoint of getting results for a given business, is that done in the business organization itself. Hundreds of big companies now maintain educational departments for their employees; and thousands of small concerns have something of the same nature, even if it is nothing more than a weekly talk by the manager of a department to his own workers, giving them a wider grasp of their work.

Company instruction is direct. It can be adapted to almost every requirement of a business, and certain practical considerations make it the very quintessence of teaching.

Take the candidate for a job as motorman as an example. He may have been a teamster or laborer previously, and therefore has no mechanical or electrical knowledge; but he is strong, intelligent and careful, and the trolley superintendent undertakes to teach him a new trade in ten or fifteen days—the road is waiting for his services and the company pays him while he is at school; so no time must be lost.

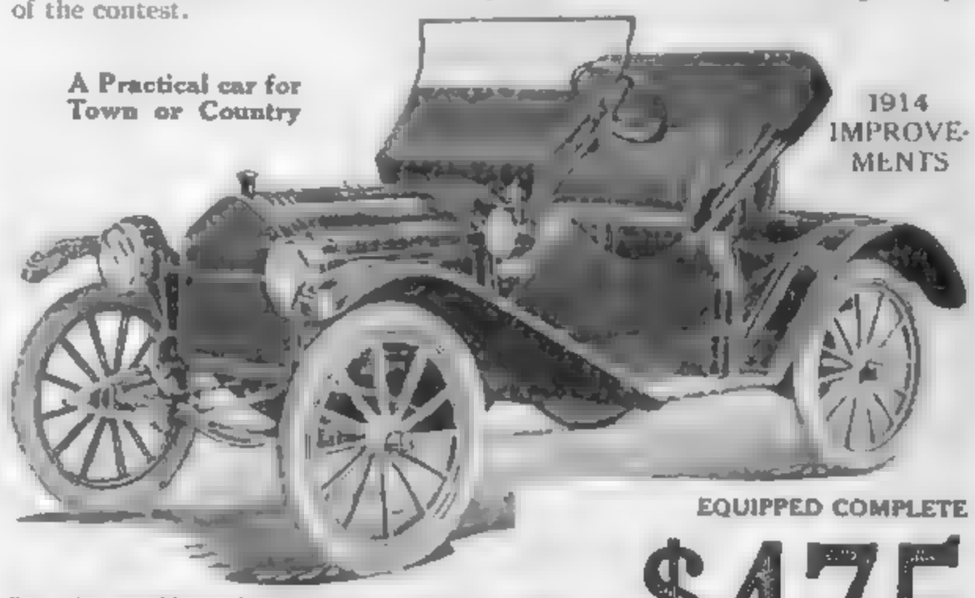
First they show him what to do by letting him do it. The company schoolroom has diagrams and taken-down mechanism to make things plain, and he is


Winner of the Glidden Tour

Quality wins. Competing with many of America's expensive and best-known cars, over an extremely difficult course embracing all conditions of endurance-testing roads and hills, the METZ team of three regular stock cars was the ONLY team that held a perfect score for the entire eight days of the contest.

A Practical car for Town or Country

1914 IMPROVEMENTS



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METZ "22"—$475

THE GEARLESS CAR

"No clutch to slip—No gears to strip"

A remarkable example of low price and minimum cost of upkeep combined with the essential features of the up-to-date car—a car that affords luxury without extravagance.

The METZ "22" is a high class, fully guaranteed road car of the [illegible] on a plot of [illegible] to 12,000 miles on a [illegible]

Equipped with 4-cylinder 22½ H. P. water-cooled motor, *Bosch magneto*, wind shield extension top and cover slip, full elliptic springs all around, standard artillery wheels, best quality *Goodrich clincher tires*, 5 lamps and gas generator, horn, pump and tool outfit. Its gearless transmission entirely does away with gear troubles.

Will make from 5 to 50 miles per hour on the high speed, and climbs hills as fast as any regular stock car made. Built to carry either single or double rumble seat, if desired.

**Write for our New Illustrated Catalog "E"**

When equipped with best electric starter, electric head lights, electric side lights, electric dash and tail lights and electric horn, price is $600.00.

**We want a representative in every city and town. Write for terms.**

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.



A FINE PIPE *LIKE THIS* MAKES A MOST ACCEPTABLE *CHRISTMAS GIFT*

Every smoker who knows about the HARDRIGHT Pipe wants one—for this is the Pipe that insures, always, a cool, dry, sweet smoke. The material of which it is made, and its form of construction positively prevent it from becoming foul or stale. If you are going to be your own Santa Claus this year, treat yourself to a HARDRIGHT and ever after enjoy the full fragrance of your favorite tobacco undefiled by any foreign odor or bitter taste.

⅔ Actual Size

HARDRIGHT Pipes are made of "Condensite," a synthetic phenolic hardened gum which is absolutely non absorbent—the invention of Mr. J. W. Aylsworth, who is now and has been for over twenty-five years associated in laboratory work with Mr. Thos. A. Edison. HARDRIGHT Pipes possess and maintain naturally a beautiful satiny polish. They require no breaking in; and, being clean and sanitary, are never objectionable to others around you.

**Price $1.50** with Sterling Silver Stem Band as shown [illegible] packed in handsome leatherette case [illegible] decorations. With Sterling Silver Bands on both stem and bowl, and best quality plush-lined genuine leather covered case. Pipe and case complete, $3.75. Other mountings, in gold, from $6 [illegible] If [illegible] cannot supply you, send us $1.50 for a HARDRIGHT by parcel post, sent [illegible] own or [illegible] ad [illegible]

Only 3 Pieces

TRADE HARDRIGHT MARK

A HARDRIGHT Pipe cannot become stale, because it *does not absorb* the juices. When they collect, in the space *under* the [illegible] bowl, they drain off naturally by simply removing [illegible] or unscrewing the top. They cannot go [illegible] the fire bowl, hence combustion of the tobacco is complete, resulting in a fine, dry, perfect ash. Guaranteed satisfactory in every particular

**Makers of the Hardright Golf-driver. The longest-driving golf club ever invented – puts about 10 per cent more "go" into the ball.**

Hardright Shaving Brushes are guaranteed forever against the bristles coming out.

*Write for Booklets*

**Hardman & Wright, Belleville, N. J.**

A cup of "Steero" saves the situation!

Father home earlier than usual, hungry as a tiger. Dinner not quite ready. He says nothing, but moves uneasily around and looks expectantly toward the kitchen.

An idea! A "Steero" Cube dropped in a cup, boiling water poured on and father sits and sips and enjoys the fine aroma of hot "Steero," fragrant with beef and vegetable savors. By the time the roast is ready and the gravy comes on, enriched with two "Steero" Cubes, he is wearing a "Bless you, my children," expression.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Think of the wonderful simplicity and quickness with which "Steero" can be made. Bouillon in an instant! Think of the many times a week that a hot beverage like this saves work and gives pleasure.

Trial Box of "Steero" Cubes and the New "Steero" Cook Book Mailed for 10c

Enough "Steero" Cubes sent for four cups of hot "Steero." You'll find the "Steero" Cook Book to be that book you've wanted. Every housewife or cook should send for this book containing, as it does, 150 recipes. Ask your druggist, grocer or delicatessen dealer for "Steero" Bouillon Cubes. Sold in boxes of 12, 50 and 100 Cubes. Don't fail to send 10c for the "Steero" Cook Book and the four Sample Cubes to

Schieffelin & Co., 235 William Street, New York

*Distributors of "Steero" Bouillon Cubes Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1*


given an instruction book to read while he learns platform operations at a dummy controller.

When he knows what to do, then he must be taught what not to do. That involves more insight into electricity and its behavior. The danger of running a car too long on resistance points is made vivid by bringing rheostat and controller in circuit and letting the heat run up until it does actual, visible damage. The function of circuit-breakers on the car is illustrated by actually melting wires and fuses. Everything is shown with apparatus; so that when he enters the service he knows what he must not do, and knows why, because he has seen results with his own eyes, and has much clearer ideas on the subject than could ever have been learned from books.

This direct type of instruction is given to every kind of employee by every kind of employer—shophands are taught to operate special machinery; inspectors to detect flaws in parts; assemblers to make adjustments; clerks to fill out forms and classify goods; salesmen to give customers correct information—and so on. But this direct instruction is only the beginning—the first teaching—into which the employer is drawn usually as a kind of salvation.

Napoleon's saying about mud generals was supplemented by another to the effect that every one of his soldiers carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack! And this holds strictly true of the mud generals created in business; for by far the most important teaching given employees in every industry is that which seeks to fit them for higher positions.

It would seem as though every possible variation in schooling had been tried in this field. A big company will maintain shop schools where its apprentices are given technical instruction as they do practical work in the shops; and that same company puts engineer graduates in overalls and sends them out into the shops to learn men and management.

### *Trackwork in Japanese*

Groups of workers in another concern will be brought together for a weekly talk by a manager, and from that go on to special courses in outside schools—perhaps under a company scholarship. Night classes are maintained for day workers and day classes for night workers. Prizes are offered for results shown by employees in independent study, and boards of company experts examine those who appear before it to demonstrate progress and win higher ratings and a place farther up the line of promotion.

For widely scattered organizations, such as those of the railroads, the correspondence-school idea has been adopted—one of the Western roads even has a course of trackwork in Japanese and reports that one Jap out of every four in its trackgangs is taking it.

Business once chafed helplessly under the limitations of what its workers knew or did not know; but today it is rapidly discovering that such limitations are largely imaginary.

The boss nowadays thinks as the mother did whose boy was sent home from school to have his face washed. With sound sense, she wrote back to the teacher: "When we send Jakie by the school, don't wash him—learn him!" And the boss no longer complains about the shortcomings of the employees that fall to his lot—he proceeds to shape them by teaching.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by James H. Collins.

## *A Preparatory Course*

THERE is a judge in Salem, Massachusetts, who, behind a benignant exterior, hides an occasional surprise for persistent evildoers. Not long ago there came up before him for sentence two youths who had been guilty of a long sequence of misdeeds. Both were under age, each having just passed his nineteenth birthday. Having been caught with the goods on them they had pleaded guilty, in the hope of getting off with a light punishment.

The judge adjusted his glasses and through them beamed softly at the young lawbreakers.

"Now then, boys," he said softly, "I'm going to send you two to the state reformatory for two years apiece"—his voice suddenly changed—"and while you're there you can both be studying for the state penitentiary!"


The Florsheim Shoe

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

You'll find real comfort *first* in a "Natural Shape" *last*—the name Florsheim in every pair.

There is a Florsheim dealer ready to serve you—if unable to locate him—write us.

$5.00 PER PAIR and up to $7.00

*Style Book FREE upon request*

The Florsheim Shoe Co.

Chicago, U. S. A.

Havana Cigars Fresh Every Hour

If you could get your "Havanas" fresh each hour—just as they are rolled—you would have the finest smokes on earth.

The wonderfully full, rich flavor and the delicate aroma, which make every puff a pleasure, come from the original oil in the tobacco leaf.

This oil evaporates quickly, and when it goes, the greater part of the flavor goes too.

I have solved the problem of getting cigars fresh by shipping my Roberts Hand-made Clear "Havanas" direct to private smokers the day after they are made.

And they are so much better when purchased this way that today, after ten years, the Roberts enjoys one of the widest sales of any Havana cigar made.

My direct selling plan also enables me to give you most unusual quality at a ridiculously small price, as a trial at my expense will prove.

Let me send you my interesting booklet, "The Roberts Way"—together with my "Free-Trial-No-Deposit Offer." You'll find both interesting. Write today—

Roberts

Tampa, Florida

*Roberts Cigars are not sold by Retailers*

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllable System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time, averaging five hours each day. For full descriptive matter free, address CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 925 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Illinois.

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Wonderful new shoe scraper and cleaner. Cleans dust as well as mud. Sells the year round. Needed on every door step. Enormous seller. W. A. Parker sold 92 in 4½ days—Profit $10 a day. Write quick for territory and terms and sample to workers.

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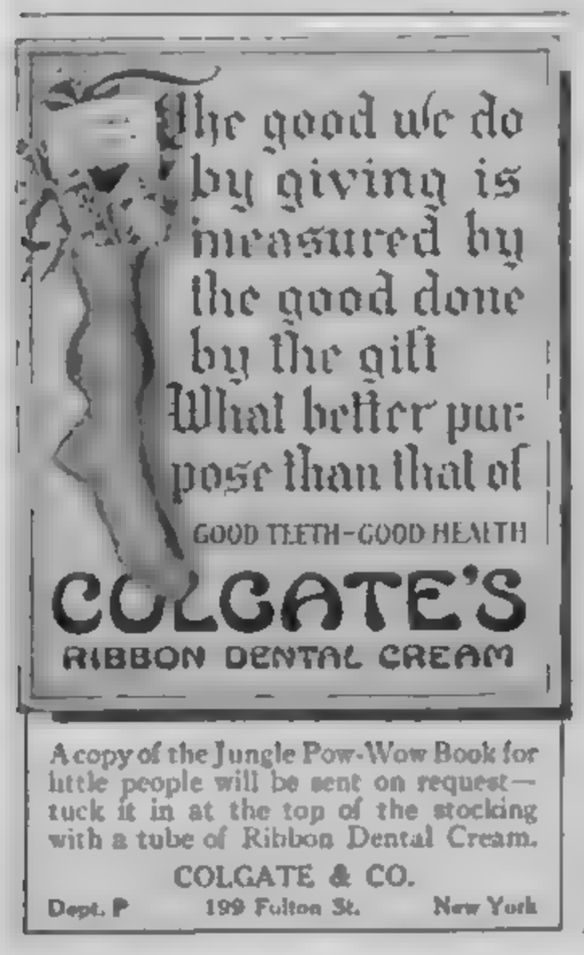
The good we do by giving is measured by the good done by the gift What better purpose than that of
GOOD TEETH—GOOD HEALTH
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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

A copy of the Jungle Pow-Wow Book for little people will be sent on request—tuck it in at the top of the stocking with a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

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With a Torrey you always shave clean and smooth, because it has the perfect shaving edge. Adjusted to glide over the face at the right angle. Cuts close, without pulling, without roughing the skin.

A Real Man's Razor—

this beautiful razor is one of the finest examples of Torrey skill in razor making. It guarantees comfortable shaving.

If your dealer hasn't Torrey razors, write to us; we'll tell you where to get them, and send you FREE booklet, "How to Shave."

*The Torrey Honing Strop has no equal*

The J. R. Torrey Razor Company
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# ARROW *Tango* *SHIRTS*

*for Evening Wear*

IN exclusive creations of more than ordinary merit. They are exquisitely made, equalling the best productions of the custom shop. *$2.00 up.*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers of* Arrow Collars
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## You couldn't ask for more at the price

Men, you'd pay double the actual price for Hanes Winter Underwear and then feel that you were getting a heaping money's worth. You'd wear it and then *know* you did.

50c a Garment

# HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
# UNDERWEAR

Union Suit $1.00

is made for the sensible, substantial man who wants solid worth and no frills for his money. So, instead of frills, we've put in Hanes Underwear such exclusive features as the elastic collarette that fits close to the neck; the improved knitted cuffs that will not stretch; the staunch waistband; the reinforced shoulder that will not lose its shape and drop down; and the **unbreakable seams**

*Money back or a new garment if they do.*

Where else can you get so much for so little—50 cents per garment? Why pay more? Why not be thrifty and sensible?

**P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.,**
**Winston-Salem, N. C**

Be sure to look for the "Hanes" label.

If your dealer does not carry "Hanes," write us for the name of one who does.

# Fun—Entertainment—Instruction

**Prices: $3, $6, $9, $12 and up**

### A Christmas Gift that will Please Everyone

With the Radioptican throwing pictures, magnified many times, on a screen, boys and girls and all the family can entertain themselves and guests. You can arrange parties, hold prize contests, learn history, geography, natural history or amuse yourself better than in any other way.

The Radioptican projects any kind of picture, photo, illustration, post card, clipping, etc., in its beautiful colors and with all detail accurately brought out. No slides are necessary; just put in the picture itself. The pictures on the screen will be 3 to 6 feet in diameter and have all the appearance of magic-lantern views. Any illustration or flat object (up to 6x7 inches) may be thrown on the screen and enlarged.

# RADIOPTICAN

Extremely simple to operate. The electric model is connected like an electric fan. If you haven't electricity in your home, an acetylene model, complete with generator and ready to operate, or a gas model will give complete satisfaction.

Every Radioptican carries a guarantee tag that protects the buyer from disappointment. Sold wherever photo supplies or optical goods are sold; also in department stores and toy shops.

### Write for our Book, "Home Entertainments"

It is filled with ideas for all kinds of fun at home. It will give you all the information desired on this wonderful machine. Ask your dealer for a demonstration of the Radioptican. You will see how strongly it magnifies the image and what brilliant illumination it gives.

**H. C. WHITE COMPANY, 806 River Street, North Bennington, Vt.**

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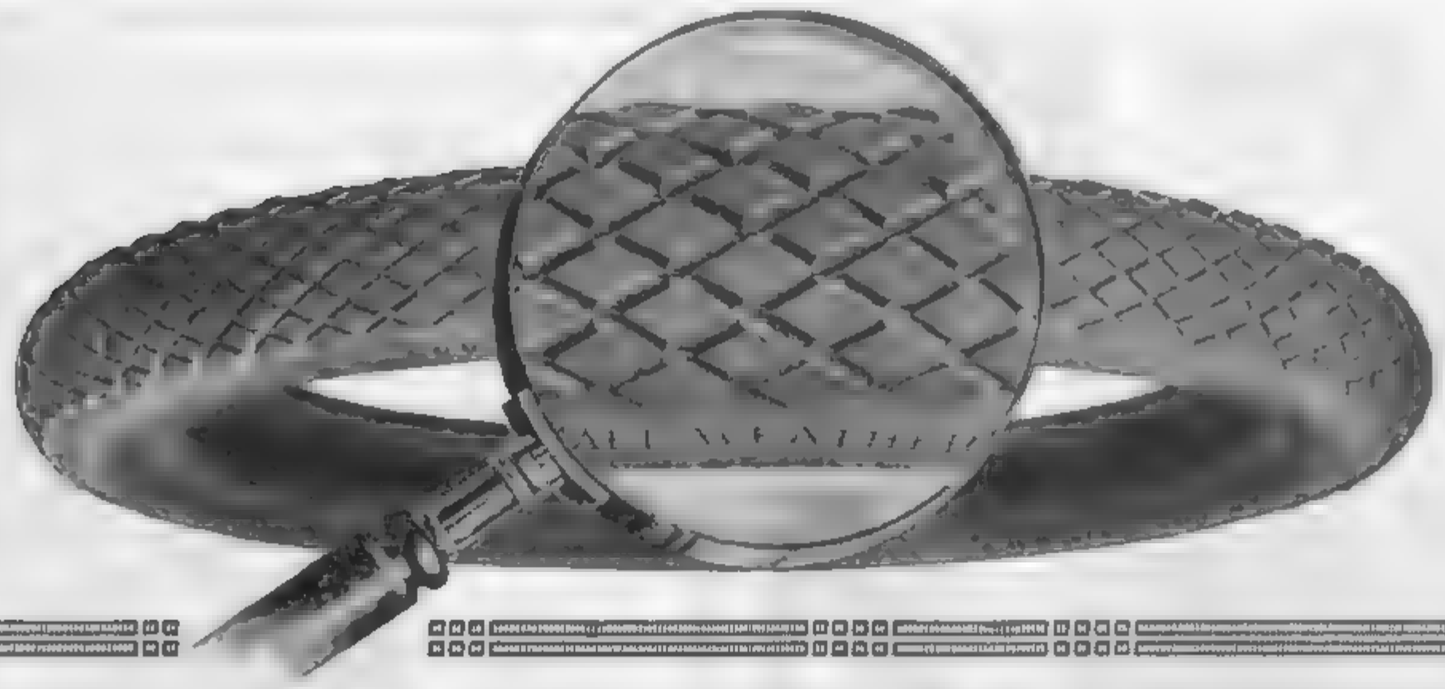


# All-Weather Treads

## On Dry Roads

As smooth as a plain tread. Equally economical. The blocks are broad and flat. They are regular, so they do not cause vibration.

The tread is double-thick. It is extra tough. The grips last for thousands of miles. And the blocks widen out so they meet at the base, spreading the strains over the whole fabric surface, just as with smooth-tread tires.

## On Wet Roads

Countless sharp edges face the skidding direction—45 degrees. And the edges stay sharp, always affording an almost resistless grip.

Effective on any slippery road, ice, asphalt or wet clay. An ever-ready safeguard, matchless in efficiency, instantly acting in any emergency. And the grips are so deep, so wide-spread and tough that they never all wear off.

## Use on Every Wheel in Winter

We tire makers all made many mistakes in the early days of anti-skids.

We made the treads too thin, the projections too shallow and soft. We used rounded edges which often failed to grip.

Some of us used irregular projections, and they caused vibration. Some of us used separate projections. They centered the strains at small points in the fabric, causing short-lived tires.

So you preferred a plain-tread tire when the roads weren't skiddy. And perhaps you added something extra when you needed anti-skids.

But now Goodyear inventors have solved all of these problems. They have created an "All-Weather" tread. An enduring anti-skid, combining every plain-tread advantage with a most tenacious grip.

A tread for all wheels and all seasons. Even last summer it outsold our plain treads with users—on the largest-selling tires in the world.

In winter, every careful driver will use "All-Weather" treads exclusively. You will find they excel, at every point, all old-type anti-skids. And yet eight types of anti-skids cost more than "All-Weather" treads.

### The Fourth Advantage In No-Rim-Cut Tires

This adds a fourth advantage to No-Rim-Cut tires. And the other three have made these tires the most popular tires in the world.

Note now what you get.

You get a tire that can't rim-cut. And this great feature, which gives you a feasible hookless tire, is controlled by Goodyear secrets.

You save in addition the countless blowouts due to wrinkled fabric. To save this for you, No-Rim-Cut tires are final-cured on air bags shaped like inner tubes. Thus the fabric stretches out, adapting itself to actual road conditions. This extra process, used by us alone, adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily.

Then we combat tread separation by a patent "rivet fabric." We paid $50,000 to control this method for reducing the waste of loose treads.

### The Price Men Pay

Men who go without these features must always pay the price.

Our latest statistics, secured by public accountants, show that 31.8 per cent of all clincher tires are discarded for rim-cuts only. That's almost one tire in three.

Tires which are final-cured on air save needless blowouts. And tread separation is a common fault in tires.

No-Rim-Cut tires, in saving these things, save millions of dollars annually. As one result, these tires now outsell any other tire in the world.

Now comes this "All-Weather" tread, which ends the troubles you had with anti-skids.

Have you on the other hand, a single reason for not adopting No-Rim-Cut tires?

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

**No-Rim-Cut Tires**

***With All-Weather Treads***

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**

**Toronto, Canada** **London, England** **Mexico City, Mexico**

**Dealers Everywhere.** **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities.** **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber.**

(1412)

# AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

(Continued from Page 25)

"Theirs was only a flying visit," I explained. "I was lucky to get hold of them for my dinner."

"I'm hanged if I understand this!" Reggie remarked, looking at me suspiciously. "Why, I spent the best part of three weeks with them in that God-forsaken hole out West, and they were as keen as mustard on my taking them round London. How long have they been here?"

"Not long," I answered. "Sure you won't have some coffee?"

Reggie ignored the invitation.

"They've got my address and there are the directories," he continued. "The funny part of it is, too, that I heard from Mrs. Bundercombe a week or so ago, and she never said a word about any of them coming over."

"They seem to have made their minds up all of a sudden," I explained. "They spoke of it as quite a flying trip."

Reggie coughed and stared for a moment at the end of his boot.

"Can't understand it at all!" he repeated. "Devilish queer thing anyway! I say, Paul, you're sure it's all right, I suppose?"

"All right? What do you mean?"

"Between you and me," he went on—"don't give it away outside this room, you know—but there have been rumors going about concerning an American and his pretty daughter over here—regular wrong 'uns! They've been up to all sorts of tricks and only kept out of prison by a fluke."

"You're not associating these people, whoever they may be, with Mr. and Miss Bundercombe?" I asked sternly.

Reggie gazed once more at the point of his boot.

"The thing is," he remarked, "are your friends Mr. and Miss Bundercombe at all?"

"Don't talk rot!"

"It may be rot," Reggie admitted slowly, "or it may not. By the by, where did you meet them?"

"If you don't mind," I answered, "we won't discuss them any longer."

"At least," Reggie insisted, "will you tell me this: Where have they been staying in London? I shall go there and see whether they have left any address for letters to be forwarded."

"I shall tell you nothing," I decided. "As a matter of fact I am finding you rather a nuisance."

Reggie picked up his hat.

"There is something more in this," he said didactically, "than meets the eye!"

"Machiavellian!" I scoffed. "Be off, Reggie!"

I had tea with Eve that afternoon and broached the subject of Reggie's visit as delicately as I could.

"You remember Lord Reggie Sidley?" I asked.

"Lord Reggie what!" Eve exclaimed.

"Sidley," I repeated firmly. "He spent three weeks with you out at your home in Okata. His threatened arrival last night was the cause of your father's precipitate retreat, and yours."

"Oh, that young man!" Eve remarked airily. "Well, what about him?"

"He has been round to see me this morning," I told her—"wanted your address."

She sighed.

"London will be getting too hot for us soon!" she murmured. "Am I engaged to him or anything?"

"Eve," I said, "when are you going to let me announce our engagement?"

"Our what?" she demanded.

"Engagement," I repeated. "I have proposed to you two or three times. I will do it again if you like."

"Pray don't!" she begged. "You are not going to tell me, are you," she added, looking at me with wide-open eyes, "that I have accepted you?"

"You haven't refused me," I pointed out.

"If I haven't," she assured me, "it has been simply to save your feelings."

I gulped down a little rising storm of indignation.

"You must marry sometime, Eve," I said. "There isn't anyone in America, is there?"

"There are a great many," she assured me. "It was to get away from them, as much as anything, that I came over with father on this business trip."

"Business trip!" I groaned.

"Oh! I dare say it all seems very disgraceful to anyone like you—you who were born with plenty of money and have never been obliged to earn any, and have mixed with respectable people all your life!" she exclaimed. "All the same, let me tell you there are plenty of charming and delightful people going about the world earning their living by their wits—simply because they are forced to. There is more than one code of morals, you know."

I flatter myself that at this point I was tactful.

"My dear Eve," I reminded her, "you forget that I have joined the gang—I mean," I corrected myself hastily, "that I have offered to associate myself with you and your father in any of your enterprises. I am perfectly willing to give up anything in life you may consider too respectable. At the same time I must say there are limits so far as you are concerned."

She pouted a little.

"I hate being out of things," she said.

"No need for you to be altogether!" I continued. "Now if I could institute a real big affair in the shape of a bucketshop swindle, in which your father and I could play the principal parts and you become merely a subordinate, such as a typist or something—what about that, eh?"

"It doesn't sound very amusing for me," she objected. "How much should we make?"

"Thousands," I assured her, "if it were properly engineered."

"I think," she said reflectively, "that father would be very glad of a few thousands just now. He says the market over here, for such little trifles as we have come across, is very restricted."

I groaned under my breath. In imagination I could see Mr. Parker bartering with some shady individual for Lady Enterdean's cameo brooch! I reverted to our previous subject of conversation.

"Eve," I went on, "I hate to seem tedious—but the question of our engagement still hangs fire."

"You persistent person!" she sighed. "Tell me, if I married you would all those people we met last night be nice to me?"

"Of course they would," I assured her. "They are only waiting for a word from you. I think they must have an idea already. I am not in the habit of giving dinner parties with a young lady as guest of honor."

She was thoughtful for a few moments, and her eyes lit up with reminiscent humor.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "If only they knew! They hadn't any suspicions, I suppose, about those—those little trifles?"

"None," I replied. "I put it all on to a waiter."

"How clever of you! You really do seem to be a most capable person—and so masterful! I begin to fear that some day you'll have your own way."

Her eyes laughed at me. There was something softly provocative in them—a new and kinder light. I bent over her and kissed her. She sat quite still.

"Mr. Walmsley!"

"It's usual among engaged couples," I pleaded.

"Is it!" she remarked coldly. "Doesn't the man, as a rule, wait to be quite sure he is engaged?"

"Not in this country," I declared. "I have heard that Americans are rather shy about that sort of thing. Englishmen——"

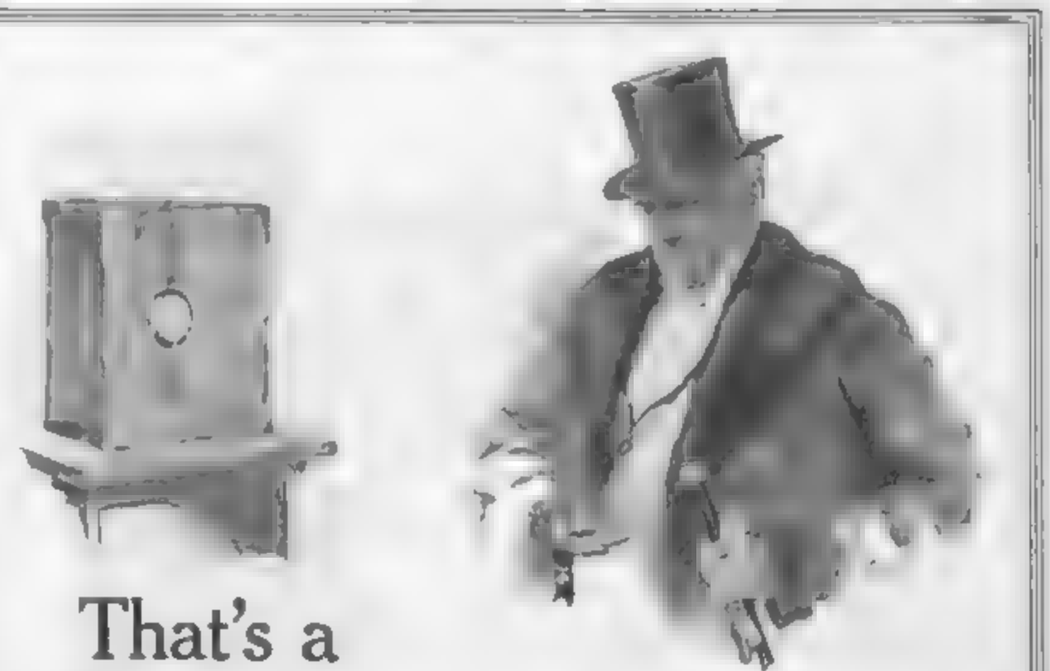
"Oh, bother Englishmen!" she exclaimed stamping her foot. "I don't believe a word I've ever heard about them. I suppose now I shall have to marry you!"

"I don't see any way out of it," I agreed readily.

She held up her finger. The door was quietly opened. Mr. Parker entered.

He was followed by the most utterly objectionable and repulsive-looking person I have ever set eyes on in my life—a young man, thin and of less than medium height, flashily dressed in cheap clothes, with patent boots and brilliant necktie. His cheeks were sallow; and his eyes, deeply inset, were closer together than any I have ever seen.

"My dear," Mr. Parker exclaimed, "let me present Mr. Moss—my daughter, sir; Mr. Walmsley—also one of us. I have been privileged," Mr. Parker continued, dropping his voice a little, "to watch Mr. Moss at work this afternoon; and I can assure you that a more consummate artist I have never seen—in Wall Street, at a racetrack meeting, or anywhere else."

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Just as the great crises of life reveal the real fiber and character of men, so does this crucial test of watch-quality bring out its in-built perfections. A watch that runs accurately for twenty-four hours in solid ice possesses *solid worth*. It's a member of the aristocracy of watches—a genuine

"South Bend" Watch

The same rigid character tests you employ in choosing your inner circle of friends, should govern your choice of a watch—your most intimate possession.

The matter of price is of little moment in buying a lifetime timepiece.

You are justified in gratifying your *pride*—in getting *the best there is*.

You are making an investment that will be ticking off dividends for the one to whom your South Bend descends.

Besides, it is truest economy to own a watch that's immune to the thousand and one internal troubles that beset the common watch.

Millions have seen, in jewelers' windows, the supreme test of time-keeping accuracy—the South Bend Watch, in a cake of ice, keeping perfect time.

You know from this, there's *something* in a South Bend that's not found in other watches.

We cannot explain, in this limited space, just what that *something* is.

But the South Bend jeweler can not only *explain* it, but can actually make you *see* it. Ask him about it. Have him show you *all* the South Bend models.

Be sure to ask *specifically* to examine the *double-roller* South Bend Watch.

This type of watch is as far in advance of the ordinary single-roller movement as the four-cylinder car is ahead of the little old "one lunger."

You can *afford* a South Bend—prices $15 to $100. We suggest that you send for our little brochure, "How and Where to Select a Good Watch."

The South Bend Watch Co., 12 State St., South Bend, Ind.

ALL-ONE-PIECE STEEL KITCHEN KNIFE

Something new—all of one piece of steel. No better steel in any knife at any price—keen edge—no crevices to collect dirt or grease—clean—sanitary. 3 types—short, medium and long blades. 15c each. To introduce, in sets of three @ postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. Absolutely the only [illegible]

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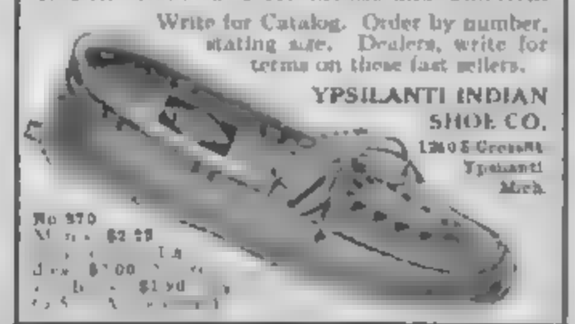

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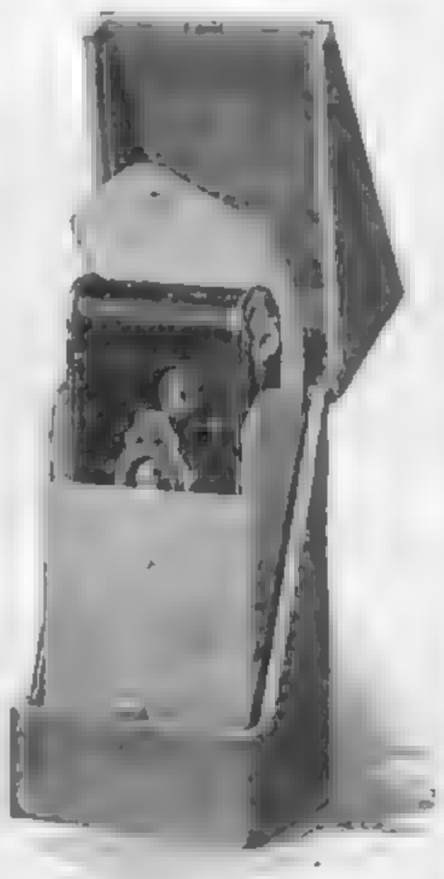

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Mr. Moss smiled deprecatingly and jerked his head sideways.

"The old un's pretty fly!" he remarked, as he laid his hat on the table.

"I am very glad to know Mr. Moss, of course," Eve said; "but I am not in the least in sympathy with the—er—branch of our industry he represents. You know, daddy, it's much too dangerous and not a bit remunerative."

"To a certain extent, my dear," her father admitted, "I am with you. Not all the way though. One needs, of course, to discriminate. Personally I must admit that the nerve and actual genius required in finger manipulation have always attracted me."

Mr. Moss paused, with his glass halfway to his lips. He jerked his head in the direction of Mr. Parker.

"He is one for the gab, ain't he?" he remarked confidentially to me.

For the life of me, at that moment I could not tell whether to leave the room in a fit of angry disgust or to accept the ludicrous side of the situation and laugh. Fortunately for me, perhaps, I caught Eve's eye, in which there was more than the suspicion of a twinkle. I chose, therefore, the latter alternative. Mr. Moss watched us for a moment curiously.

"What might your line be, guvnor?" he asked as he set down his glass.

"Oh, anything that's going," I replied carelessly. "City work is rather my specialty."

"I know!" Mr. Moss exclaimed quickly. "Slap-up offices; thousands of letters a day full of postal orders; shutters up suddenly—and bunco! Fine appearance for the job!" he added admiringly.

Eve sat down and began to laugh softly to herself. She had a habit of laughing almost altogether with her eyes in a way that expressed more genuine enjoyment than anything I have ever realized. She rocked herself gently backward and forward. Mr. Moss looked at us both a little suspiciously.

"Seem to be missing the joke a bit—I do!" he remarked.

Eve sat up and was instantly grave.

"It is your clear-sighted way of putting things," she explained softly. "You seem to understand people so thoroughly."

"I don't generally make no mistake about the number of beans in the game," Mr. Moss observed in a self-congratulatory tone. "I can tell a crook from a mug a bit quicker than most."

"I have suggested to Mr. Moss, my dear," Mr. Parker intervened, turning toward us with beaming face, "just a little early dinner—say, at Stephano's—just as we are, you know. Will this be agreeable to you?"

"Certainly!" Eve assented promptly.

"Mr. Moss will tell us some of his little adventures," Mr. Parker continued, with satisfaction. "Considering that he has had twelve years' continual work, I think you'll all agree with me that his is a wonderful record. He has been compelled to enter into a little involuntary—er—retirement only once during the whole of that time."

Mr. Moss looked a little puzzled.

"He means lagged, don't he?" he remarked, a light breaking in on him. "Only once in my life—and that for a trifling beano—a lady's bag and a couple of wipes. I tell you it's no joke nowadays, though. They do watch you! The profession ain't what it was."

"You will come with us, won't you, Mr. Walmsley?" Eve begged, turning to me.

"I shall be delighted," I answered, with strenuous mendacity. "Did you say Stephano's, or what do you think of one of these places closer at hand? I was told of a little restaurant in Soho the other day, where the cooking is remarkable."

"I'm all for Stephano's," Mr. Moss declared, grinning; "and the sooner the better. One of the neatest pieces of business I ever did in my life I brought off there in the old bar. To tell you the truth, I'm getting a bit peckish."

"There is no reason," Mr. Parker agreed, "why we should not dine at once. It is very nearly seven o'clock. What do you say?"

"Yoicks! Tally-ho, for the Strand!" Mr. Moss exclaimed, with spirit.

We started off—four in a taxi. It was Mr. Moss who, with florid politeness, handed Eve to her seat; and it was Mr. Moss who entertained us on the way with light conversation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)




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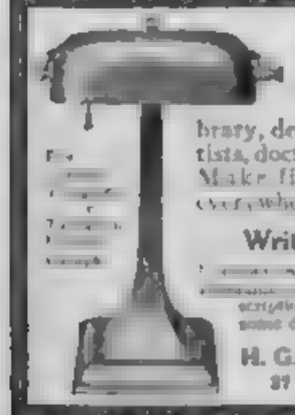

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*(The Sign of a Good Drug Store)*

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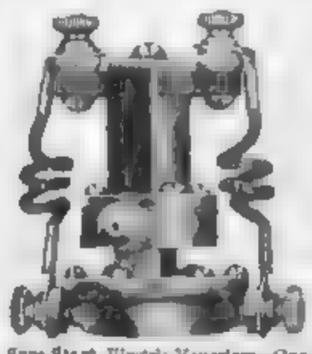

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Turn small switch on the dash; then crank your motor in the usual way and an *immediate* start is *assured* regardless of weather conditions or poor gasoline.

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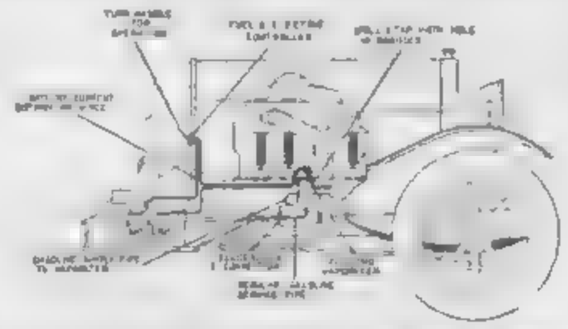
**Sure-Start** gives the vital impulse—start [illegible] The **Sure-Start** [illegible] final vaporizer [illegible] insures instantaneous vaporizing of fuel.

[illegible] practical priming with [illegible] spark [illegible] **Sure-Start** vaporizer does [illegible]



(Sketch illustrating application of **SURE-START** Electric Vaporizer. This is not drawn to scale—the Vaporizer being exaggerated in size.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

# DESERT STUFF

*(Continued from Page 8)*

The saddling of Aladdin was not accomplished without bloodshed. One of the attendants relaxed his vigilance for an instant and suffered a painful nip on the shoulder.

"Aisy!" said Tim Kelly. "I've been told that Billy Ward starves his livestock and I belave it."

"Now, Buck," said Montague, "I want you to ride over about half a mile and then turn and go straight along that ridge against the skyline. The other camels will follow, so you won't have to worry about them. I'll keep these people back out of the way so there won't be anybody within half a mile of you to make Aladdin nervous. Take your time about it and finish with a run."

"I'll do my best, Jim," said Buck, whose eyes were fixed upon the attendant's shoulder; "but I warn you, if this camel bites me his name is mud. I'll get him sure!"

"Rats! You talk like a child! Keep your legs back out of the way and he can't hurt you."

"The deuce he can't!" sneered Buck. "He's got a neck made out of rubber!"

"All set!" said Tim Kelly. "The noble ship o' the desert is ready to sail."

Three men held Aladdin's head while Buck swung himself between the high horns of the camel saddle and thrust his sandals into the stirrups.

"Better say goodby to us, folks," he called. "One of us might not come back. Leggo of his head. Hup, you!"

Aladdin heaved himself to his feet with a racking series of convulsions, whistled through his nostrils, shook his head from side to side, made a futile though earnest attempt to reach one of Buck's knees and then lumbered forward, the circus camels following in his wake.

"Fine!" said the director. "Charlie, be ready to catch 'em as soon as they straighten out along the ridge. Get as much of the foreground as you can and mighty little sky."

"Even so," said the camera man.

"Buck doesn't seem to be having any trouble," remarked Montague. "It's the first time I ever knew him to kick about a riding stunt. Said he'd kill the camel if he got bit."

"Oh, well," said Leslie reassuringly, "you know how Buck is. He wouldn't hurt a fly, but he likes to talk."

The string of camels grew small in the distance, turned at a right angle and swung up the ridge, the white leader plodding along at a sedate pace.

"That's the stuff!" said Montague. "They ought to be moving a little faster than that though. Why doesn't he hurry 'em up a little?"

Evidently the same idea occurred to Buck, for he was seen to flap his elbows and kick Aladdin violently in the ribs. The white neck curved backward in protest and at the same instant the camel made a mighty leap, lurched in his stride and fell headlong. Before his knees crumpled under him the other camels were in full flight, and the wind bore the short, crashing report of a heavy revolver.

"He shot him! Buck shot him!" yelled Ben Leslie, starting to run.

The population of Daggett surged forward like a wave.

"Out of the picture! Keep out of the picture!" bellowed Montague.

"Too late," said the imperturbable Dupree. "Ben spilled the beans. He cut across in front just as the camels started to scatter."

All things considered, it was a very complete case of circumstantial evidence.

Ben Leslie and Jimmy Montague, distancing the field and finishing a stride apart, found Aladdin dead upon the ground with a ragged hole in the side of his head. Buck Parvin, a trifle white about the lips, was sitting beside the body of the camel, examining an ugly wound below his right knee.

"You fool! What did you shoot him for?" panted Leslie.

"Me?" said Buck blankly. "I never did no such thing! I was booting him to make him run and he reached round and took a chunk out of my leg. Just as he got me—Pow! and down he goes like a landslide! I lit on my head and was sort of knocked silly for a minute, and when I came to I looked all round, but I couldn't see a thing. That's straight goods."

Montague shook his head.

"It sounds fishy to me. You said you'd do it if he bit you. Let me see that gun!"

Buck handed over his weapon with a sickly grin.

"Jim," said he, "I was only bluffing about that; honest, I was. I'm telling you right; I didn't shoot him and I don't know who did."

By this time the audience was arriving. The citizens of Daggett surrounded the dead camel and filled the air with ejaculations and profane comment.

"He said one of 'em mightn't come back!"

"Don't look like he'd bite anybody else in a hurry."

"Deader'n a nit!"

"Camels is expensive critters, ain't they?"

"Been me, I'd just banged him on the head with the butt. No need to kill him. Shame, I say!"

"Loaded with cartridges," said Montague, "and one empty."

"Well, I can explain that," said Buck, looking about him at a circle of accusing faces. "I loaded her because I thought I might get a shot at a coyote or something. When she's loaded I always carry her with the trigger on an empty. She's safest that way. Jim, on the level, you don't think I shot that poor ole camel, do you? Ben, you know I wouldn't do a trick like that, no matter how bad he bit me. I was just talking, that's all; I ——"

"There's no need for you to talk any more, Parvin," said the director. "You've killed an animal that was worth a lot of money and you've ruined a fine picture. You're through, so far as working with this company is concerned."

"Canned, am I?" Buck rose and stripped off the burnoose, which he threw on the ground at Montague's feet. "Seems to me, Jim, we've worked together long enough for you to give me the benefit of the doubt. No?"

He laughed recklessly.

"Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime, I reckon. The truth ain't good enough for some people. You might do me one favor though: Keep that gun till you get cooled out and sensible, and then let any of these old-timers tell you whether she's been fired lately."

Montague turned on his heel without a word or a look.

Buck was left alone with Aladdin. He looked down at the sprawling legs and the grotesquely twisted neck and shook his head.

"You poor ole son-of-a-gun!" said Buck. "I didn't like a bone in your head and I talked rough to you, but I wouldn't have bushwhacked you like this!"

*VI*

THE desert moon shone down on two men sitting upon a baggage truck in front of the depot.

"It's too good an idea to waste," said Montague. "Of course it won't be quite as effective without the white camel, but the picture can be worked out some other way. It's up to us to make as much as we can out of the trip. What do you think Ward will soak us for Aladdin?"

"Enough," said Ben Leslie, "and he'll probably want to kill me. Billy thought a lot of that white camel."

"Have you seen Buck?"

"Yes. He's down at the saloon, telling his troubles and waiting for the midnight train. I lent him ten dollars and then he offered to lick me."

"Still denying it, is he?"

"Absolutely! That was why he wanted to fight. You know, Jim, it ain't like Buck to lie, and he sticks to it that somebody else fired the shot."

"No chance!" said Montague. "Didn't he say he'd kill the camel if he bit him? Didn't he have an empty shell in his gun? If anybody else was round there, why didn't we see him?"

"Good evening, gentlemen!" piped a thin voice. A small figure approached, coming from the direction of the corrals. "Here's Uncle Jimmy back again! The coyotes ain't got him yet and they never will —— Oh, excuse me! I didn't notice you was strangers!"

"That's all right," said Leslie carelessly. "How're you making it?"

"Fair," said Uncle Jimmy. "Fair to middlin'. Can't complain. I still got my jacks and my outfit, and that'll be enough to bury me when the time comes. Just got

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back from a trip. I see they captured them wild camels; got a whole corral full of 'em over yonder."

"Wild camels?" said Montague, suddenly interested.

"Why, yes, wasn't you readin' about them wild camels in the newspapers?" The little old man cackled and slapped his knees. "By jocks, they never would have got 'em if it hadn't been for me! Yes, sir, they got Uncle Jimmy to thank for that job!"

Ben Leslie nudged Montague.

"What job was that?"

"Why, rounding up them camels," said Uncle Jimmy, sitting down upon the baggage truck. "You see, I was warned about 'em. Out here about a week ago I picked up a newspaper and there was a whole page in it about them camels. It seems they had a leader, a big white feller, and he used to roam round nights trying to find somebody to tromp on. Come awful clost to getting a feller named Tom Smith. I knowed there was only one thing to do and that was to keep my eye peeled for that white camel, him being the leader and havin' it in for prospectors, as you might say. I was afraid he'd come loping along some night, flatten me out like a flapjack and leave me for the coyotes. I got so I'd set up waiting for him, but nothing come of it.

"When I got pretty clost to town I figgered that I was safe and sort of forgot about them wild camels. This afternoon I was out here a ways, the other side of a little rise of ground, following up some float. My jacks was over about a mile away in a draw. All of a sudden I heard a noise and I looked up—I was on my hands and knees, gentlemen—and there was that white camel right on top of me! Yes, sir, and what's more there was a ghost ridin' him—I seen him as plain as I see you."

"And so you're the ——" Montague stopped, for Leslie nudged him again.

"Don't you see he's crazy?" whispered Ben. "Let him talk! Go on, old-timer. You saw the camel and the ghost riding him. What did you do then?"

"Why, gentlemen," said Uncle Jimmy, "I grabbed for ole Sitting Bull—that's the gun I had when I was fightin' Injuns with Crook—and I cut her loose and down he come like a thousand of brick. I don't rightly know what happened after that because it just rained camels all round me. There must have been a million of 'em and they come from everywhere! I knowed they was after me for shooting that white leader, and I bet no jackrabbit could have out-run me gettin' away from there. Yes, sir, I certainly sifted some sand ——"

Ben Leslie chuckled and leaped from the truck, disappearing in the direction of the saloon. Uncle Jimmy paused, startled.

"I might have knowed nobody would believe me," said he. "But I didn't dream it, else how come they to have a whole corral full of camels over yonder? And the thing that gets me is where did all them people come from so quick? I looked back once and ——"

Sounds of argument came out of the darkness.

"You leggo my arm, Ben Leslie!" said a thick voice. "You ain't no frien' of mine! You said I shot poor ol' 'Laddin—you said it and Montague said it. I never hurt dumb alimal my whole life! Leggo my arm!"

"It's all right, Buck!" Ben's voice rang out cheerfully. "You didn't shoot him; it was an old nut of a prospector. We've got him over here at the depot."

"Wha—wha's that?" roared Buck, immediately militant. "You got him—fell'r shot 'Laddin? Killed that ol' white camel? Where is he? Show'm to me, Ben! We'll fix him!"

Uncle Jimmy Belcher slid off the baggage truck with surprising agility for one of his ripe years and backed swiftly away into the shade of the depot building, fumbling at his hip. Buck, coming up at a run and being in no condition to distinguish friend from foe, hurled himself upon Montague with a triumphant whoop.

"Here he is! Fetch a rope, Ben! Dog-gone you—you won't—murder no more—movin' pitcher—camelsh!" And at every other word he banged Montague's head upon the baggage truck.

Uncle Jimmy Belcher, pausing at the far end of the freight shed, heard the request for a rope and the uproar which followed it. He did not linger, but slipped inconspicuously round the corner and faded away in the direction of the corrals, Sitting Bull unlimbered for immediate action.

"Too darn much going on round here to suit us, Jimmy!" he wheezed. "What say


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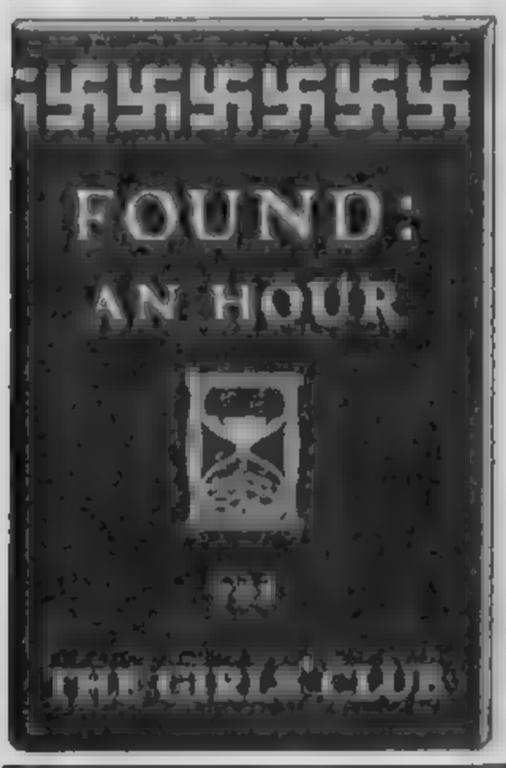


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we git our jacks and leave this fool town flat on its back? Yes, sir, let's us do that! Too many camels and eediots in Daggett this evening! You reckon we better hurry some? Why, yes, Jimmy, you surely ain't forgot how to run, have you?"

"Well, o' course, Jim," said Buck, rocking unsteadily upon his high heels, but slightly sobered by violent exercise, "you've 'pologized to me and I've 'pologized to you and they ain't no more to be said. You fired me this afternoon for killin' a white camel and I bumped your head just now, and it turns out that we was both after another fell'r and he got away. You got a sore head and I got a sore leg. That makes us even. No hard feelings? Shake!"

"No hard feelings," said Montague, touching a lump back of his ear. "I'm sorry I accused you of shooting the camel, Buck, but the evidence ——"

"She did look bad, for a fact!" said Buck magnanimously.

"You'd better go to bed now," advised Montague. "You've got a hard day's work ahead of you."

"I still got my li'l ol' job?" asked Buck.

"Yes, and tomorrow we'll pick out a camel that won't bite."

"Nothin' could be fairer than that—abs'looly!" said Buck, making a dignified exit upon the arm of Ben Leslie.

Jimmy Montague remained seated on the baggage truck, wrapped in thought. He was patching together the old, old hodge-podge of cause and effect.

"By golly!" said he at last, "I'd like to get my hands on the fellow who wrote that article about the wild camels! He's responsible for everything!"

Three shadowy figures slipped into the desert and headed toward the east. The faint night breeze carried a yelping, snarling chorus. Uncle Jimmy Belcher smiled as he whacked his burros with a barrel stave.

"Got a reg'lar camp meeting tonight, ain't you?" he cackled. "Well, you can thank me for it. Camel meat's pretty good, hey? Jimmy, what say we sleep out here somewhere? Why, seein' that they've got the rest of them wild camels hived up in a corral I reckon it would be safe enough. Yes, sir, this is the place for us—right out in the sand. We never did care much for city life nohow."

## More Light on the Sun

THE sun is soon to be subjected to the most careful watching that has ever been attempted of anybody or anything, for it is now planned to have it under close observation every minute, year in and year out, for an indefinite number of years. Clouds will be the only hindrance to absolutely complete and continuous observation; and even clouds will not hinder much, for the observers will be located in places where clouds are infrequent.

In California, India and New Zealand the watchers will be stationed; so when the observers in one place close shop at sunset they will know that observers in a distant land have already seen their sunrise and are on the job for the day.

Though the sun looks the same day after day it really varies in many ways that can be detected by telescopes and other instruments. Its changes affect the weather on the earth. Few of the solar observers are prepared yet to say that eventually they will be able to make weather predictions based on their study of the sun; yet most of them hope that this may sometime be possible.

They are also after other things besides weather predictions, but things that at present would be interesting only to scientists. Sunspots come and go on the sun and seem to have something to do with the sun's heat that reaches us and with the magnetism of the sun, which now seems to have some connection with magnetic storms on the earth. It is not beyond reasonable hope that the study of the sun will lead to reliable predictions of hot summers or of cold summers, mild winters or cold winters.

Two of the solar observatories for this study have for some years been making progress on the subject. There has, however, been a gap in the twenty-four hours' watching; and to fill that gap an observatory in New Zealand is soon to be fitted out, the money required for this purpose having been donated by a wealthy New Zealand citizen when a noted American observer called on New Zealand to help in the work.


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# THE DAY OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE

Continued from Page 4

Austria-Hungary, $3,612,389,000; Germany, $3,500,000,000; Great Britain, $3,389,577,000; Italy, $2,614,183,000; Spain, $1,886,221,000; Japan, $1,325,198,000; and the United States, $915,353,000. The total interest charges on the national debts of the European nations approximate one billion dollars annually.

The logic on which militarism is based is most difficult to combat and controvert. National honor and safety are the catchwords of a system that is bleeding the world to death. The bogy of foreign aggression and invasion is periodically invoked to bolster up the system of militarism whenever appropriations are desired for its maintenance. The charge is then always made or the inference suggested that one who opposes these huge expenditures is lacking in patriotism and in affection for his country.

One of the greatest problems of the present day, not only in the United States but in Europe as well, is that of the increasing cost of living. Let me quote an extract from the Report of the Massachusetts Commission on the Cost of Living, made in 1910. It said:

"This diversion of labor and capital from productive industry to waste and destruction, with the accompanying diminution of the necessaries of life and an inability to supply the world's demands, inevitably resulted in an advance of the prices of the commodities of common consumption. . . . In weighing the causes which have contributed to increase the cost of living this commission is convinced that a most far-reaching influence in creating, fostering and perpetuating high prices is militarism, with its incidents of war and its consequences in taxation. The debt piled up for war and waste remains a burden on the life of the world—a burden calling every year for a huge interest payment of more than a billion dollars taken from the earnings of the nations. This is supplemented annually by many other billions to maintain huge armies and navies of men taken from industry, who are organized, trained and maintained for the day when they will again be hurled at each other, to duplicate the destruction of the past and pile up new and heavier burdens upon the thrift and industry of the world."

There is still another feature of the economic loss to a nation through the destruction of its men in war, which seems never to have been appreciated. Formerly men subscribed to the cruel theory that war was a blessing because it, like pestilence, relieved the world of the danger of overpopulation.

### *The Bravest and the Best*

In our own Civil War the men killed on both sides were the young, strong and vigorous, who, had they lived, would have become the heads of families, contributing a valuable asset to the settlement and development of the new West and the solution of the social and economic problems of our own day. Look at Napoleon's wonderful army of six hundred thousand men, the finest that ever stood in line, which set out under his leadership for Moscow; and then at that pitiful remnant of twenty thousand frostbitten, famished specters who staggered back across the bridge of Korno the following December.

The peasantry of France gave up their best as human food for powder. Is it any wonder that after such a frightful sacrifice of her sons the average stature in France decreased two inches after the Napoleonic era, and that one of the greatest problems of France even a century later is that of decreasing population? And Rome—Rome fell because her old, virile stock was exhausted; exterminated or worn out by wounds and diseases of war. The Romans were gone. Only the sons of slaves, camp-followers and immigrants from the provinces were left. It is small wonder that the Eternal City fell an easy prey to the virile hordes from the North. As one historian puts it: "Only cowards remained, and from their brood came forward the new generations."

It was this terrible and growing burden of the armaments of the nations of the world that inspired the first Hague Conference in 1899. In the language the Czar then used in summoning the conference, these financial burdens "strike at the public prosperity at its very source." The strength and resources of the world were everywhere being diverted from their natural channels and consumed in unproductive lines. The lower classes were staggering under a terrible burden of taxation and were compelled to give two or three years out of their lives to the Government.

The situation, then so depressing, has grown steadily more portentous. The armaments of the world have increased yearly and added burdens have been assumed in the criminal race for military supremacy, and yet, withal, these armaments are today more a liability than an asset, more a menace than a defense. Hundreds of thousands of Europeans have emigrated to the United States to escape these burdens of taxation and enforced military service. And now this country has entered the mad contest for military and naval supremacy, and in her expenditures for this purpose runs abreast of the leading exponents of militarism among the European nations. The navy of the United States is now second in cost to the navy of Great Britain—more costly than that of Germany.

### *Winston Churchill's Proposal*

There is little chance, however, of immediate relief in Europe so long as England continues to insist on what she calls the "two-power naval standard"—a navy the equal of the combined navies of the two most formidable possible antagonists.

England bids fair to impoverish herself to maintain this standard. Germany watches her traditional foe across the Channel and lays the keels for yet more battleships; and France, unhappily remembering always Alsace and Lorraine, is guided in her expenditures by what her neighbor does.

Even during the past winter the Balkan War was seized on as an excuse for still greater follies. An increase in the peace strength of the German army was demanded and an added burden of taxation of two hundred and fifty million dollars was placed on the people. Across the border the militarists of France viewed the situation in dismay, and then increased the service of conscripts from two to three years—for France is short of men—and thus increased the strength of her army by fifty per cent. And thus the mad race goes on!

Seemingly no nation dares to stop. They seem all imbued with the mad delusion that every nation is waiting to pounce upon any country that is not armed to the teeth. Suppose this armament struggle continues for another decade, what will be the result? All will continue to increase the size and power of ships and guns, and to adopt all inventions that tend to greater effectiveness. The result is that these efforts will neutralize each other, and after ten years the nations will be in relatively the same position, except struggling more desperately in the throes of increasing bankruptcy.

Even the blindest must see that the efforts of one nation to increase its military forces are immediately neutralized by the similar efforts of other countries. And thus in Europe this ominous warcloud hangs over every man, woman and child.

Small wonder that the oppressed Frenchman and German cry out: "Let us fight and have it over with! We would rather die in war than stagger along under this terrible load!" Meantime war has turned even the inventions of Wilbur Wright and Zeppelin into a new menace.

In this connection the most interesting pronouncement of recent date was made by Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the British Admiralty, on March twenty-sixth last, when submitting the naval estimates for the year to the House of Commons. He animadverted on the useless folly of the struggle for what might be termed naval preponderance.

"The pitiful folly of what is occurring here and all over the world," said Mr. Churchill, "is such that a concerted effort to arrest or modify it should surely rank among the first of international obligations. There is happily a way open, which will give to the nations of the world almost instantaneous mitigation of the absurd thralldom in which they are involving themselves.

We are all in very much the same way. We see ship types of every naval power superseding those of the previous year with remorseless insistence. Scores of millions are being absolutely squandered without any result, and the pace and scale of everything are increasing without any real gain to the relative position of the competing powers.

"Can anything be more stupid or wasteful? There is no practical result so long as all are advancing equally. On the other hand, no power can stand still while the others are advancing, without being hopelessly outclassed. If for the space of a year no new warships are built by any nation, in what conceivable manner would the interests of any nation be affected or prejudiced? You have good ships today; they are the best in the world, and better ones are building. Can they not have at least one year's reign before they are dethroned? Why should we not take a naval holiday for one year—so far, at any rate, as the construction of capital ships is concerned?"

Mr. Churchill closed his remarks with a powerful appeal to the other nations of Europe to join with England in arranging a mutual cessation of the extravagant expenditures for naval purposes, and in particular addressed this appeal to the German Empire. Though Mr. Churchill's appeal may seem visionary to some, the fact remains that in the not-distant future just such a truce will be forced by the impending bankruptcy of the leading European nations.

We should ever keep in mind the analogy between the settlement of disputes between individuals and the settlement of controversies between nations. The feudal barons of the old time did not say they must have warships—they did not say they must have a navy—but they did say they must have vassals who must keep constantly under arms, and strongly fortified castles, so that every hill was crowned by a fortress; every passageway over a river was defended by some baron, partly for military purposes and partly for the purpose of levying tribute.

These feudal lords would not admit that the maintenance of armed dependents and fortresses was for the sake of aggression. The argument of the modern day that a large navy is required to preserve peace and for defense was used by them hundreds of years ago; but this system was compelled to yield to a civilization in which there is a rule of law and in which brute force must give way. So the castles were dismantled or abandoned, and there was substituted for force and lawlessness a rule of justice and order under which the strong and the weak alike submitted their controversies to a tribunal, which was to decide between them.

No one now is in favor of going back to the old system, where each man by his sword sought to enforce his rights and in which the duel was the common means for seeking personal redress. We would soon relapse into barbarism. The mailed hand would rule. Every house would become an arsenal. Every man would walk the streets with a loaded revolver, and murders and bloodshed would be the order of the day.

### *A Survival of Barbarism*

The manner of settling international disputes by appeal to arms is no more rational than the methods that prevailed in the medieval days of deciding the crime or guilt of an individual by physical tests—such as trial by battle, by water and by fire—or of settling personal differences by an appeal to the sword or the rapier.

War in its grim reality is the sole survival of medieval barbarism. Everything else has been banished—pestilence, slavery, famine.

Every one will recognize that the establishments of courts of justice to decide controversies between individuals was a great landmark in the progress of civilization. Another step just as inevitable is the establishment of similar courts between nations.

As a nation, we of the United States should assume the leadership in the cause of peace. We are not by instinct a military nation. It is not consonant with the genius of our Republic. It does not appeal to our young men. There is nothing attractive to the young men of America in being shut up in dusty barracks or burning themselves up in forced practice marches.

There is this difference between European nations and the United States. They are the legatees of centuries of struggles, the creatures of hereditary rivalry, jealousy and inborn antipathy—such as existed between the Balkan states and Turkey. With a republican form of government; with the stress we lay on free institutions; with the absence of those ambitions for conquest that more naturally attach themselves to a monarchy—we have a far better opportunity to avoid disputes ourselves and to aid in securing the settlement of the world's disputes by peaceful methods than any other nation on the globe.

The historian of another century will proclaim the fact that the chiefest glory of Roosevelt was that by his offices bloodshed was stayed and the war between Russia and Japan brought to an end. His efforts were made the more efficient by the fact that he spoke for a free Republic, which had no ambitions to subserve in the theater of that frightful war except those of a peaceful nature.

I know that it has sometimes been said that there is a readier excitation of the martial spirit in this country than in others. As children we play with toy soldiers; in our schools we find wars glorified in our textbooks; in our young manhood we respond to the notes of martial music; and on all sides we see magnificent monuments erected to perpetuate the memories of war.

Then, too, we have not the vivid realization that comes from the constant maintenance of a burdensome military and naval establishment, from the quartering of soldiers in our neighborhood, and from compulsory military service that takes the best years out of the life of our youths. We have not the recent memories of thousands slain in war. The absence of these sobering influences leads many to think and talk lightly of war and armaments.

### *Sophistries About War*

It is dinned into us that we must have a large establishment to protect our interests, and with every Congress we have a home-made warscare in order to induce that body to make liberal appropriations for warlike purposes. Meantime who is threatening our interests? What nation has any warlike intentions against us?

Again, it is said that we need battleships to protect our trade. Where is there a country in Asia or Africa, Europe or South America, where our products are purchased because of the existence of any battleship or cruiser of the United States? There may be some place where somebody has seen the hull of an American cruiser and then has made up his mind to buy a reaper from the country from which that cruiser came; but if there is such an instance I should like to have the fact verified, and I should like to have the details.

Others say we do not spend this money because we are going to war, but we must be prepared against our neighbor. They love to say that battleships are cheaper than battles. They are likewise inciters of battles just as revolvers are inciters of murders. We need only look to Europe for the direful results of this policy of armed peace—of "peace by preponderance."

Still others declare that it is necessary to cultivate the warlike spirit and to have an occasional war in order to promote courage and assure bravery; that in the piping times of peace our people will become effeminate; and unless we have an occasional fight we cannot maintain the stronger and more masculine virtues. If this is true then we are mistaken about civilization.

Then the barbarous tribes that are constantly at war, and live on what they obtain by force rather than by industry, are fortunate indeed—for they are constantly habituated by their surroundings to deeds of daring and to trials of strength. If that argument is valid the old feudal times were better than the present—for then every home was fortified and the thought of morning and of evening was of conflict.

Is it not true that life has enough of emergencies and of tragedies to develop the heroism of a people without compelling the flower of its youth to stand in line to shoot and to be shot at? Every day we read in the papers of perilous rescues by heroes and men of courage, who do not hesitate to risk their lives for others. There is heroism outside of carnage. If people are looking for opportunities for the display of courage they will find them, and it will not be necessary to go to the tented field to develop those manly qualities.

How absurd the talk of our becoming peacemakers by building a navy! Great Britain starts in as a peacemaker and has a

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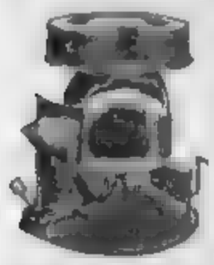

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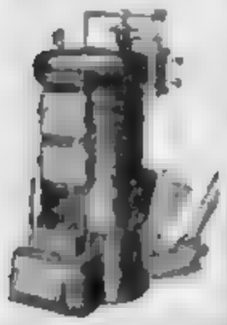

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# 30 Things Done in One Second

## By this National Cash Register

### 15 Mechanical Operations

1. It rings a bell.
2. It lights the top sign.
3. Previous indication disappears.
4. The new transaction is shown.
5. It records the transaction on wheels and on paper.
6. It prints and classifies each transaction.
7. It prints a receipt.
8. It prints consecutive numbers on the receipt.
9. It cuts off and throws out the receipt.
10. It adds the amount of the sale.
11. It totals number of transactions by classes.
12. It tells number of customers waited on.
13. It shows who handled each transaction.
14. It unlocks and opens the cash drawer.
15. It resets mechanism for new record.

### 15 Benefits for Storekeepers

1. It enforces correct record of all transactions.
2. It prevents losses.
3. It removes temptation and compels accuracy.
4. It encourages clerks to sell more goods.
5. It shows total of outstanding accounts.
6. It prevents forgetting to charge goods sold on credit.
7. It tells at a glance how much money should be in cash drawer.
8. It enables merchants to give quick service.
9. It increases trade.
10. It tells which clerk sells most goods and enables proprietor to reward merit.
11. It prevents misunderstandings.
12. It gives merchants control over their business.
13. It saves much bookkeeping.
14. It places individual responsibility.
15. It increases profits.

**Considering material, workmanship and what it does, the National Cash Register is the lowest priced piece of machinery sold in the world.**

**If all business men knew half the advantages these 15 benefits would be to them, their clerks and customers, they would buy Nationals at once.**

FOR SNOW AND ICE

BEST FOR WINTER USE

# Firestone

## NON-SKID TIRES

THE ALL-AROUND GOOD TIRES

THERE are twelve months in the Firestone year, and *every* one is a motoring month.

Watch the track of a Non-Skid Tire! See how the letters clutch deep, and make, in feathery snow or icy mud, a safe and certain path.

Winter and summer, bad roads and good, are alike to the powerful resilience of the Firestone Non-Skid Tread.

To the vise-like grip of the massive letters is added "life" in the rubber which "gives" over little obstacles and conquers big ones.

Now is the time to equip with Firestone Non-Skids. Once knowing their fuller service and true economy, they will be your all-the-year-round tires.

**The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities**

*"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"*

Pneumatic Tires, Truck Tires, Pleasure Electric Tires, Carriage Tires, Fire Apparatus Tires, Rims, Tire Accessories, etc.

# RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
# BRUSHES

THE inside construction of every RUBBERSET Brush is one unvarying principle—*gripping bristles in hard, vulcanized Rubber.* This is true of shaving, tooth, complexion, nail, hair and paint brushes. The RUBBERSET vulcanized rubber base is impervious to all uses to which a brush is put.

The RUBBERSET method of construction eliminates the dangers and aggravations of bristles that sometimes work loose from the bases of toothbrushes. The RUBBERSET is the *Safety* Toothbrush. RUBBERSET construction has replaced the short-lived, dilapidated shaving brush with a brush that will give a lifetime of usefulness. It has changed the dissolving, bristle-streaking paint brush to the everlastingly intact paint brush. Rubberset has made nail brushes, complexion brushes, and hair brushes enduring. ALBERITE, the new material used in the handles, is sanitary, bright, and lasting—an exclusive feature of RUBBERSET brushes.

Look for the name "RUBBERSET" on the brush—if the name isn't there—you can be sure that it is not a genuine RUBBERSET.

In RUBBERSET Brushes you have vastness of choice—refinement of style—general utility—and real, sound, solid worth for your money.

If you cannot buy RUBBERSET Brushes from your regular dealer, send us his name and we will mail Catalog and see that you are supplied.

## RUBBERSET COMPANY

(R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.)

**Factories—Newark, N. J.**

**Hair Brushes**
can be kept clean and sanitary because hot water does not loosen the bristles as in ordinary hair brushes. Specialty, Drug, and Department Stores.

**The Safety Tooth Brushes**
Styles of tufts and handles to suit all, 25 to 35c. Individually boxed. Sold by Druggists and Department Stores.

**Complexion and Nail Brushes**
never shed their bristles, crack, or fall apart. Individually boxed. Complexion Brushes $1.50 to $2.00, Nail Brushes $1.00 to $1.50 all Specialty, Drug, and Department Stores.

**Shaving Brushes**
in a remarkable range of styles 25c to $7.00 at all Druggists, Hardware, Specialty, and General Stores.

**Paint Brushes**
Home Brushes and Paint Brushes for every need conceivable. The standard line of the world. To be had of dealers wherever paint brushes are sold.

The Daily Smoke

EVERYWHERE

# Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

A great achievement in tobacco culture and tobacco manufacture
The product of the big modern factory
The best of everything-the greatest care in the making--insuring to the smoker all that's possible in fine flavor and smoke smoothness
The smoothest tobacco in existence
You'll like it!

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

Velvet TOBACCO

10c TINS Full 2 oz.

HARRY MORSE MEYERS